

LIFE

ARMY AIR
OBSERVER

FEBRUARY 22, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



Till it be morrow

Parting has its compensations. Deep pride, for one . . . and the secure knowledge that he goes well, warmly, and handsomely clad in the finest of woolens. Yes, it is highly possible that the resolute lines of his "O.D.'s" . . . like those of your own spring suit . . . are the fruits of Forstmann looms. Sturdy yet trim, these fine virgin wool fabrics now uniform much of our armed forces. That is why you come upon the famous Forstmann label less often today . . . why finding it in stores, on clothes or piece-goods, is a memorable event. Heed it well . . . for it denotes a costume of constant grace, one which can become your good companion for the duration. Forstmann Woolen Company, Passaic, New Jersey.



Invest in Victory. Buy War Bonds and Stamps

"The Three Drips"

U.S.
WAR
PRODUCTION



Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

THE men and women of Philco have set their sights for the new and greater tasks of the coming year. The allied offensive of 1943 is already on its way in the laboratories and production lines of American industry. And the electronic equipment produced by Philco soldiers of industry will play a vital part in the offensive power of our planes, tanks and ships.

The electronic miracles which have been developed in the Philco laboratories and produced in the Philco factories have

helped to bring the dawn of the *Age of Electronics* to the battlefronts of the world. Yesterday, they were scientists' dreams. Today, they are realities. Tomorrow, their deadly purpose will be turned to the pursuits of peace.

With Victory, the *Age of Electronics* will dawn for all humanity. And Philco, the quality name in millions of American homes, will again bring you thrilling new wonders of comfort, convenience and entertainment.

Walt Ditzen makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's industrial might in the fight for freedom. Posted on the bulletin boards of the Philco factories, it interprets the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production.

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Walt Ditzen will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 43D.

PHILCO CORPORATION

"Our Secret Weapon."
Tune in Friday evenings,
over your local Columbia Station.

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on all products of peacetime consumption, remember too to preserve the things you own. Trained service men everywhere are leaving civilian life to serve vital military needs. So be careful to maintain the condition and prolong the life of your Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER



The Army-Navy "E" Flag
awarded to Philco plants in
Philadelphia, Chicago, Tren-
ton, N.J., and Sandusky, Ohio.

This One



UUXC-8ND-LZHX

One wife tells another!



1 "PRAISE BE! AT LAST I'VE FOUND A DELICIOUS BRAN FRED LIKES. IT'S PUT OUT BY NABISCO — THE FOLKS WHO BAKE RITZ CRACKERS."

2 "FRED SAYS NABISCO 100% BRAN IS THE BEST HE EVER TASTED. REALLY MAKES BRAN EATING A PLEASURE."

3 "YOU KNOW IT'S SUCH AN EASY WAY TO HELP RELIEVE CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK — AND SO EFFECTIVE."



EFFECTIVE, YES! BUT GENTLE, TOO —

That's because NABISCO 100% BRAN is made by a wonderful process of Double-Milling which makes the bran fibers smaller, less likely to be irritating. And if you want a new thrill in muffins—try the grand recipe given on the package. But remember, get

NABISCO 100% BRAN in the red and yellow package!



BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



This seal means that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and approves this advertisement. (If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, see a competent physician.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS GIRAUD'S MEMORANDUM

Sirs:

LIFE has done the American people a service in publishing General Giraud's views on the Fall of France (LIFE, Feb. 1). It gives them an opportunity of judging this unfortunate accretion to the Allied camp—a man who, by offering Nazi Germany with "its prosperity, its physical and moral health" and its freedom from "anarchy and disorder" as an example to France, stands exposed and self-convicted.

OSCAR E. MILLARD
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

Of all the amazing stories which came out of this great war, the most astonishing without doubt is the statement by General Giraud. The explanation of France's defeat by Hitler which he gives is one-sided and distorted, and it shows that the general and his kind have learned absolutely nothing. It makes France's debacle almost look like justice. Undoubtedly the untimely attempts at a New Deal by the Popular Front at the time of Germany's unlimited rearmament had something to do with it. But holding the French underprivileged classes responsible for the defeat because they desired a higher standard of living and greater leisure is something else again, especially coming from a man who is a member of the comfortable French middle class or the aristocracy. If General Giraud were the kind of man whom the United Nations would wish to lead the French army fighting on their side, he would not have whitewashed himself and his own group by accusing others but would have pointed his finger at those faults and deficiencies for which the army command was responsible. We all know there were a few such things which also contributed to France's defeat. If the general and his kind cannot see their own mistakes at this late hour, may God help that unfortunate country!

HANS W. HAMM

York, Pa.

Sirs:

General Giraud's memorandum to Pétain might have been written by Adolf Hitler himself.

More babies, more work, more submission to authority, says Giraud. Not a word about democracy, which is obviously beneath his contempt. Not a word about the rights of man, of which he obviously hasn't heard. And not a word about the Four Freedoms, none of which could exist in a world in which Giraud had any power.

Giraud's doctrine is so completely that of Nazi Germany you can't help wondering why he escaped from that paradise of authoritarians.

W. F. FUNK

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

From General Giraud's memorandum it is obvious that apart from his refusal to collaborate with the Nazis, and this probably because of traditional anti-German sentiments, he is as much a fascist in his outlook as Pétain. To him democracy is evidently synonymous with disorder and anarchy and to be rejected for the good of France. It is no wonder that he and his type in the French Army fought only half-heartedly in the first year of this war when they still felt that even if France were defeated Hitler would not disturb the Better People.

I wish to express my appreciation to you for printing this revealing document. It has told me plainly and pointedly why France fell, better than all of the elaborate theses and articles I have read on this subject.

A. H. BERMAN

Indianapolis, Ind.

Sirs:

I read with much interest General Giraud's article on those factors which led to the collapse of France. It is a

"WHO'S Neglected?"



MOM HAS MORE TIME
FOR ME NOW THAT
SHE'S USING TAVERN
HOME PRODUCTS!

TAVERN LIQUID WAX

Polishes readily to a rich, durable lustre. Recommended for all wood and linoleum floors, woodwork, venetian blinds and enamel surfaces. Also comes in paste form as Tavern Paste Wax.



TAVERN PAINT CLEANER

Non-caustic, non-inflammable. Tavern Paint Cleaner won't harm your hands or dull the lustre of painted surfaces. It comes ready to use. Smudges, dirt film and grease are quickly banished with a few brisk strokes of the cloth.



ALSO: Tavern Non-Rub Floor Wax
Tavern Window Cleaner • Tavern Candles
Tavern Rug Cleaner • Tavern Lustre Cloth
Tavern Paraseal Wax • Tavern Leather Preserver
Tavern Electric Motor Oil



TAVERN

home products



BY SOCONY-VACUUM



How They Pass the Ammunition in New Guinea

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in truck tires

IN JUNGLE-MATTED New Guinea most of the fighting is an inch-by-inch, tree-by-tree affair. It's primitive country where mechanized equipment counts heavily—but where it's mighty tough to use it.

Here American-built Army trucks have an unromantic but important job of hauling ammunition and supplies to the front.

As well as tires for this purpose, B. F. Goodrich builds a special combat tire, designed to keep on rolling when hit with rifle and machine gun bullets. Other tires in Army service have super-traction treads that carry heavy trucks through mud and gumbo, across rivers and ravines, over swamps and deserts. Still others are special tires made with B. F. Goodrich synthetic rubber—Ameripol.

B. F. Goodrich has gone "all out" for war production, but that means taking care of

essential civilian requirements, too—with tires designed to give the greatest possible mileage for every pound of rubber used.

And many of the truck tires we are offering owners with ration certificates today are exactly the same as those used by the U. S. Army!

When you must buy, get good tires. B. F. Goodrich Speedliner Silvertowns for trucks and buses have an amazing record for long mileage in all types of service. They are all built with a broad, flattened tread construction which gives many more miles per pound of rubber.

And some day they may be made with Ameripol synthetic rubber. When they are, remember that eighteen months before Pearl Harbor B. F. Goodrich was first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.



HOW TO GO AFTER A COLD

Though temporary relief measures are valuable, most health authorities agree on 5 basic steps which help your system *throw off the infection*.

Here they are — and Lemons help with all 5.



AUTHORITIES SAY, DO THIS	HOW LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5 STEPS
1 Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
2 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks go down easily— <i>taste good</i> even when you have a cold!
3 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which <i>combats fatigue</i> . It is a primary <i>anti-infection</i> vitamin.
4 Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
5 Alkalinize your system.	Frequent glasses of lemon and soda, or lemon and water, are excellent to offset acid condition.
To gain the above benefits of lemons, start with a hot lemonade, then take lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) every few hours as long as cold lasts. Try it! If cold does not respond, call your doctor.	

How to make Lemon & Soda



Pour juice of 1 lemon into half glass of water.

Add $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

Consumed at once soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO START!

Keep from getting run-down. Lemons, providing a natural alkalinizer, a mild laxative and vitamin C protection *all in one*, can help you keep up to par. Millions now take this refreshing health drink daily. Try lemon and soda (or just lemon and plain water) each morning on arising.

Copr., 1943, California Fruit Growers Exchange

**WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS!**



**Sunkist
Lemons**

"Today at the Duncans"—CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.—Fridays

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

splendid article and I could not help thinking that we could take much of it to heart and do a little introspection of our own in this country. A little more seriousness in life and greater efforts to attain general decency in living, as suggested by ex-President Hoover, would do us no harm and would be of incalculable benefit to us.

J. P. DERINGER

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

The article on the Fall of France by General Giraud left a deep impression on my mind. The analogy with conditions that exist in some sections of our own society is too close to give one a comfortable feeling.

The decrease in birthrate and the depletion of the family.

The prevalence of effortless entertainment with its resulting physical degeneracy.

Education that neglects "everything spiritual."

Scandal in high places.

Lack of interest, energy and initiative in industry.

A decrease in the working week from 48 to 40 hours with an increase of leisure time that is spent by many in drinking and other forms of dissipation.

Lack of respect for authority in all spheres of life

The listing of these as causes of the downfall of another nation leads one to analyze his own society and to ask how such sources of weakness can be overcome.

J. M. WELLS

Hillsdale College
Hillsdale, Mich.

DANCER'S FRONT

Sir:

In your Picture of the Week for Dec. 21 you show Honolulu's Jackie Tatum dancing with Admiral Nimitz, but unfortunately you show only Miss Tatum's back.

In case some of your readers may be interested, enclosed is a photo of Jackie



NIMITZ' DANCING PARTNER

shown as she appears in the camp show, *Shopping for Smiles*, now touring the Islands.

PVT. EDWARD LAUDANSKY
U. S. Army, Hawaii

RICK'S STORY

Sirs:

I think LIFE's presentation of Eddie Rickenbacker's story (LIFE, Jan. 25, *et seq.*) is the greatest contribution toward stimulating those who are apathetic that has come out of this war.

I for one am very grateful to LIFE.

JAMES G. BLAINE

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

In connection with your Rickenbacker story I thought you might be

(continued on p. 6)

The Lowest Priced
Nationally Advertised
Tooth Brush in America

only 23¢

IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush

Spur

5¢

THE COLA DRINK

WITH
CANADA DRY
QUALITY

How War Bonds Buy Victory



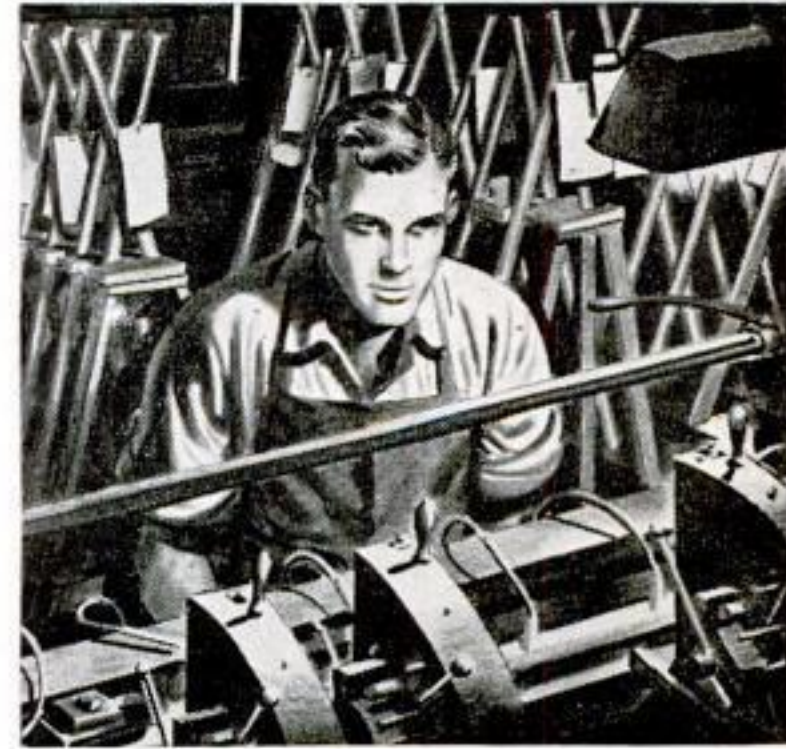
Every time you buy a War Bond, you are bringing Victory just a little closer.



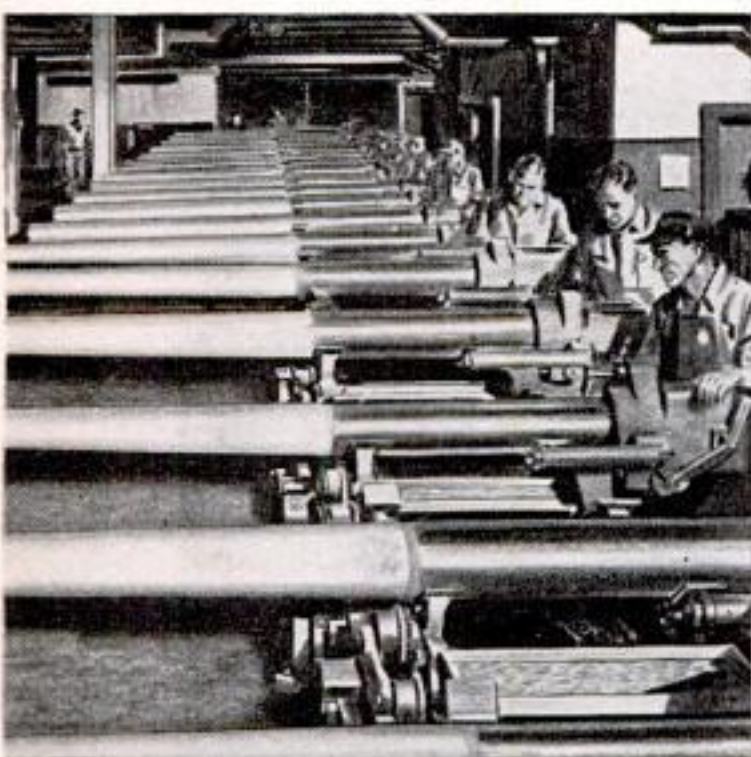
America's fliers get the world's best training—thanks to War Bond dollars.



War Bond holders own a share in the greatest warplanes the world has seen.



War Bonds mean "Fire-Power"—such as the aircraft cannon Oldsmobile builds.



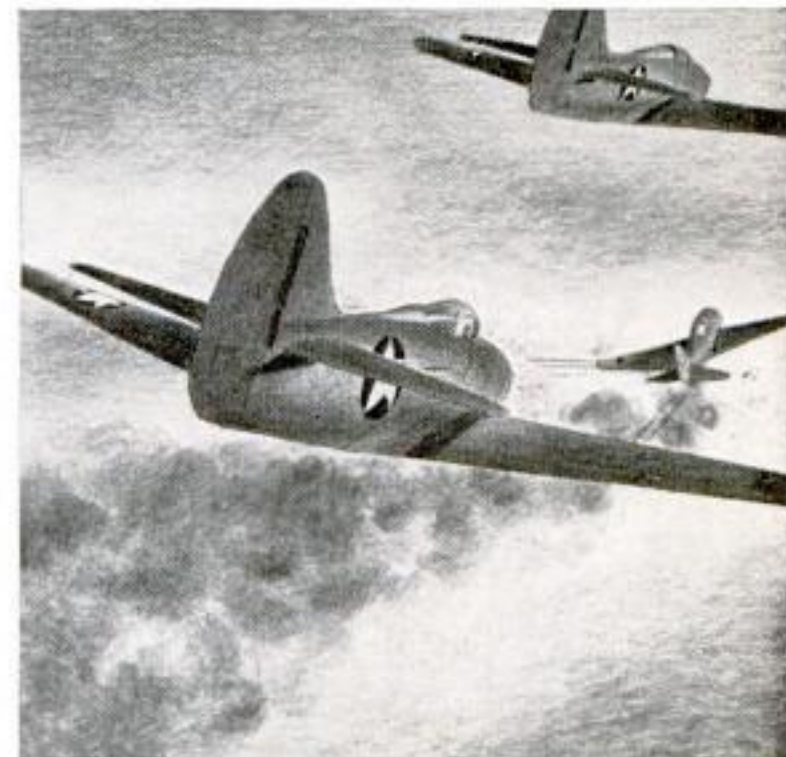
More "Fire-Power!" These are hard-hitting, Oldsmobile-built cannon for tanks.



And shell by the million! Oldsmobile has been turning 'em out for two years.



War Bond dollars back up our fighters—training, equipping, supplying them.



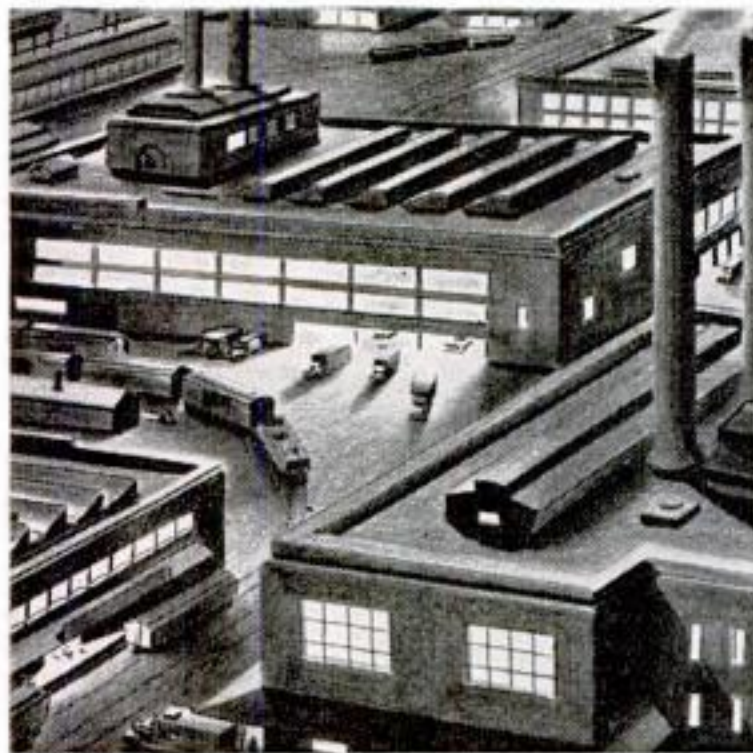
They fight with your dollars, with guns and ships your Bonds help to buy.



Nothing but the finest weapons for our fighters! And *you* help provide them.



You help supply these anti-aircraft guns—and train the men who use them.



Even if you don't work on war production, let your War Bond dollars work for you.



Some day . . . VICTORY! And you'll get back every War Bond dollar, *plus interest*.

HOW OLDSMOBILE BUILDS FOR VICTORY!



THE FACTS AND FIGURES, such as can be revealed, tell an impressive story. Oldsmobile swung into volume production of war equipment as early as April, 1941, nearly two years ago. Since then, *millions* of high-explosive shell and armor-piercing shot . . . *thousands* of

automatic cannon for fighter planes . . . *thousands* of long-range, high-velocity cannon for tanks, have flowed from the Oldsmobile production lines. Working in close co-operation with more than 130 sub-contractors, Oldsmobile today has reached a peak of war production volume that once would have seemed impossible.

But the facts don't tell it all. Let's remember that production *alone* won't win this war. Bonds *alone* won't win this war. It's the skilled hands and keen minds and fighting hearts of our men overseas, the men who use the weapons we build and buy, that will bring us through to Victory. So, let's build an *extra* gun today . . . buy an *extra* Bond today . . . *for them!*



Oldsmobile was among the very first war producers to receive the Army-Navy "E" award for outstanding production achievements. That is the greatest distinction we could ask in time of war, because—Victory is our Business!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A. ★



PLAIN FACTS ABOUT SAFETY RAZORS AND BLADES!

SAFETY RAZORS, as you know, are made of highly critical metals. So critical, indeed, that *no more razors will be made for civilian use until after the war.*

There will be, we believe, sufficient razor blades for everybody, provided every one of us exacts every shave possible from each blade. Here are a few simple "DON'TS" which, if regarded, will greatly prolong the life of both your razor and blades:

- ① DON'T drop your razor. Its impact on tile or other hard surfaces puts it out of alignment; the blade will not fit precisely and your shaves will be inferior.
- ② DON'T knock guard against bowl to remove lather. Flush lather out under faucet or in water in bowl. Knocking guard against hard surfaces may put razor out of alignment.
- ③ DON'T put razor or blade away without careful wiping and drying. Don't steam up your bathroom. Steam may penetrate cabinet and tend to rust razor and blade.
- ④ DON'T lose your razor! Check over your shaving kit before leaving Pullman or hotel.

By conserving your razor and blades you are rendering a genuine service to the war effort. Multiply your own care and forbearance by millions and you get some idea of the volume of steel which may be diverted to ships, guns, tanks and aircraft.

• Published in the interest of steel conservation by the makers of
GEM RAZORS and BLADES

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

interested in the enclosed picture which I had the pleasure of taking of Lieut. James C. Whittaker, copilot of the plane, on the occasion of a war bond rally in Vallejo.

Whittaker was loaned by the Army to OCD and told his story to over 3,000 people at a downtown intersection to stimulate interest in subscribing sufficient funds to repair the USS San Fran-



RICKENBACKER'S COPILOT

cisco, which was built at neighboring Mare Island Navy Yard.

He was not selling anything himself but, thanks to OCD, the Treasury and the U. S. benefited immensely by his inspirational talks while on tour.

Looking at square-jawed, determined Whittaker, Americans can be thankful that he and men like him are on our side.

WILLIAM H. PLATT
Vallejo, Calif.

COVER BOY

Sirs:

Your Feb. 1 cover and pictures of Jim and Nikki told us where our son is and reassured us as to the more pleasant aspects of war in Africa.

It is interesting that our first subscription to LIFE was a gift from Jim several years ago, and that now every phone call and meeting begins with the question, "Have you seen LIFE's cover?"

Thanks to your excellent photographer Eliot Elisofon, the pictures were readily recognized by friends—even while still on the stands.

MR. AND MRS. I. J. LARSEN
Modesto, Calif.

MALTREATED CAT

Sirs:

I should like to protest against the publication of pictures like that of the boy pulling the cat out of a tree appearing in Pictures to the Editors, Feb. 1.

I am sorry for the cat and sorrier still for the child who is being taught to enjoy hurting!

J. S. UNDERHILL
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

In reaction to the picture of the child pulling a cat out of a tree, I enclose the accompanying cartoon.

ED NOFZIGER
Douglaston, N. Y.



Heritage of Hospitality

A luxury whisky that everyone can afford to enjoy.

65% Grain
Neutral Spirits.
86.8 Proof.



Makes you believe in Miracles

You believe in miracles when you wear PERMA-LIFT bras: for a miracle has happened at the base of the bra-cup where a patented cushion inset softly lifts your bosom, holds that firm rounded contour, never becomes limp or lax through seasons of washing and wear. Kiss the bras good-bye that put red ridges on your pretty shoulders. There's neither bone, bulk nor pull in PERMA-LIFT's gentle support. Bra and Bandeau styles \$1.25 to \$2.50. Long-Line models \$2 to \$3. Write Ruth Stone, 1161 W. Congress St., Chicago, for name of nearest corsetiere, if yours hasn't PERMA-LIFT.

Perma-Lift
BRASSIERES STYLED EXCLUSIVELY BY
Hickory

"THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN"

(continued on p. 8)

The picture everyone wants to see... and see again!
NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

Now new millions will thrill to the picture that's the talk of all America! Record-breaking engagements everywhere in special showings — and now you can see it at regular popular prices! If you've seen the heart-warming romance of a true American hero, you'll want to see it again! And if you've missed this great American story, you've got a thrill coming! Watch for it!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
GARY COOPER
in
THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)

with **TERESA WRIGHT**
BABE RUTH • WALTER BRENNAN
VELOZ and YOLANDA • RAY NOBLE and his
Orchestra • Directed by SAM WOOD • Screen
Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz
Original Story by Paul Gallico • An RKO Radio Release



HAVE YOU READ IT'S THE GREATEST PRIDE OF THE YANKEES?
 "Samuel Goldwyn could not have given the youth of America a finer gift, nor the sweethearts of America a finer love story."
 —Walter Winchell
 "A great American story! Furthermore, it is human, real and with a love story that will delight the women. I congratulate you!"
 —Louella Parsons
 "I take my hat off to Sam Goldwyn. He always aims at perfection. In 'Pride of the Yankees' he's got it!"
 —Hedda Hopper, Hollywood columnist
 "A moving story with a heart-tug!"
 —N. Y. Times
 "Hats off to everybody concerned with 'Pride of the Yankees'! Irresistible entertainment!" —N. Y. World-Telegram



Share the triumphs and the acclaim which come to a great American hero.

Share the thrills of one of the most moving real-life romances ever lived.

Come behind the scenes with baseball's great! See them as they really are!

Thrilling action! See "Babe" Ruth! Bob Meusel! Mark Koenig! Scores of others!

"And can you count
up to 60?"



APPLICANT: Of course! But what in the world...

EMPLOYER: A little joke of mine. I merely wanted to impress on you the fact that—in this office—we often use one sheet of carbon paper *sixty* times before throwing it away.

APPLICANT: My goodness! Don't the copies

get awfully blurred...and hard to read?

EMPLOYER: No, indeed. You see, we use Roytype's Park Avenue, one of the carbon papers made by the Royal Typewriter Company. And each sheet of Park Avenue can be used—not just 20—but up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly. This test copy proves it...

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY. Issued October 6, 1942

APPLICANT: I'd almost swear that was a first copy! How ever do they do it?

EMPLOYER: Their man tells me they have a special process called "deep-inking." It soaks the ink right down into the paper. Then, too, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so all areas of the paper can be used.

APPLICANT: Gee. I bet if I'd known that much about carbon paper, you'd have hired me right off, wouldn't you?

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these... it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another... will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work

*Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off., Copyright 1943, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Sirs:

... I did not like comparing the cat to a Jap. I love cats.

MARGUERITE MILLIGAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

... You here have a splendid example of the type of unthinking savagery which I hope the Marines are fighting against.

E. E. ERSKINE
San Francisco, Calif.

DEAD JAP

Sirs:

Words fail to express fully my feelings after seeing the picture of the dead Jap in your Feb. 1 issue. Of all the pictures that have appeared in your heretofore fine magazine this is the most uncivilized, repulsive, morbid, barbarous, sickening, foul, nauseous, horrid, obnoxious, abominable, odious, offensive, shocking, disgusting, malicious, revolting, savage and vulgar.

MILT ROSNER
Oxford, Ohio

Sirs:

"A Jap soldier's skull propped up on a tank by U. S. troops" is the most terrible picture I have ever seen.

Are we cannibals or headhunters to display the foe's skull on a spear? The cruelty of war is no excuse for sadism. You better leave that kind of stuff to Hitler and Tojo.

R. B. JACOBY
Philadelphia, Pa.

● War is unpleasant, cruel and inhuman. And it is more dangerous to forget this than to be shocked by reminders.—ED.

ABERDEEN ESSAY

Sirs:

My deepest appreciation for the swell story on Aberdeen in the Feb. 1 issue of LIFE. The coverage was excellent and created unusual interest here.

MAJOR HARVEY RIVKINS
Chief, Public Relations Branch
Aberdeen Proving Ground
Aberdeen, Md.

SCULPTOR'S CREDIT

Sirs:

It isn't considered cricket to use a man's brains without even giving the author credit for his work.



KITSON'S MINUTE MAN

Your full-page photograph of the Lexington Minute Man in LIFE, Aug. 19, 1940, made by me and copyrighted is a case in point.

HENRY H. KITSON
Lee, Mass.

● Belated apologies to Sculptor Kitson for omitting credit for his statue of the Lexington Minute Man.—ED.



RELIEVE
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA &
MUSCULAR ACHES
WITH "BC"
QUICK
ACTING



"BC" contains not just one but several effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.
10¢ and 25¢

Our enemies
are worms!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

And worms are every dog's enemy. Our pup recruits may get worms from their mothers. Old-timers may get 'em any time—and many times.

But we've got the answer. Surprise attack with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for pups). Cleans 'em out quick! Then Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) to help bring back "fighting" shape.

Get all the facts on worming from the Sergeant's Dog Book. At drug and pet stores—it's free!

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 52-B, Richmond, Va.
Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES



The little girl who never was sick

She never had a cold, this fortunate little girl. She never had typhoid or diphtheria or influenza. In fact, from the day she was born she never suffered pain or sickness of any sort.

You do not know this little girl. But for a thousand years she has lived as a dream in the minds and hearts of mankind . . . symbol of a time when science shall have won its long battle against disease.

Today that dream has come a step nearer reality with the development of the General Electric electron microscope . . . a super-microscope that "sees" with electrons instead of light. With it man can see things that he has never been able to see through the ordinary kind of microscope.

The new G-E electron microscope is the first of

its kind in that it is simple to operate and can easily be moved about. It can be used with an ordinary electric current supply.

With the electron microscope, scientists can see and study the ultra-minute viruses believed to be the cause of influenza and the common cold. They can see new details of the inner structure of germs.

After the war, General Electric and other manufacturers will produce electron microscopes in quantity. The advantages of simplicity and portability, offered for the first time in the new General Electric instrument, will make the electron microscope available to thousands of doctors, scientists, hospitals and laboratories, instead of to only a few.

The skill and experience which produced the electron microscope are also represented in the General Electric radio. For the radio, too, is an electronic instrument. The radio and television receivers which General Electric will bring you after the war will be finer than ever before because of the knowledge now being gained by General Electric as a leading producer of radio for the armed forces.

The story of electronics is told in a fascinating new 32-page book in full colors: "Electronics — a New Science for a New World." This booklet is free. Write for your copy. *Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*



Listen to the General Electric Radio News Program, with Frazier Hunt, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, over C.B.S. and American (FM) networks. See newspapers for time.

THE NEW G-E ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

GENERAL ELECTRIC



*No sissy
sandwiches
for her now!*

"We women on the production lines must have hearty, man-size lunches", says Irene Petke, High Frequency Welding Department, Republic Drill Tool Company



Meat sandwiches . . . quickly fixed . . . without waste . . . and with the variety any war worker craves. Here's timely help for your lunch box meals.

DOING a man's job calls for a man-size meal on the job! Good meat sandwiches that stick to the ribs . . . and different kinds from day to day to keep an appetite really keen.

SAVE TIME: Of course, you buy Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats sliced (don't forget, several very thin slices are tastier than one thick slice) . . . so minutes of preparation time are saved when you buy your "makin's" ready.

WASTE SAVER, TOO: You buy *just* what you need, by the slice. That eliminates waste, and makes it easier to "share the meat."

GOOD NUTRITION: Fine ingredients blended with true home kitchen care, these *Swift's Premium* ready-to-serve meats can't help but be nutritious. Fact is, they contain the same high quality protein, minerals and vitamins as

the selected meat cuts from which all of them are made.

IF YOUR DEALER is temporarily out of some familiar varieties, try other Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats he does have. They're all fine.

TEMPTING LUNCH BOX MEALS: This is the title of an informative little folder by Martha Logan, Home Economist, which tells how to make the most of lunch box meals. For a *free* copy, send a post card to Martha Logan, Dept. LM-22, Swift & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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Swift's Premium

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL . . .



Table Ready Meats

WAR WORKERS DESERVE THE BEST



BOLOGNA, SALAMI, BRAUNSCHWEIGER, PICKLE AND PIMIENTO LOAF ARE AMONG THE MOST POPULAR SWIFT'S PREMIUM TABLE-READY MEATS

They're all
BIG PICTURES

YOUR FAVORITE

**AUTRY
HITS ARE
COMING
BACK
AGAIN!**



Though Gene's a sergeant in the Air Corps, his millions of fans won't give him up! They demanded that we re-issue the biggest and best of his hits! So here they are!

Gene Autry
and SMILEY BURNETTE in

**BOOTS AND SADDLES
THE OLD BARN DANCE
TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS
MEXICALI ROSE
IN OLD MONTEREY
SOUTH OF THE BORDER
GAUCHO SERENADE
RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE**

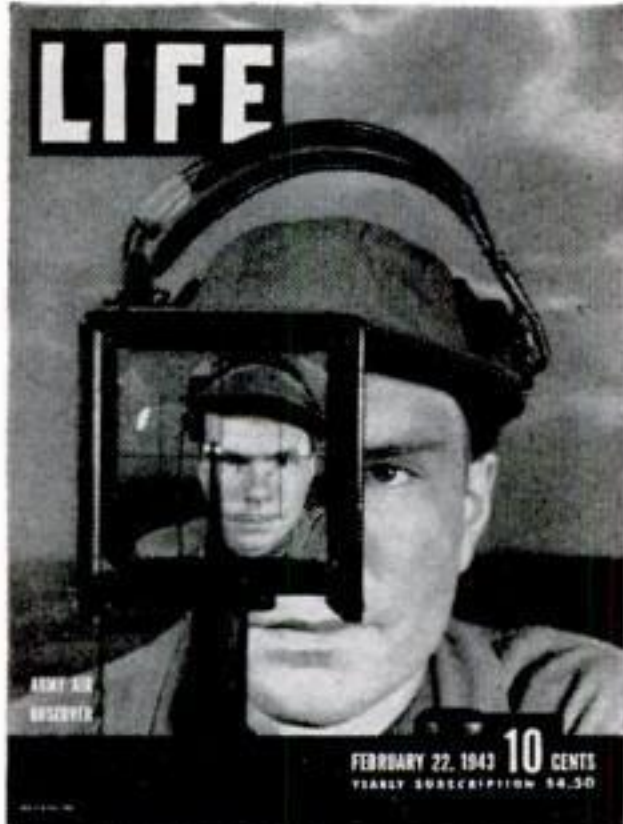
The grandest musical Westerns ever on the screen — crowded with songs and adventure. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing.



**BUY
WAR
BONDS**

They're all
REPUBLIC PICTURES

LIFE'S COVER



First Lieutenant Carl D. Schubach of Zanesville, Ohio, is looking through the oblique view-finder of his K-3B aerial camera at Brooks Field, Texas. His armored force commander sent him there to learn to be an aerial observer. For more on aerial observation, see pages 59-63.

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†Prisoner of war

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"IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ACTRESSES"

CONSTANCE MOORE, starring in *BY JUPITER*, confirms a back-stage rumor.



"I'll say it's true that actresses seldom use any flossy, high-priced cleansing cream to remove make-up. We'd be silly if we did. See this Albolene Cleansing Cream? Not expensive, but in the theatre it's considered one of the very best. And it's our job to know."



"One beauty about Albolene is that it's so soft and delicate, you never have to scour your skin to get the cream off. I don't think cleansing ought to leave the skin feeling dry or irritated—and it certainly feels grand after Albolene."



And what a "mountain" of cleansing cream for \$1! This pound tin was first put up for professional use. Now you may buy it too, at your druggist's. Brings cost down to 6¼ cents an ounce! Sold also in jars at 50c, 25c, 10c.

YOU need a "professional" cream



If you use make-up... use this *professional* cleansing cream to remove it. You get superb purity. Indeed, Albolene is widely used for skins too sensitive for ordinary cleansing methods. Many hospitals are important users. And you don't waste a cent on frills. Ounce for ounce, the three largest-selling cleansing creams average *twice as high* as Albolene, using the largest, most economical sizes for fair comparison. Made in the laboratories of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM
"AND McKESSON MAKES IT"

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... THE U. S. NAVY PICKS ITS OWN BEST BATTLE PHOTOGRAPHS



IN THE ATLANTIC, THE BATTLESHIP "MISSISSIPPI" PUSHES HER WAY THROUGH A BIG SEA



JAPS FLY THROUGH AN ACK-ACK SPATTERED SKY OVER U. S. CARRIER AT SANTA CRUZ



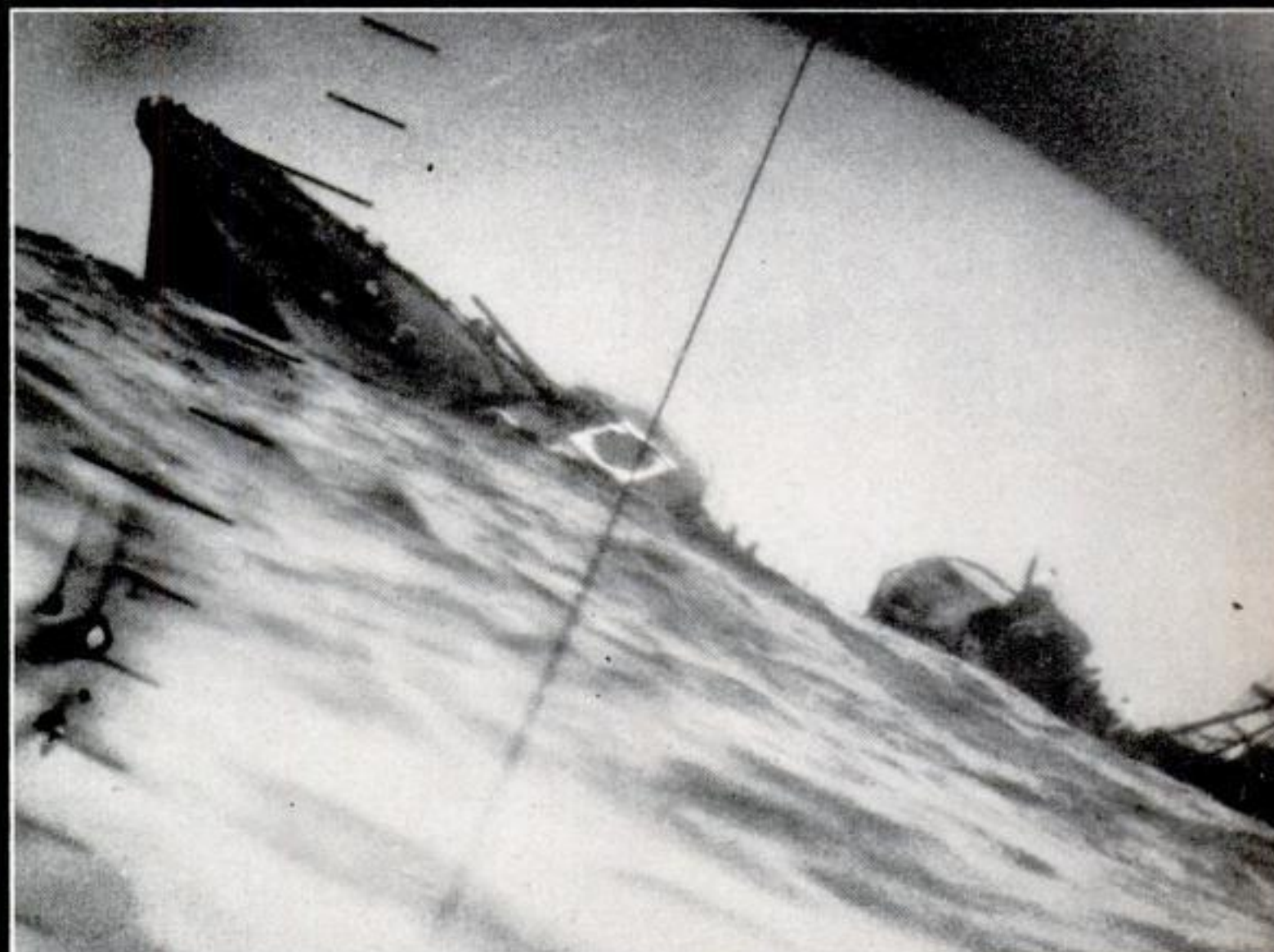
AT PEARL HARBOR, DESTROYER "SHAW" BLOWS UP WITH AN AWFUL EXPLOSION OF FLAME



BURNING "WEST VIRGINIA" AND "TENNESSEE" LIE DECKS AWASH IN PEARL HARBOR



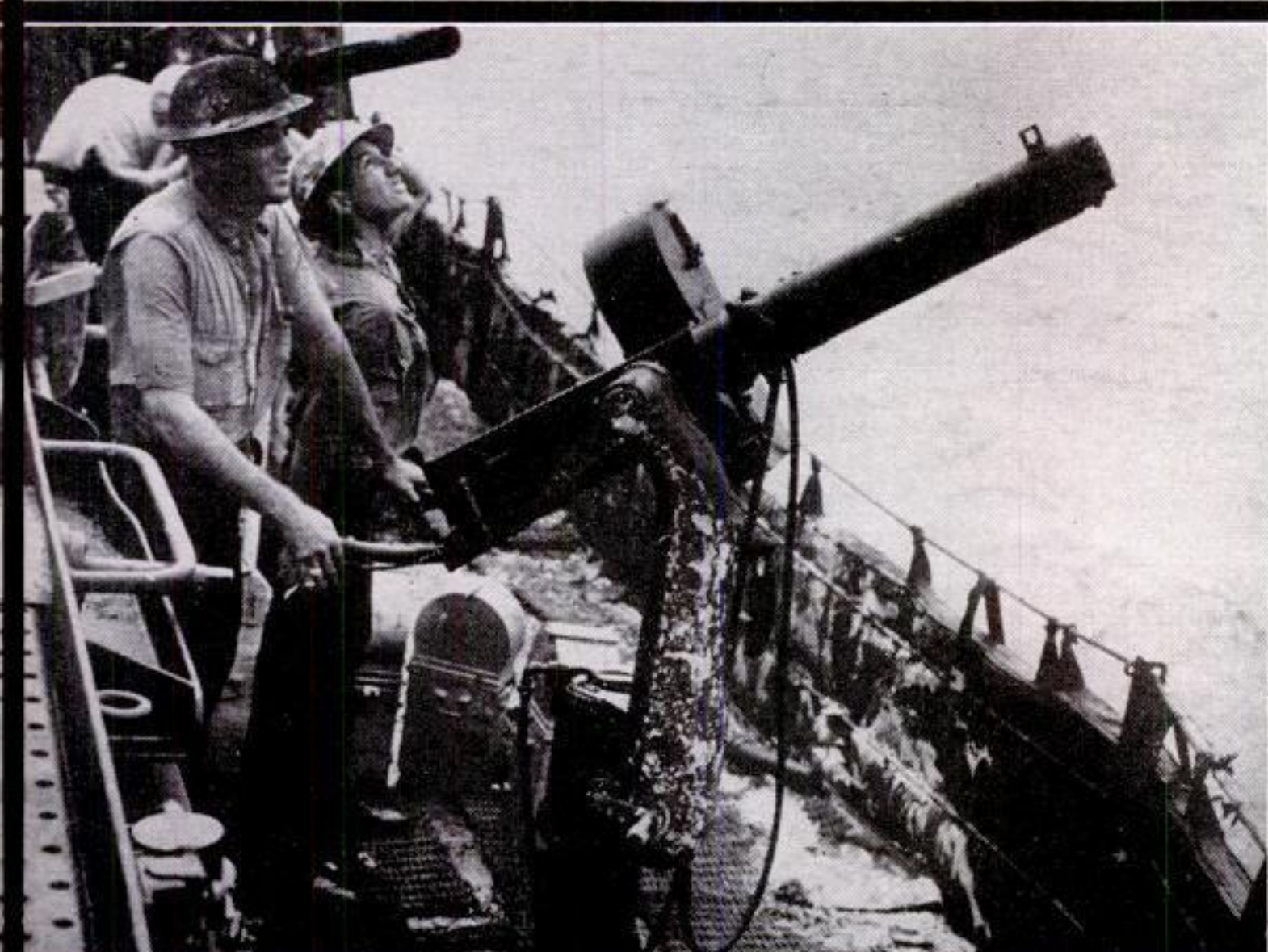
IN CASABLANCA FRENCH BATTLESHIP "JEAN BART" LIES DAMAGED BY BOMBS AND SHELLS



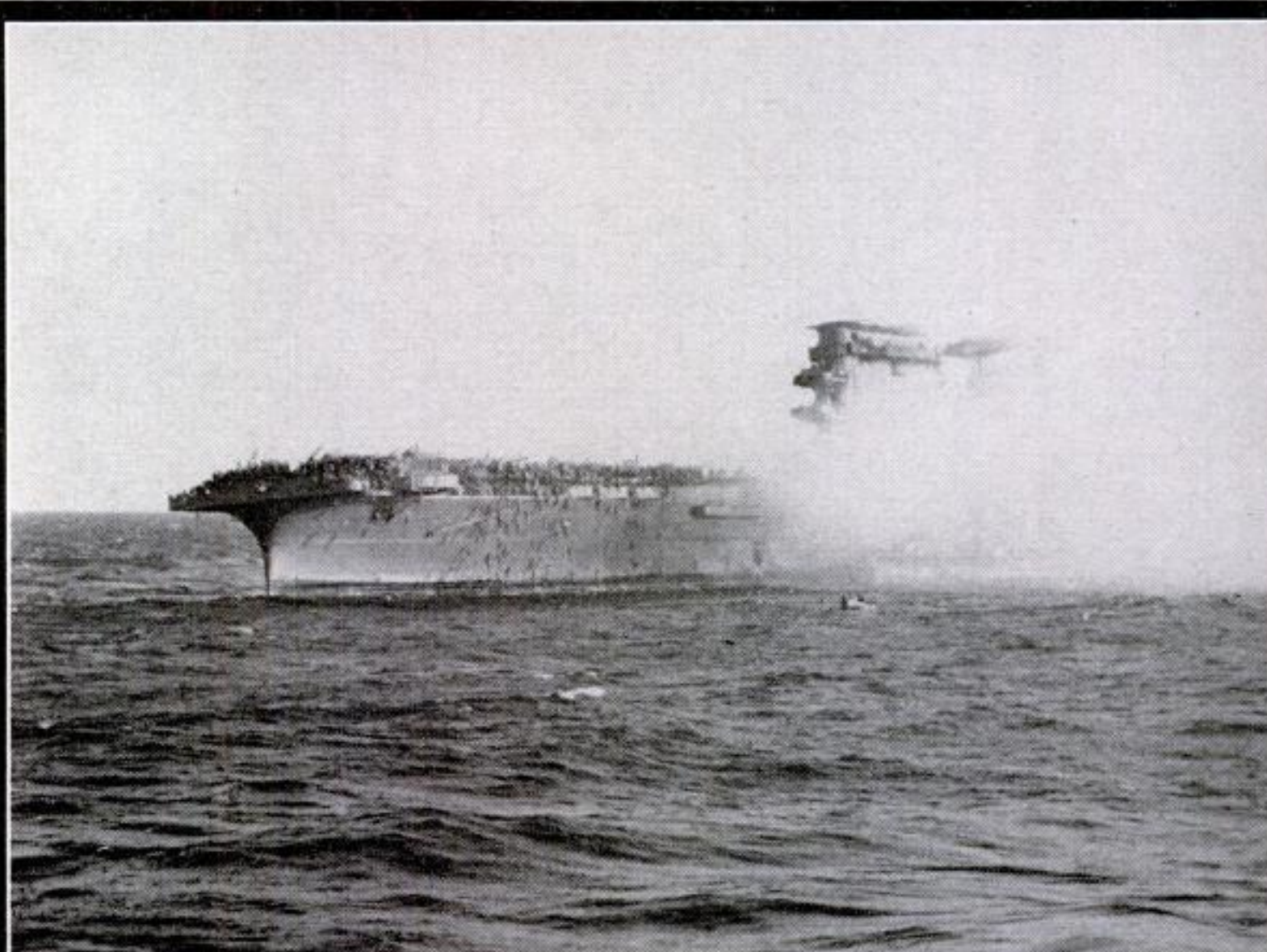
A TORPEDOED JAP DESTROYER, SEEN THROUGH U. S. SUB PERISCOPE. SINKS STERN FIRST

Since the war began, virtually every one of the U.S. Navy's daylight battle actions has been photographed by one of the Navy's own photographers. From their cameras have come some of the greatest war pictures ever taken. Recently LIFE asked the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, which is in charge of Navy photographers at sea, to choose the best pictures taken by its cameramen during the first year of war. Here is the Bureau's own selection, most of which LIFE printed in reporting the news.

The Navy now has 2,800 officers and men assigned to photographic duty. Some take movies. Some do reconnaissance and observation work. Others take action shots. Every battleship, cruiser and carrier has on board at least one trained photographer, most of whom learned their business in four months' training at Pensacola. The photographers have repeatedly risked their lives in action, have suffered some casualties. Two have received the Distinguished Flying Cross for bravery in action.



HAVING SHOT DOWN ONE JAP PLANE, A CARRIER GUN CREW WAITS FOR MORE TO COME IN



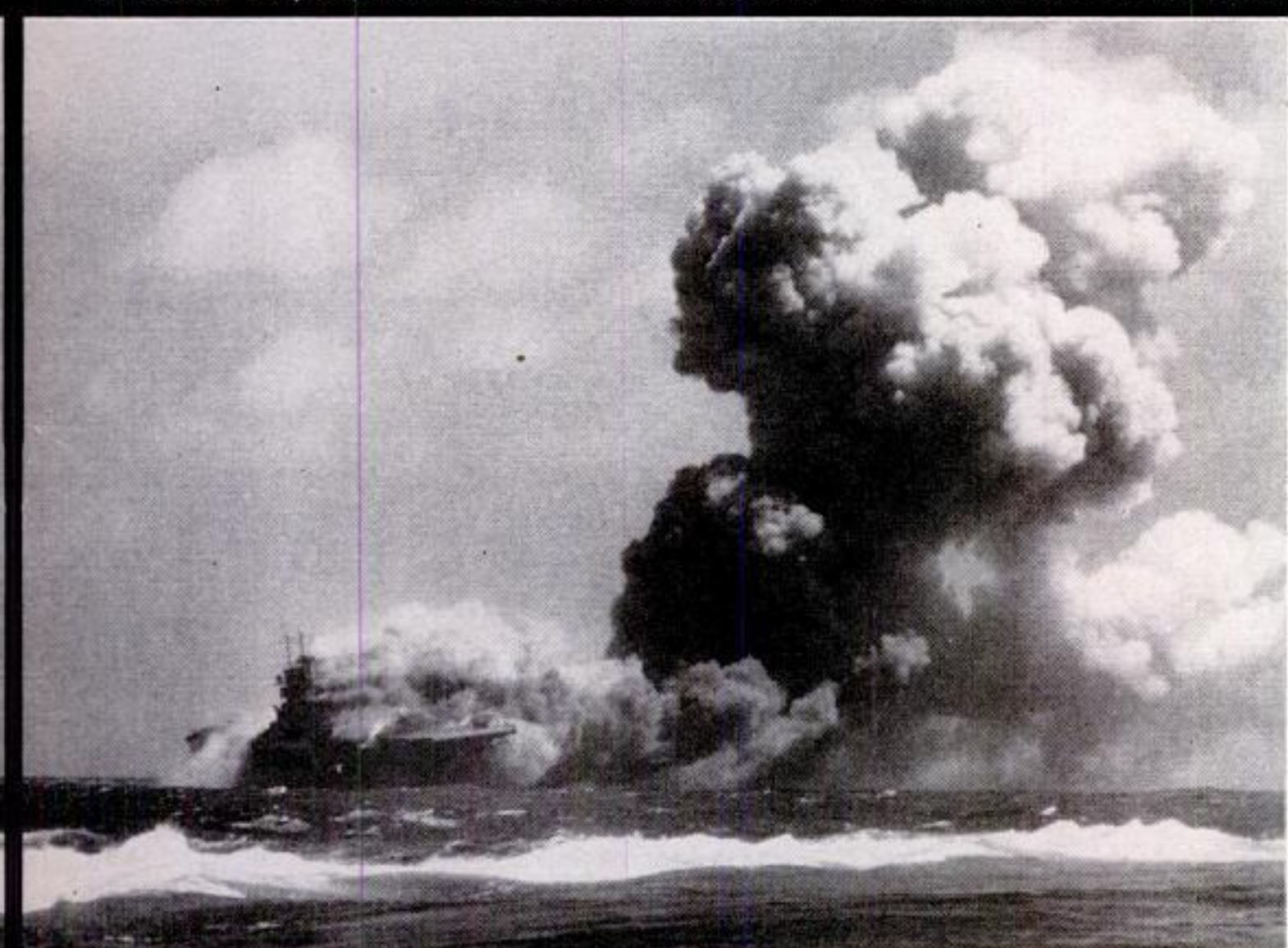
THE CREW OF THE "LEXINGTON" ABANDONS SHIP, GOING OVER THE SIDE AT CORAL SEA



AT CORAL SEA, THE NAVY DIVE BOMBERS GET AT A JAP CARRIER AND SET IT AFIRE



AT GUADALCANAL, BOMBED JAP TRANSPORTS SEND UP NEAT TWIN COLUMNS OF SMOKE



DOOMED CARRIER "WASP" LUNGES DESPERATELY THROUGH SEA NEAR GUADALCANAL



A U. S. DESTROYER ON ATLANTIC PATROL MOVES QUIETLY THROUGH EARLY MORNING MIST



The MILITARY BLUCHER

The MILITARY MONK

Florsheim Military Shoes *for Women*

Fit You for Service . . .

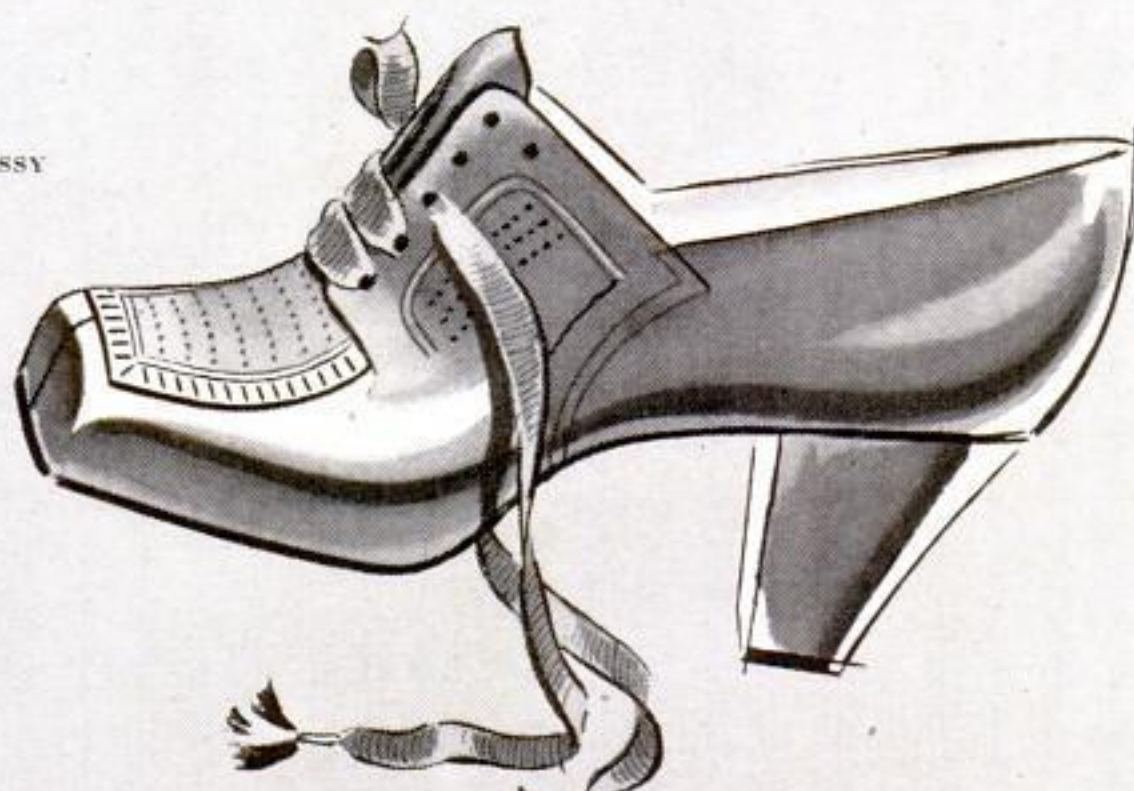
Uniformly right for every walk of life . . .
that's why women of action choose the new
smartness and comfort of

Florsheim Military Shoes.



The SAUCY LADY

The SASSY



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



U. S. OBSERVATION PLANE LOOKS OVER BOMBED JAP BASE IN MARSHALLS



JAP TRANSPORT BURNS AND SINKS IN THE SNOW-BORDERED BAY AT KISKA



DREADFULLY BOMBED JAP LIGHT CRUISER DRIFTS HOPELESSLY AT MIDWAY

Ever tried Lovi-Lovi?



Is it what it sounds like?

No, it's a kind of berry from India—makes swell jam, for one thing.

India . . . that lets me out, doesn't it?

No, you might buy it right at home, wrapped in PLIOFILM, after the war.

You mean a wrapping could keep it fresh all those thousands of miles?

PLIOFILM could, because it's moistureproof, acidproof, alkaliproof, insectproof—it seals flavor in, keeps decay out.

Okeh, okeh. But suppose I don't like this . . . lovi-lovi?

Well, you might have Bengal quinces or Bakhara plums, or Brazilian passion fruit or West African tamarinds.

Hmmm. Suppose I like good old American fruits better than any of them?

*That's easy. Those "good old American fruits" are going to be a lot better, too, thanks to PLIOFILM. Long experiments made by the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Florida prove that peaches and oranges and grapefruit and the like stay fresh and juicy for half a year and more when they're wrapped in PLIOFILM.**

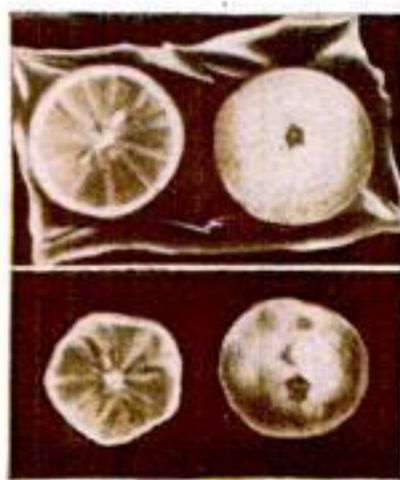
Vegetables, too. Just about everything that grows.

Sounds as though there won't be "seasons" on those things any more, doesn't it?

No seasons at all . . . all year round, any month in the year, you'll be able to get delicious foods that stay delicious in PLIOFILM. And that goes, too, for cheese, meat products, candies, coffee and many other hard-to-keep delicacies.

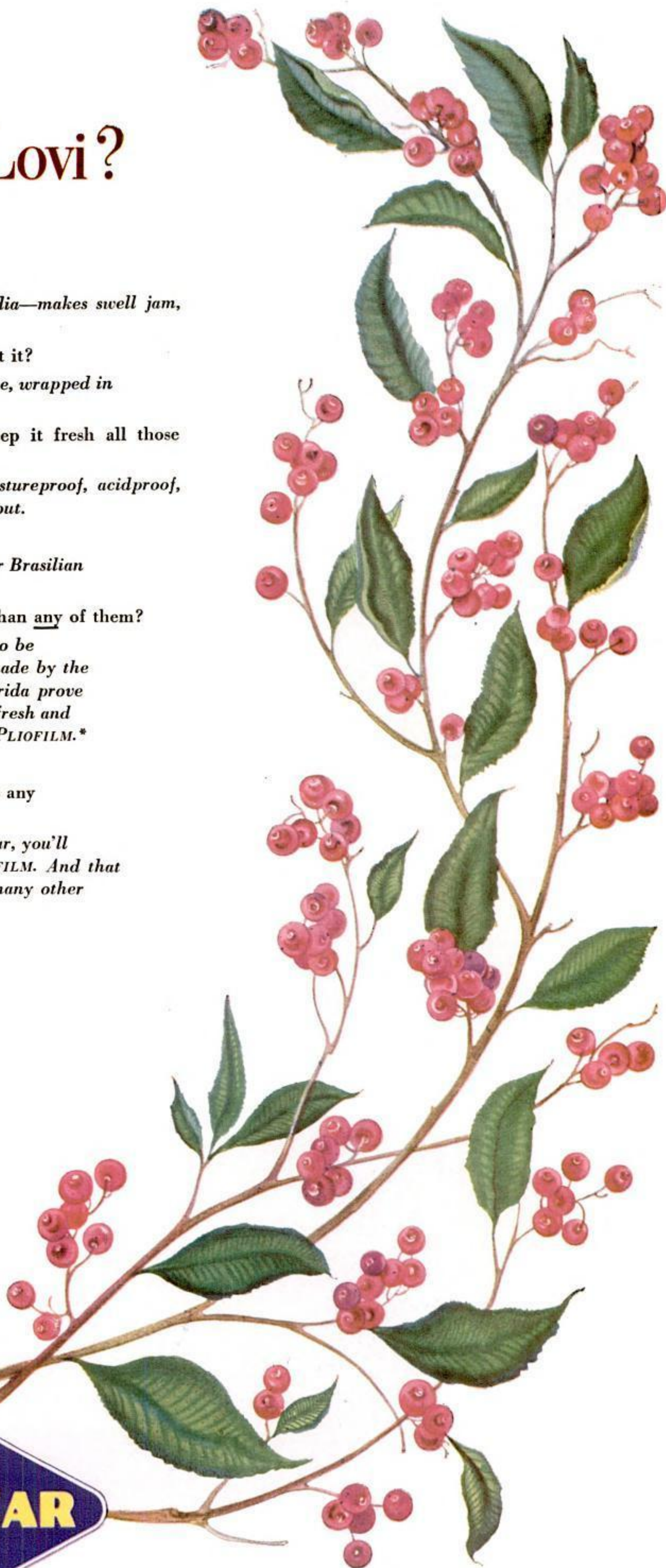
P. S. Pliofilm is not just for foods alone. It has literally thousands of applications as low-cost protection for pharmaceuticals, chemicals, tobacco, precision instruments, cables and all moisture-sensitive products, as well as in the manufacture of raincoats, shower curtains and umbrellas.

*HERE'S THE EVIDENCE



Both these groups of oranges were kept in storage four months but the still-perfect ones were wrapped in Pliofilm. The Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Florida made this test; reports: "The oranges wrapped in Pliofilm lost less than 2% of their initial weight after four months' storage . . . the original taste and appearance of the fruit were unchanged . . . Vitamin C content very slightly diminished."

ATTENTION: COOPERATIVES AND GROWERS' ASSOCIATIONS—Prepare now to take advantage of this new miracle in fruit, vegetable and other food packaging for after-the-war markets. For information write: Pliofilm Sales Dept., Goodyear, Akron, Ohio.



Pliofilm
made only by



Pliofilm—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



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Hemo—the NEW way to drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

PLUS

Significant quantity of Niacin.



Strange as it may seem to you—3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals! ... and Government nutritional authorities say so!

Here's a swell way to help make up "vitamin-lack"... Add a glass of HEMO a day to your regular diet! ... Tastes like the grandest malted you ever drank—only better!



One glass of Hemo (mixed in milk) supplies half your daily needs of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), D and Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus ... PLUS a significant quantity of Niacin.

IMPORTANT! Vitamin C has been purposely omitted from HEMO ... you can get it a great deal better in fruit and tomato juices.



Many war workers who need plenty of zip and pep for the most important job in the world drink HEMO!

Some like it hot ... Some like it cold. Either way it tastes wonderful—and is wonderful, especially for children! Give 'em a HEMO treat with their lunch or after-school snack.



If you eat lunch "out"—ask for HEMO at the soda fountain—made up in any flavor you prefer ... For "at-home" drinking get the full-pound jar—24 delicious drinks—for 59¢ ... HEMO for one serving costs only 2½¢! At your grocer's or druggist's.

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

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LIFE'S PICTURES

George Strock, who took the pictures of the Buna campaign in last week's issue and on pp. 81-87 of this week's issue, left for the South Seas last March, returned to the U.S. in January. Most of that time he was in Australia and New Guinea, taking the Buna pictures during a seven-week trip to the front. At the front he lived with the 32nd U.S. National Guard Division, narrowly escaped getting hit. Among his good friends was Lieut. General Robert L. Eichelberger, commanding U.S. troops.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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8—OTTO HAGEL

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31—MARIE HANSEN *exc. t. rt.* H. & E.

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35—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

36—*Courtesy* WESLEYAN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN—A. T. STEELE—A. T. STEELE

38—© J. C. PATEL—A. R. P. S. from KEYSTONE PRESS—CARL MYDANS—THOMAS KWANG from PAUL GUILLUMETTE

41—WALTER S. GABER & ELLIS A. PAGE—20TH CENTURY-FOX—WALTER SANDERS

42—WALTER SANDERS

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46—JOHN PHILLIPS—J. T. HARTMAN

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59—DMITRI KESSEL

60, 61—DMITRI KESSEL *exc. cen. and bot. lt.* OFFICIAL PHOTO U. S. AIR CORPS,

t. rt. map by FRANK C. STOCKMAN & ANTHONY J. SODARO

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73, 74—DMITRI KESSEL

76—JOHNNY FLOREA

77—JOHNNY FLOREA, PARAMOUNT PICTURES—PARAMOUNT PICTURES—UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE, PARAMOUNT PHOTO by HAL A. MCALPIN

78—JOHNNY FLOREA

81 through 87—GEORGE STROCK

88—MYRON H. DAVIS

89—*Cen.* WALT SAMUELSON, *rt.* UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD PHOTO

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111—CAMERA CLIX

112—WALTER OETZEL

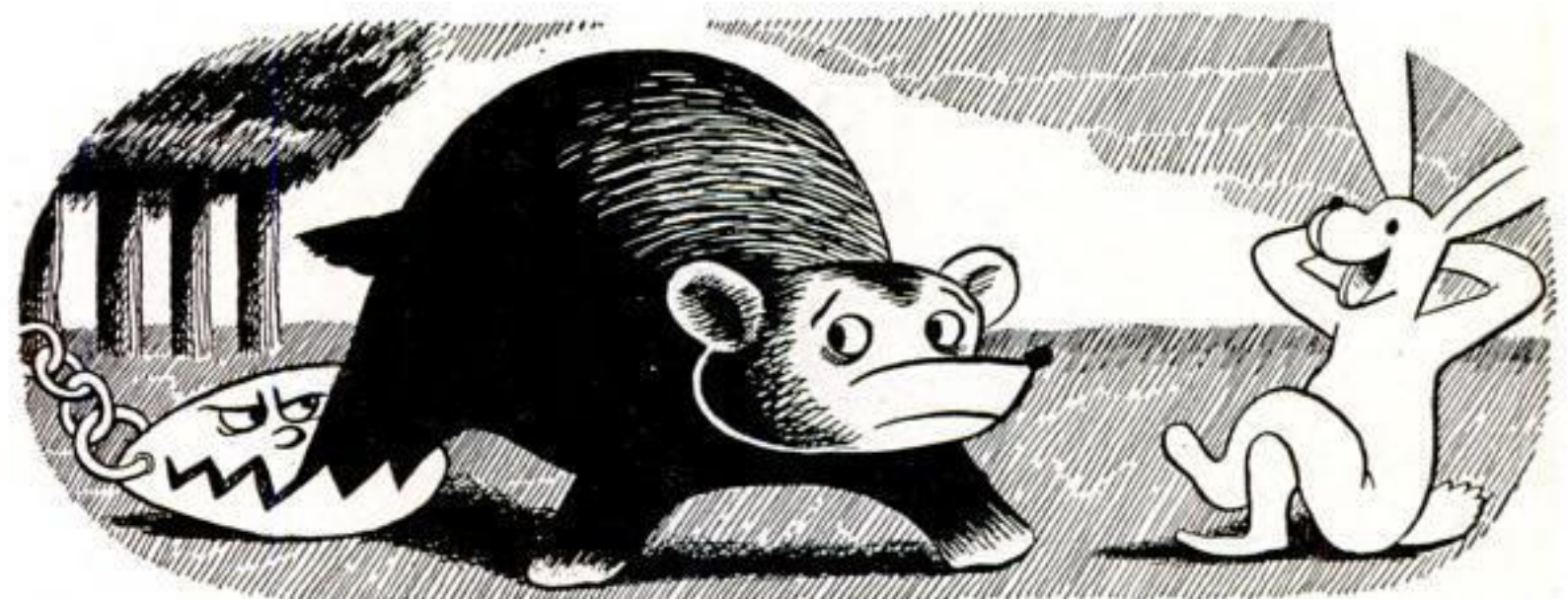
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Why is an Arrow Shirt like...



a cold shower?

Because it's refreshing... kick-giving! Take the Arrow Hitt (\$2.25). Hitt has an Arrow collar that absolutely refuses to wilt... that's trim for keeps! Like all Arrow Shirts it's Sanforized-Shrunk, less than 1% shrinkage.



a b'ar trap?

The buttons—due to a Button Stay—have the same never-let-go grip! (You'll see a two-headed cow before you'll see an Arrow Shirt minus its buttons.) Try Arrow Dale (\$2.75)—very fine broadcloth, with non-wilt collar.



a crack shot?

Scores a hit—every time! This, because of "Mitoga" figure-fit—it's curved to fit your body. Shoulders slope naturally... sleeves are tapered. Try Arrow Gordon (\$2.50) tailored of fine, snowy oxford, with soft collar.

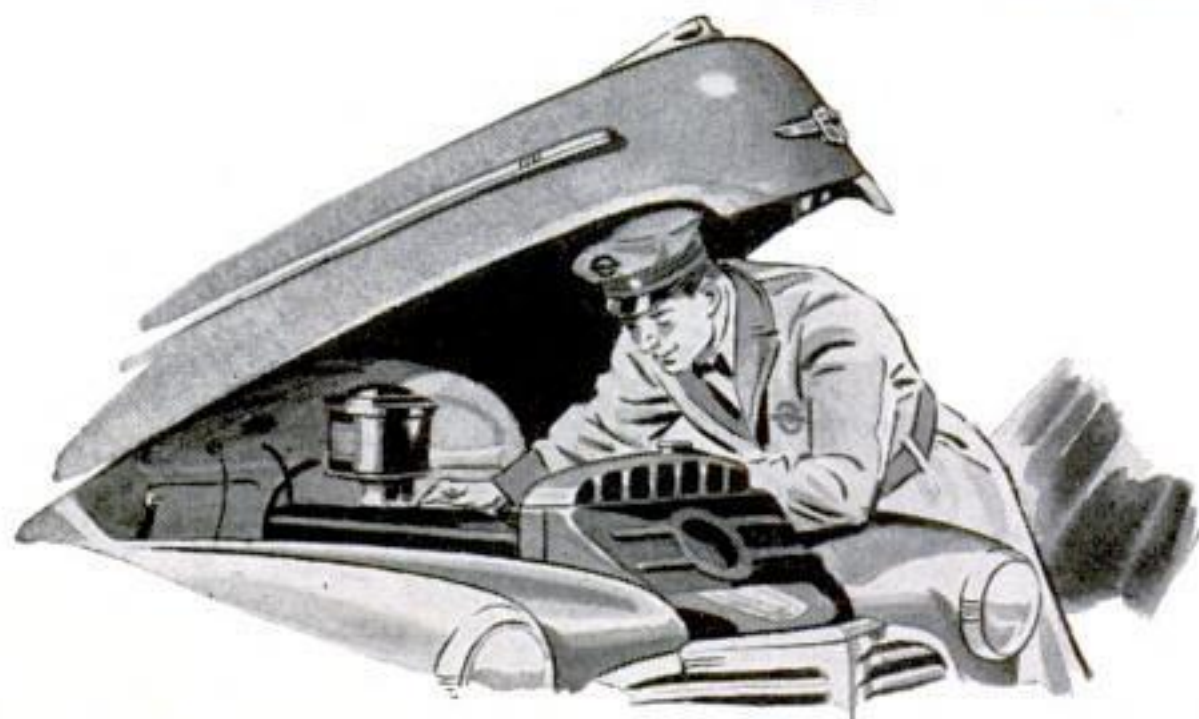


no other shirt?

Because no other shirt can have the inimitable Arrow collar! Arrow White Shirts are carefully tailored—from pre-tested, long-wearing fabrics—give you what (in girls) is glammer! Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Choose



A minor adjustment now *OR* a major repair later



A replacement on time *OR* a needed one, too late



Service for your car now *OR* your car out of service later



*The Nation's
Leading Automotive
Service Organization*



*All Types of
Service for All Makes
of Cars*

Chevrolet

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER



RUML is New York Federal Reserve Bank chairman and treasurer of R. H. Macy & Co. He has been fighting for the "pay-as-you-go" income-tax plan which bears his name. It puts taxpayers on a current basis by letting them pay their 1943 taxes while earning 1943's income and skipping taxes on 1942's income.



PAUL is General Counsel for the Treasury Department and its chief spokesman on income-tax plans. He likes Ruml's idea if the Treasury can collect all or part of two years' taxes in one year but he is against the Ruml principle of skipping the 1942 income tax in order to start the "pay-as-you-go" plan on a current basis.

WASHINGTON FIGHTS

CONTROVERSIAL ISSUES INTENSIFY CLASH AMONG PERSONALITIES AND PRINCIPLES

In Washington last week the in-fighting was sharper than in any of the far-flung U. S. theaters of war. On this bristling battlefield, raked by rumor, blasted by bickering, slowed by muddle and mix-up, no territory was taken, no lives were lost. But the outcome of the fighting may be as important to ultimate victory or defeat as any major military operation.

The domestic issue in Washington that most people were most interested in was taxes. For a month the House Ways and Means Committee has been holding hearings on "pay-as-you-go" income-tax plans. By last week the fight had boiled down to a conflict of ideas between the two men pictured above. One side was represented by Beardsley Ruml, who worked out the original "pay-as-you-go" plan. Chief opposition to Ruml and his plan came from the Treasury's General Counsel, Randolph Paul. Paul, after fighting such measures for months, was now willing to concede the advisability of putting income-tax payments on a current basis. But, unlike Ruml, he was unwilling to skip 1942 taxes. This, Paul contended, would wipe out a \$10,000,000,000 Treasury "asset."

Now Congressional tax experts are considering a possible compromise which would start pay-as-you-go in a few months after taxpayers had made at least a 25% payment on their 1942 incomes on March 15.

The situation on the inflation front was almost as pressing a problem as money. The avaricious Farm Bloc was backing a bill to include labor costs in farm prices which would destroy hard-won parity, skyrocket price ceilings, generally increase the cost of living. John L. Lewis and other labor leaders were firing the first guns in a struggle for wages above the 15% Little Steel formula. To counteract these moves Economic Boss Byrnes and OPA Administrator Brown were desperately trying to keep the stabilization lid down on the dangerous Jack-in-the-box inflation.

As muddled as any situation in Washington and as critical was the problem of manpower mobilization. Paul McNutt, War Manpower Commissioner, has been trying to solve the problem by "voluntary" measures such as the work-or-fight order to non-essential workers. But last week he found himself

fighting with two diverging Congressional bills, one to place nearly all men and women in a "compulsory" war work draft pool, and the other to revert to dependency as the major criterion for the draft.

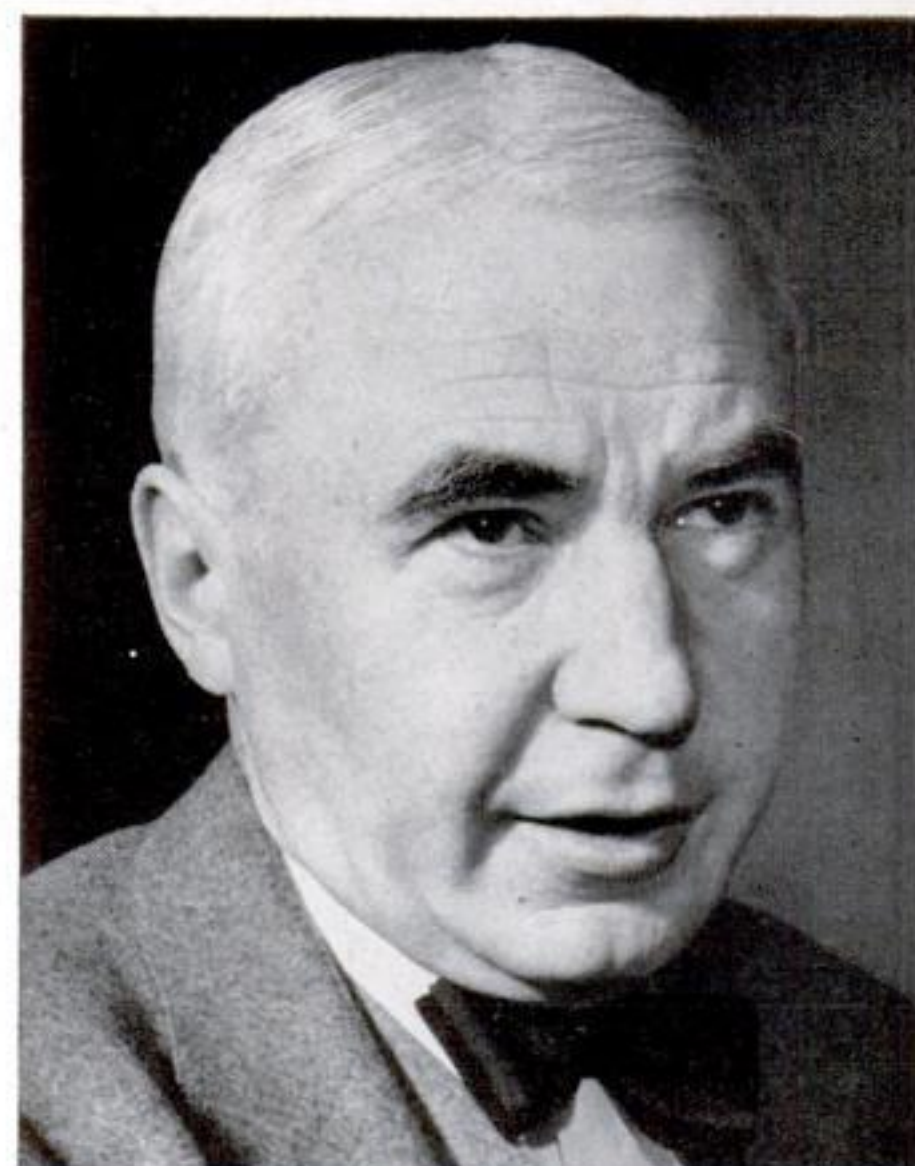
In his radio address last week on the Casablanca conference the President remarked that "many of our soldiers and sailors were concerned about the state of the home front." So were many plain civilians and officials back in the U. S. who waited with mounting impatience for someone to clean up the messes which are disrupting the war program. They wanted an end to the civilian versus armed forces squabbles between Rubber Czar Jeffers (*see p. 88*) and the War Department's Patterson, between the War Shipping Administration and the Navy, between rival vice chairmen in Donald Nelson's WPB. They watched a revitalized Congress, rearing up on its front legs like an angry mule, kicking back at Government agencies and preparing for more and more investigating committees. They hoped for some miracle of organization in the Federal setup which now employs almost three million civilian workers.



"VICTORY"

Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia consistently fights for Government economy. As chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Reduction of Non-Essential Federal Expenditures, Byrd has been attacking "non-military items" in the war budget. When *Victory*, the OWI's handsome picture-propaganda magazine for overseas, appeared on Feb. 10, it was assailed by Byrd and other Congressional leaders. Byrd immediately began to investigate the cost, purpose and value of this and other "Government propaganda ventures." Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, defended the cost of *Victory*, claiming it was valuable propaganda in countries where America's prestige needed strengthening. Last week he announced another OWI publication for overseas distribution, a pocket-sized propaganda magazine called *U. S. A.*

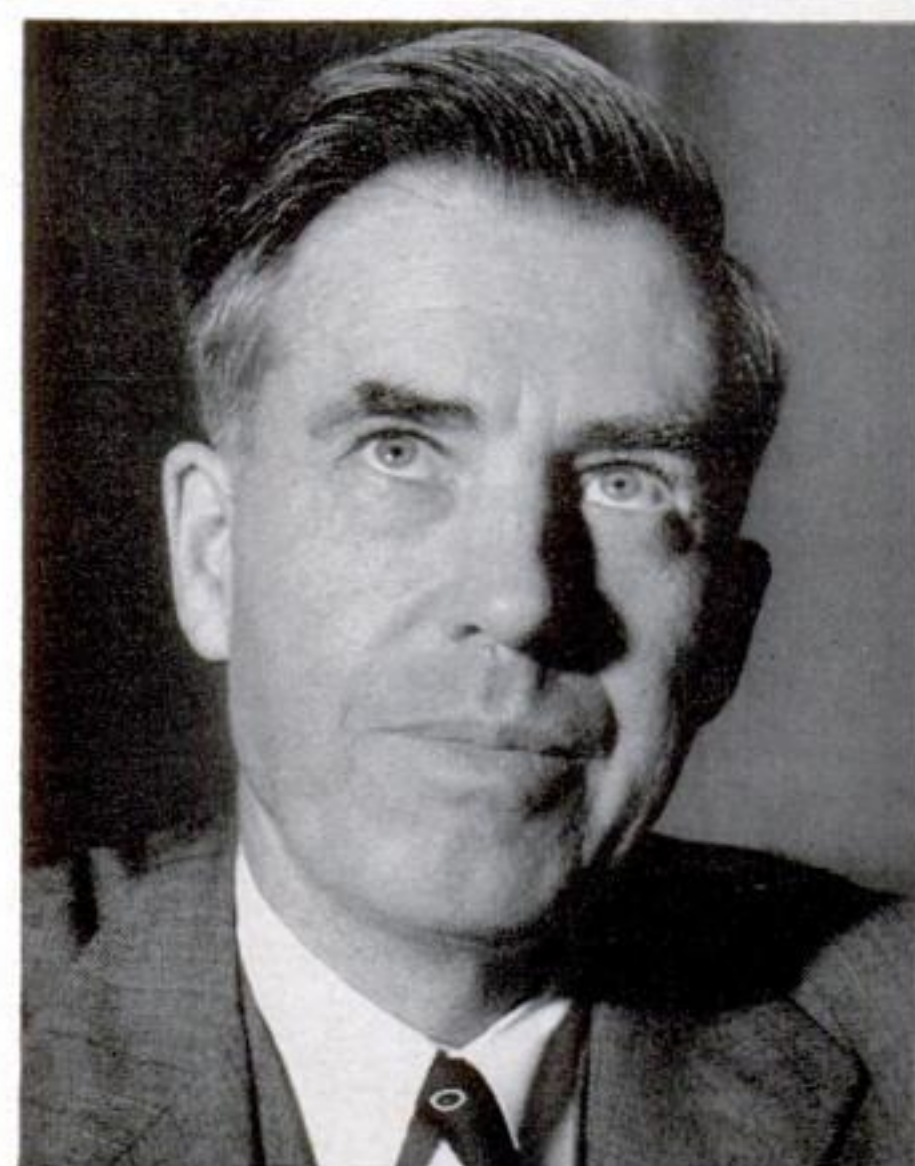
← BYRD versus DAVIS →



"GLOBALONEY"

"Globaloney" was a new word catapulted into American speech last week from the floor of the House. It sprang from the lips of Representative Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut in her maiden speech to describe the unrealistic "global thinking" of Vice President Wallace who visualized a post-war "network of globe-girdling airways" operated by a United Nations "peace force." In the main point of her address on this complicated subject, Representative Luce argued that the U. S. must realistically approach the problem now of its position in the post-war air world. She warned that if Congress failed to act immediately, the U. S. might find itself inferior to Britain in the airways after the war. Replying to the "Globaloney" charge, Mr. Wallace said, "I am sure the Republican Party is not against . . . freedom of the air after the war is over."

← LUCE versus WALLACE →



MERCHANT MARINE

Lewis Douglas of the War Shipping Administration has been struggling against attempts by the Army and Navy to take over the wartime personnel of the U. S. Merchant Marine. Last spring it was the Army's General Brehon B. Somervell who was trying to grab off the seamen. Now the grab is sponsored by Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, who is conducting secret inquiries on disciplinary conditions in the merchant service. If Vinson's findings prove that such conditions are bad, the Navy may be able to use this as a wedge for forcing its way into control. Douglas and WSA blame most of the cargo-ship friction on young naval officers in charge of Navy gun crews. The Navy men have been preferring charges against masters and seamen for "infractions" which are actually trivial.

← DOUGLAS versus VINSON →





MANPOWER

Last week in Congress Representative Wadsworth of New York proposed (simultaneously with Senator Austin in the Senate) a "National War Service Act of 1943" which would make every man between 18 and 65 and every woman between 18 and 50 subject to draft for war work. The man who would have to administer this act is Paul McNutt, War Manpower Commissioner, who opposes a compulsory labor draft at this time. McNutt maintains that his "voluntary" methods show "great promise." Wadsworth attacked McNutt's use of Selective Service as a "club" on workers in civilian industries, calling the WMC work-or-fight order "plain coercion and without legal authority." McNutt's stand for "voluntarism" against "compulsorism" is backed by labor leaders who believe curtailments of freedom should take place by consent and not decree.

← **McNUTT** versus **WADSWORTH** →



RADIO

Representative Eugene Cox of Georgia last month was appointed chairman of a five-man Congressional committee to investigate the Federal Communications Commission and its chairman, James Lawrence Fly. Fly and the FCC, meanwhile, have been investigating Cox on the grounds that he received a fee for representing an Albany, Ga. radio station while a member of Congress. Cox has charged Fly with the use of "high-handed methods," and damned FCC as "Gestapo . . . Reds . . . the nastiest nest of rats to be found in the entire country." Fly, who has been trying to break up alleged monopoly of radio by huge networks, hopes eventually to establish Government control of all communications. Cox opposes such control, and his committee will hold hearings to determine if such FCC actions are "according to law and in the public interest."

← **COX** versus **FLY** →

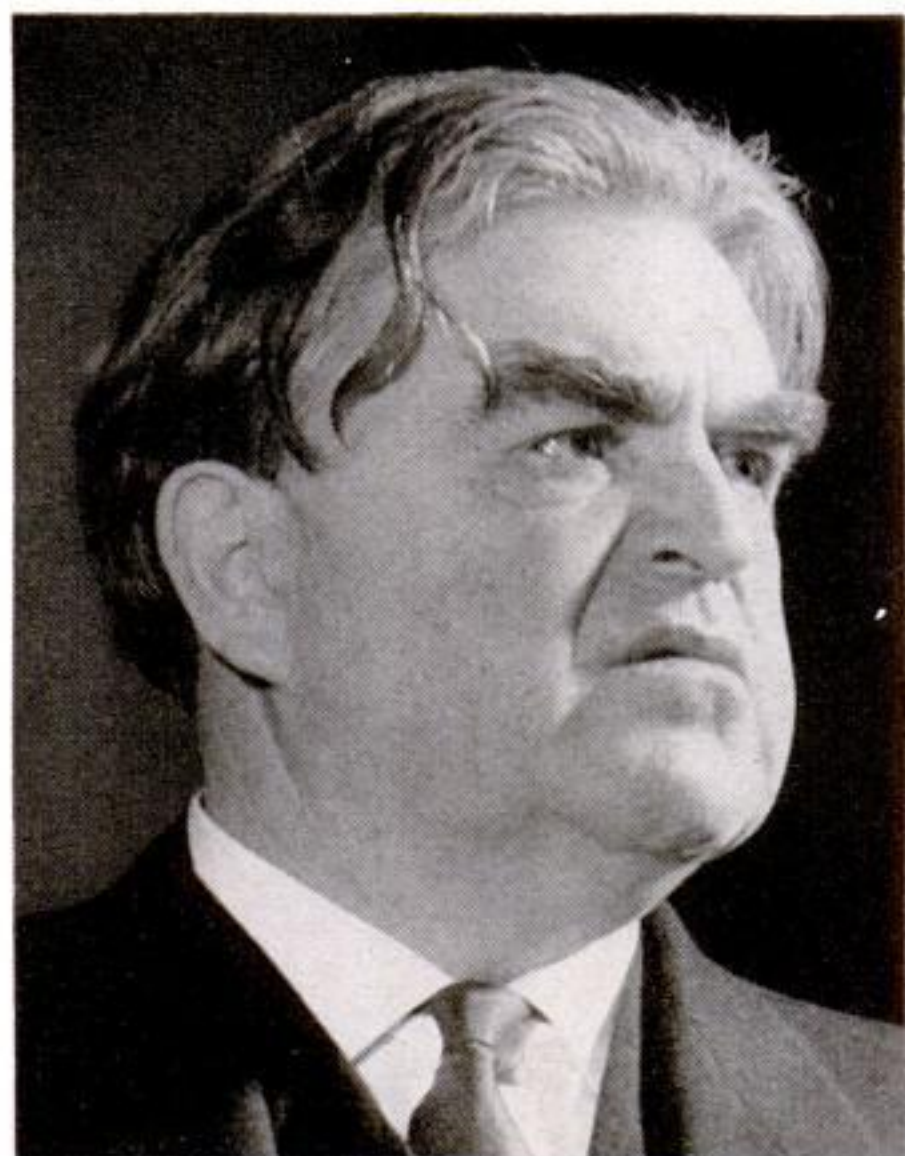


WAR PRODUCTION

WPB Chairman Donald Nelson has two vice chairmen: Ferdinand Eberstadt in charge of materials and Charles E. Wilson in charge of production. Eberstadt, previously head of the Army-Navy Munitions Board, wants closer control over all production for and by the armed forces. Wilson favors civilian control and has consistently rebuffed any attempt by the "brass hats" to run WPB. Nelson has tried to coordinate the energies and conciliate the opinions of his two aides. But on Feb. 5 he increased the tension by transferring six WPB divisions including aluminum and magnesium from Eberstadt's jurisdiction to Wilson's. Eberstadt believes they belong with him as materials chief. Wilson demanded them because he contends that Eberstadt has balled up sizes and shapes of materials which Wilson needs for production scheduling.

← **WILSON** versus **EBERSTADT** →

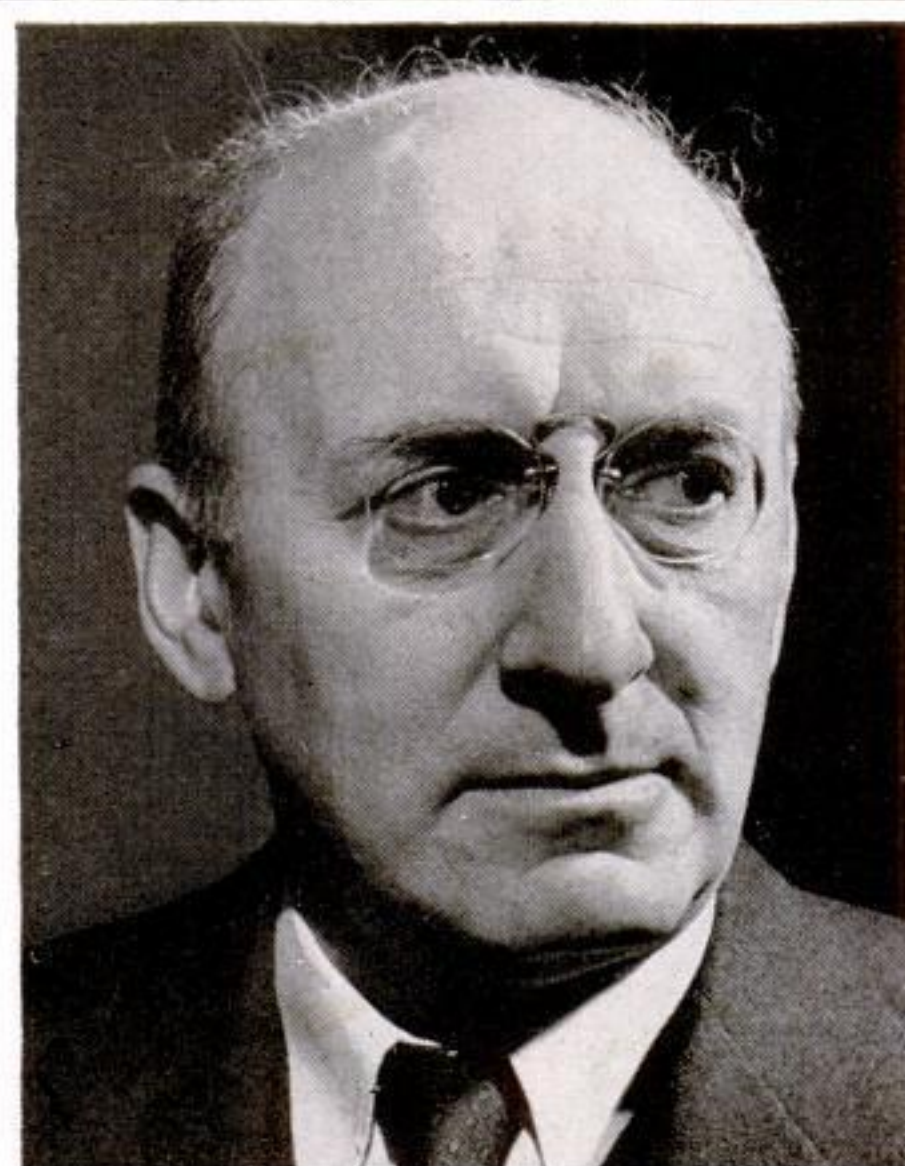




WAGE STABILIZATION

John L. Lewis and his 450,000 bituminous coal miners have decided to battle for a \$2-a-day wage increase when soft-coal contract negotiations begin on March 14. In the last analysis the "yes" or "no" on the demand will be up to James F. Byrnes, chairman of the Economic Stabilization Board. Last week Byrnes warned Lewis: "There must be no further increases in wages beyond the Little Steel formula except in limited and special cases. . . . We must not retreat in our fight to stabilize the cost of living." According to the Little Steel formula, workers are only entitled to a 15% increase over their wage scale of Jan. 1, 1941, to equalize the rise in the cost of living up to May 1942. But Lewis and his United Mine Workers who have already had their 15% raise hope to upset this formula by proving the existence of a much higher living-cost spiral.

← LEWIS versus BYRNES →



SILVER

Secretary of Treasury Morgenthau would be "glad to see Congress strike all of the silver legislation off the books." He has attempted to make the Treasury's 1,360,000,000 ounces of free silver available for war production, thus releasing 40,000 tons of copper. But Senator McCarran of Nevada, who represents silver interests, has frantically fought, filibustered and finagled (through deals with the Farm Bloc) to keep this silver locked in Treasury vaults. On Feb. 9 the House voted to deny funds for carrying out the Silver Purchase Act, which provides that the Treasury must buy all newly-mined domestic silver and store it. When the bill reaches the Senate, McCarran and the Silver Bloc will be there to bat it down with their old claim that this will lead to "Greenbackism," fiat money and the loss of U. S. integrity in monetary contracts.

← MORGENTHAU versus McCARRAN →



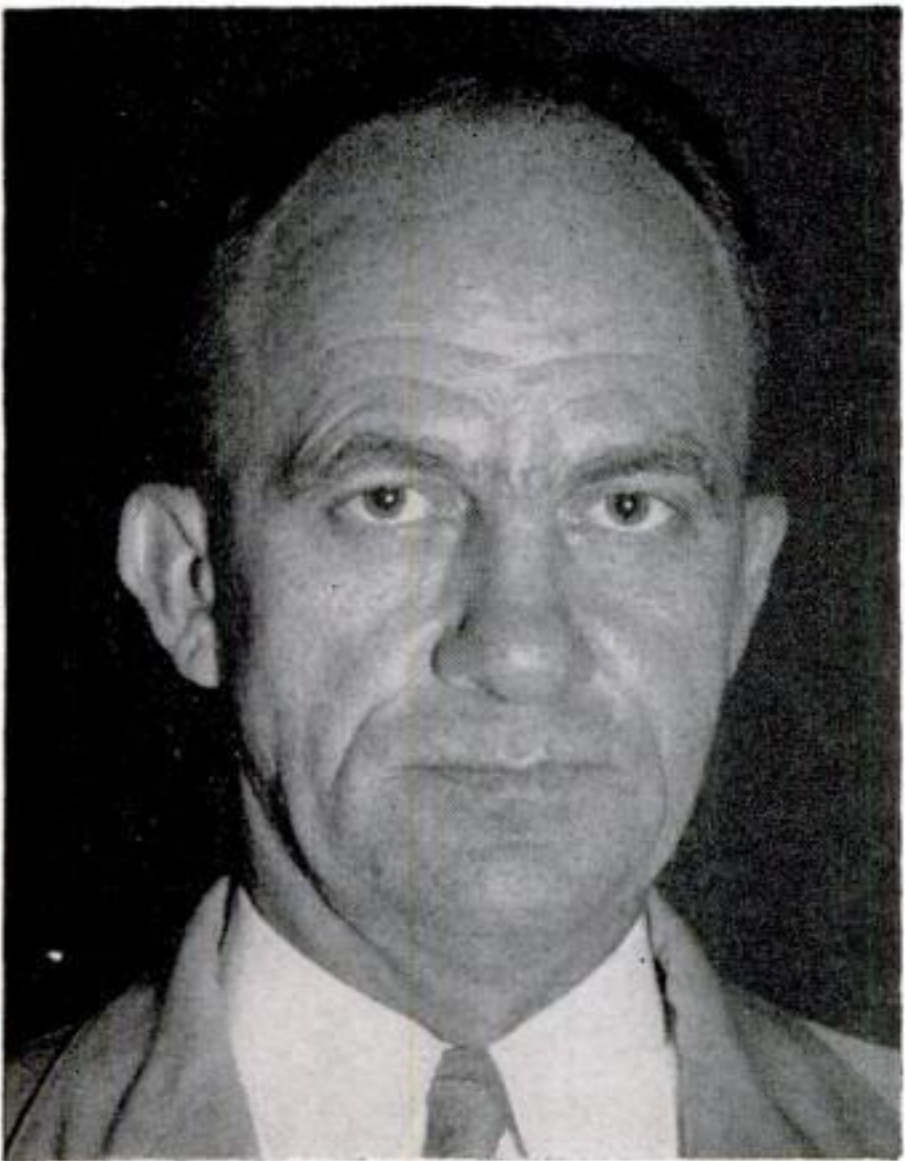
JOHN L. SULLIVAN (STANDING), ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, TESTIFIES AT HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE HEARING ON TAXES. SEATED BEHIND HIM IS GRAY-



"UN-AMERICANISM"

In 1938 the House established a special committee to investigate un-American activities with Representative Martin Dies of Texas as chairman. The Committee traveled all over the U. S., quizzed thousands, took millions of words in evidence, made recurrent headlines by its sensational charges. As one exposé followed another, there was growing criticism of Dies that his Committee was concentrating on attacking Communists and their fellow-travelers on charges that were sometimes unfounded, but was relatively ignoring "native American fascists." Dies claims he is impartial. Last week, on a House motion to continue the Dies investigations, Representative Jerry Voorhis of California, a committee member for the last four years, led the fight against the resolution, denounced Dies for his undemocratic methods. The vote was 302 to 94 for Dies.

← DIES versus VOORHIS →



FARM LABOR COSTS

Representative Stephen M. Pace of Georgia has reintroduced into Congress his bill which would allow farmers to include labor in their production costs. Pace believes that his bill, killed in the last Congress, will give farmers a fairer cost-to-price relation, help them procure scarce labor by enabling them to pay higher wages. Although he admits it will raise grain prices, he does not agree it will greatly raise living costs. OPA Chief Prentiss M. Brown fears that its enactment will break OPA ceilings, throw out of gear the livestock feeding ration, and set up a vicious spiral of rising prices by adding $3\frac{1}{2}$ billions to the consumer's food bill. The bill is stoutly supported by the Farm Bloc who want to be re-elected, opposed by administrators like Brown, Agriculture Secretary Wickard and Economic Boss Byrnes who want to control inflation.

← PACE versus BROWN →



HAired TREASURY COUNSEL PAUL. MOST WASHINGTON FIGHTS EVENTUALLY WIND UP BEFORE SUCH LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEES AS THIS ONE WHICH IS WORKING ON THE TAX ISSUE

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

How the Heroic Boys of Buna Drove the Japs into the Sea

Bill was a Wisconsin boy. He loved the blue lakes of Wisconsin, the cool winds, the bright farmlands. That was where his folks belonged—and his girl. He never considered himself a warrior, exactly. He was a member of the National Guard, called the "militia." All Bill could say to that was, "Some militia!" For Bill, plus other National Guardsmen, plus regulars, plus draftees—average Americans all—was a private in the little army that pushed the Japs into the sea last month at Buna, New Guinea.

When Bill and his buddies were set down at an improvised airfield in New Guinea, on the other side of the wild Owen Stanley Mountains, where haggard Australians had been stalking Japs for months, it took them a while to learn what their job was. Their job was to become hunters; to learn the ways of the emerald-green jungle, to become one with the giant trees and palms, the tangled undergrowth, the thick kunai grass higher than a man's head, the bottomless marshes, the mud that oozed up from foxholes and trenches. The mechanized monsters of modern war, which have performed such spectacular feats in Russia and on the deserts of Libya, were stopped right there at the edge of the Papuan forest. Only Bill and his buddies could get in there, on foot, the way God made them.

The Dark and Nervous Jungle

It was vicious Indian warfare. As Bill's general said (while himself aiming a tommy gun at a Jap sniper in a treetop), "The damn war's gone all old-fashioned on us up here." Bill and his buddies crept and crawled, listened and stalked through what seemed to them a nightmare. Sometimes they would go for days without seeing a living Jap. Yet living Japs were all around them. Jap rifles cracked from hidden nests far up in the trees—and usually from behind. Deadly Jap machine guns, sometimes remote-controlled by strings, would suddenly spray the jungle when Bill and his buddies passed. This enemy was wily as a cat, quiet as a ghost, tenacious, not afraid to die. He used the trunks of big coconut trees to build pillboxes, almost impenetrable by anything except a direct artillery hit, and set on dry land flanked by marshes. They could not be bypassed—they had to be stormed. And that was costly business. Down the jungle trails leading back from the front came a constant stream of wounded Americans and Australians in blood-soaked bandages. Some walked. But the badly wounded were carried on stretchers by the loyal and kindly Papuan natives, who were always careful to see that

a wounded man's face was shielded from the fiery sun by a palm or big banana leaf.

Bill found that his ears were his most priceless possession during that nightmare. He needed ears especially after dark, when he dug a hole and tried to get a little sleep. Then, all around him in the blackness, there were jungle sounds that he had to learn to recognize—animals maybe—or maybe a lurking Jap. And suddenly a twig would snap and Bill would fire—quicker than he could think whether it was friend or foe. And then the dark and nervous jungle would suddenly awake with gun flashes and bullets flying in all directions. So he didn't get much sleep. And next morning, his beard a little longer, his cheeks a little more sunken, he and his buddies would creep on, foot by foot, pushing the Japs toward the invisible sea.

The Soft White Waves

Then, one day in early December, the news went around that Sergeant Bottcher and twelve survivors of his party—heroes among heroes—had pushed through to the sea. And soon Bill himself reached the sea, not far from "Bottcher's Corner." The shore down to which he fought his way was a charnel house where the stench of Jap bodies rotting in the tropical sun seemed like the breath of hell. He charged through, emerging onto the smooth white beach, chasing a bunch of Japs, hot and tired and blazing mad. And it was right there that he got it.

He felt a terrible blow on his heart that whirled him around. It knocked him flat on the beach, face down, with his helmet on. And he lay there. He lay there while the tide came in, creeping up with soft white waves to cover him—once—twice—maybe three times. He lay with his arms half buried in the clean Papuan sand, his legs drawn up a little, as if in sleep. It was the first rest he had had in a long time. But he would never go back to his girl in the farmlands of Wisconsin.

The Guts to Look at It

LIFE's Photographer George Strock went to Papua and lived with those boys under fire. His pictures printed in last week's issue and continued this week (pp. 81-87) are the most intimate glimpses of the war thus far. Studying them, it is as if Papua had been transported 5,000 miles back to the home front—the horror, the patience, the ingenuity, the simple American courage that got those boys through to the sea.

LIFE cannot show any pictures of Bill or the other Americans who gave their lives to win that fight. It is against Army policy to show American dead. Maybe this is right. Certainly it would be a debasement of the high cause in which Bill died to indulge in morbid reflections about him. And besides, many folks with boys in the armed forces

would think that they recognized, or half-recognized, the fallen heroes.

Nevertheless, we think that occasional pictures of Americans who fall in action should be printed. The job of men like Strock is to bring the war back to us, so that we who are thousands of miles removed from the dangers and the smell of death may know what is at stake. We think Bill would want that. Maybe some of our politicians would think twice about their selfish interests if they could see him lying there on the white sand. Maybe some of the absentee workers in war plants would make more of an effort to stay on the job if they could have a look at Bill. Maybe some industrialists would be more progressive if they had Bill in their minds. Maybe some housewives wouldn't be in such a hurry to raid the grocery stores, and John L. Lewis wouldn't feel so free to profiteer on the war—if they could see how Bill fell. Why should the home front be coddled, wrapped up in cotton wool, protected from the shock of the fight? If Bill had the guts to take it, we ought to have the guts to look at it, face-to-face. Until we do, the home front will continue to be a mess.

The Pillboxes Are in Front

Anyway, Strock's pictures tell us enough about the Buna boys so that we can be mighty proud of them. They were not supermen. They were just plain Americans, taken from plain American families. And yet they, and the Australians with whom they fought, demonstrated that the Jap is not unbeatable, even in his chosen field of jungle warfare. It is certainly not pleasant or easy to step out of a highly civilized environment such as that of the U. S. and transform yourself into a jungle cat, pitted against other cats who would rather die than be captured. That is not anything that a man would choose to do. But we know now that it can be done.

There is another angle of the war that those boys demonstrated, and that is the importance of infantry. Of course, there are many jobs which only airpower can do. Nevertheless, the final decision will go to ordinary Americans who have learned how to use their ears, their eyes, their hands—and their guts. Modern inventions can supplement these primitive human facilities and greatly augment their power. But no invention can substitute, in the end, for Bill's two legs, or the courageous heart that got him out there to the beach.

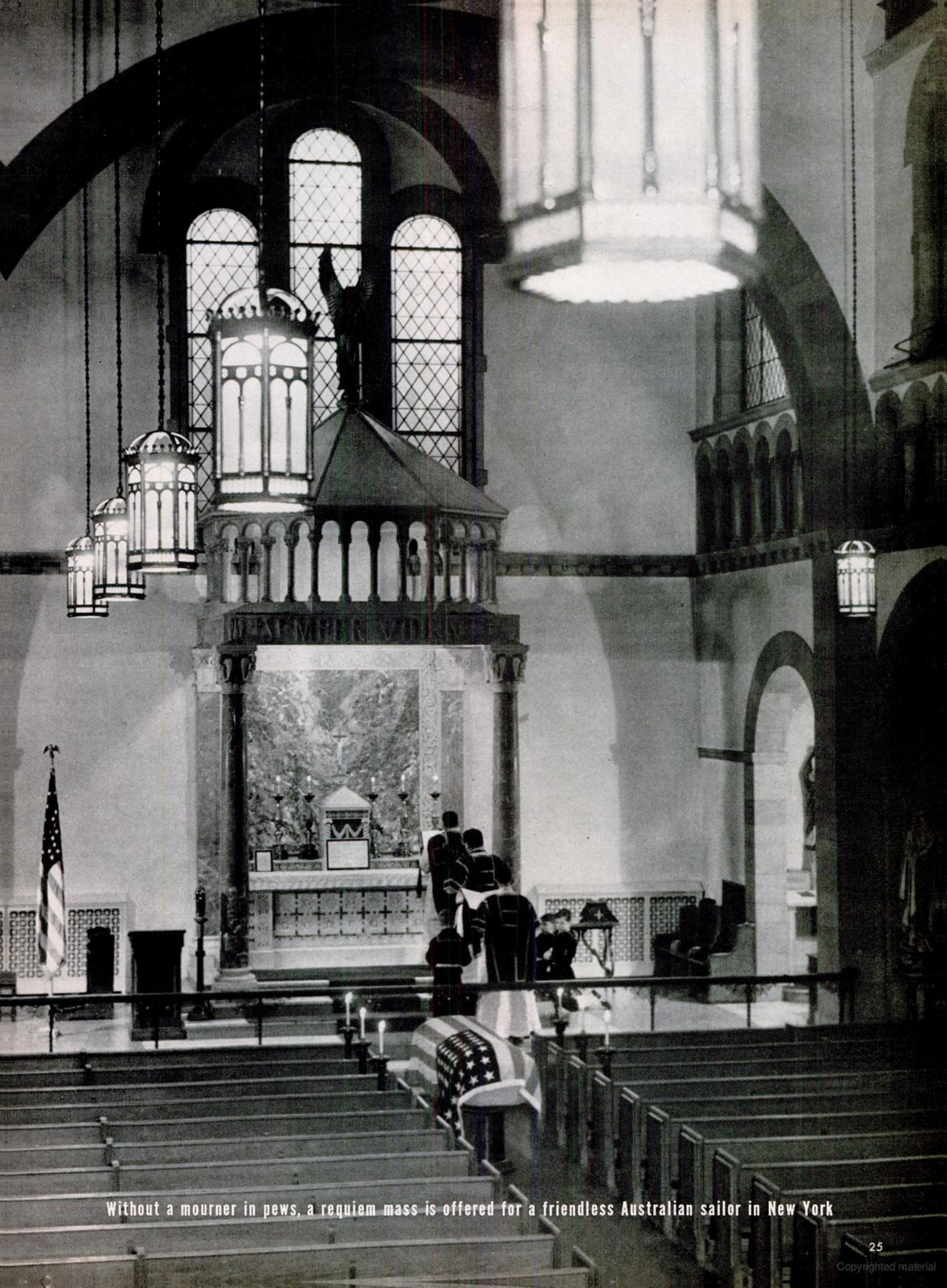
And in this fact there is a lesson for the home front, which each of us can apply to his or her own affairs. The lesson is that there is no fancy way around this war. There is no political trick or economic scheme that can make it easy. We have to take it on the chin. The pillboxes are right in front of us; we have to storm them. For this lesson, and for their superb achievement, we thank the boys of Buna.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

In the lonely flag-draped casket shown on opposite page lies the body of Merchant Seaman George Coles, 24-year-old Australian who died while his

ship was in the U. S. There were no friends, no mourners at the Shrine Church of the Sea in New York as a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrat-

ed by Monsignor John J. O'Donnell. After these rites Coles was buried in the seamen's plot in Calvary Cemetery, Queens, 11,000 miles from home.



Without a mourner in pews, a requiem mass is offered for a friendless Australian sailor in New York



LONG LINES OF GERMAN SOLDIERS ARE MARCHED TO THE RUSSIAN REAR AS PRISONERS. THESE WERE TAKEN IN THE FIGHTING NEAR MILLEROVO. THIS OFFENSIVE ADDED TO

A MIGHTY GERMAN ARMY WALLOWS IN DEFEAT

The mobile, massive, super-efficient German Army of 1940 that cut up the armies of Western Europe was an unbelievably far cry from the beaten Germans of 1943 shown here. The German Sixth Army of 330,000 men had been destroyed at Stalingrad, in a defeat far worse than that Hindenburg inflicted on Russia in 1914 at Tannenberg. The German bastion of Kursk had fallen. The whole Don basin had been swept clean, the line of the Donets had been overrun and the Russian armies hammered last week at the defenses of Kharkov and Rostov. In the south the Red Army was within 60 miles of the Dnieper, a river it had last seen in September 1941. It was clear that in the Russian wintertime the Germans were no match for the Russians. In three months, the great German defense line had been cracked and cracked again. Yet nobody should believe that the German Army is now finished.

The victory at Stalingrad, however, was completed and ready for the history books. The Germans had arrived on Aug. 23. They were surrounded on Nov. 25. They were invited to surrender on Jan. 9 and General (later Field Marshal) Friedrich von Paulus refused the invitation. Their last airfield, at Gumrak, was taken. The army of Col. General Rokossovsky hammered the remnants against the anvil of Lieut. General Chuikov's Stalingrad garrison, which had already retaken the decisive height of Mamaev Kurgan in the city. The first German generals began to surrender, Moritz von Drebber of the 297th, Dubois of the 44th.

At length, at 7 a. m. Jan. 31, a Ukrainian lieutenant named Yelchenko had surrounded the Univermag department store on the Square of Red Heroes. A general came out to him and said, "My big chief wants to talk

to your big chief." "I am the big chief around here," said Yelchenko and went into the department-store cellar. There he found a milling mass of Germans and, lying down in a small room, Field Marshal von Paulus in his dress uniform with all his medals. Paulus' aide asked Yelchenko to take care that the Russians outside did not kill Paulus, to exhibit him as little as possible and not to treat him like a tramp. When the correspondents interviewed the Field Marshal, he still held himself haughtily but his face twitched and he gulped constantly.

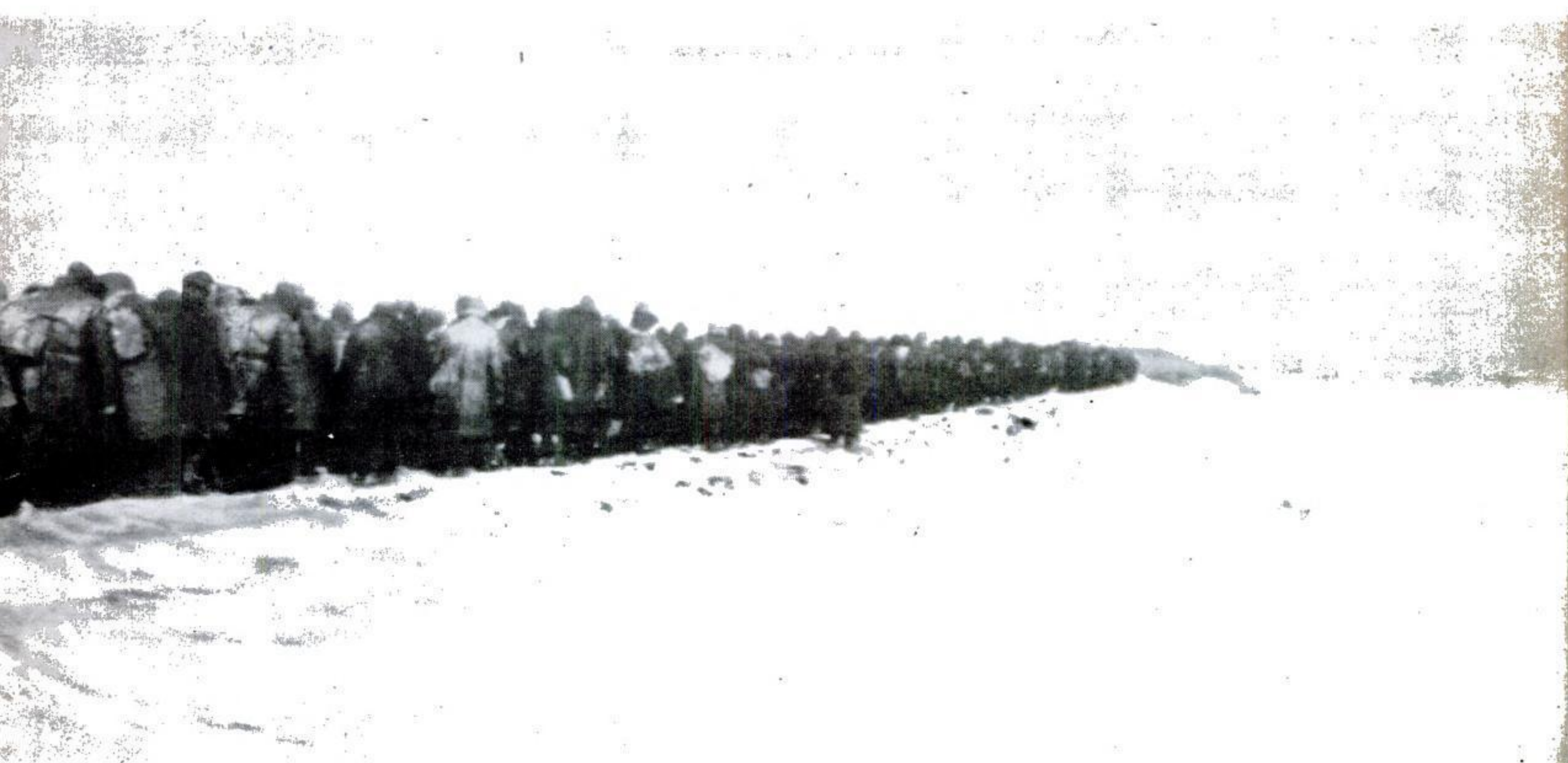
General Chuikov, asked what were the Germans' tactical mistakes at Stalingrad, replied: "None. But they made the strategical mistake of putting Hitler in command." To Josef Stalin, President Roosevelt sent congratulations on "the 162 days of epic battle for the city which has forever honored your name."



Five Axis generals of the 17 who surrendered at Stalingrad are (from left) Rumania's Dimitriu, Germany's von Daniel, Schlemmer, von Drebber (most amiable of the lot), Italy's Rinoldi.



Field Marshal von Paulus (right) is examined by his conqueror, General Rokossovsky (left), and Marshal of Artillery Voronov representing the high command, through an interpreter.



THE 4,000,000 NET LOSSES OF THE GERMAN ARMY 230,000 CAPTURED AND 275,000 KILLED. RUSSIANS CLAIMED DEFEAT OF 69 GERMAN DIVISIONS, 33 AXIS SATELLITE DIVISIONS



The face of the German Army in Russia now appears frozen, dazed, exhausted of will or pride. These were once crack troops, the terror of the world of 1940 and 1941 but the farther they got

into Russia, the less they liked the cold and the ample room to die in. However, as the hardy Russians advance westward, the warmer it feels and the more delightful the prospects grow.



RABOUL

American planes bomb big Jap base

Said Secretary Knox last week, speaking of the American victory at Guadalcanal: "It has brought us up to where we are in striking distance of some of the Japs' most important bases." He was obviously referring to the big, saucer-shaped harbor above.

At the moment this photograph was taken, Rabaul was under bombardment by U. S. Flying Fortresses. Sweeping in high under a clear sky, the Americans have surprised about 80 Jap ships in Simpson Harbor at left, off the town of Rabaul, and about a dozen more

in the waters of Blanche Bay between Simpson and Greet Harbor, at right. At least ten bomb splashes may be seen and some of the Jap ships, despite their efforts to escape, may be afire.

But this picture is more than a great action picture. It shows the topography, better than any picture yet released, of what may be one of the next major battlegrounds of the war. Ever since the Japs occupied Rabaul on Jan. 23, 1942, they have used its harbors and its airfields, along with Truk to the north, as a



major base from which to supply their operations on New Guinea, Guadalcanal, Munda, and the approaches to Australia. Recently U. S. planes observed as many as 100 warships anchored there. Before the U. S. can operate with safety in the South Pacific, Rabaul must be neutralized.

But the Japs at Rabaul face a danger in addition to bombing and invasion. It is one of the world's most active volcanic areas. Simpson Harbor, with its very blue water and its lovely green islands, is an old vol-

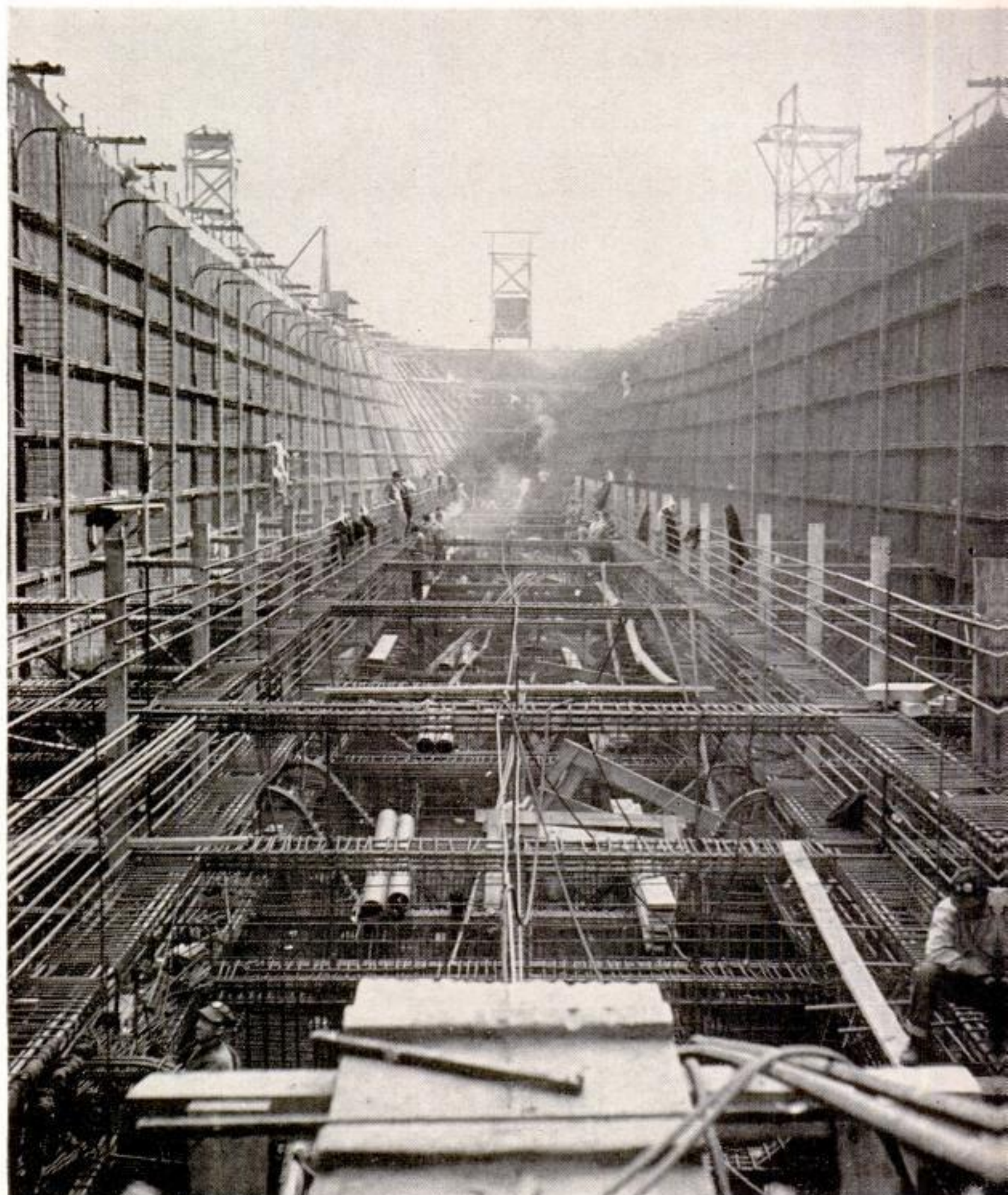
canic crater and along its shores are numerous active volcanoes. In 1878 the little island of Matupi, off the point in the center of the picture above, dropped a whole native village into the sea, and in 1937 three active volcanoes spread 300,000 tons of lava dust on Rabaul itself.

New Britain Island, on the edge of whose mountains Rabaul is perched, belonged to Germany until after World War I, when Australia got it as a League of Nations mandate. In the shadow of the North Daugh-

ter and Mother volcanoes (highest points in the 7,000-ft. mountains, left and right of center), the Australians developed Rabaul into a pleasant holiday resort with a race track, swimming pool and golf course. Away from the town they built roads (notice the one at left around the harbor) leading to the Wesleyan Missions and the big coconut plantations. The Japs, however, since last year have been more interested in deepening the harbors and building airfields than in continuing the Australians' peaceful improvements.



Ramp for materials runs through bow opening of barge until cement is poured. Each barge has a reinforced structure of 486,000 steel pieces to which is added 18 carloads of cement.



Barge framework, looking toward stern before concrete is poured, shows the intricate steel ribbing. Boat is 366 ft. long, 54 ft. wide and requires 70% as much metal as all-steel vessel.



Cement is applied to deck after concrete has been poured into hull. The wet concrete has been spread over web of steel reinforcing, and workers in rear are using electric vibrators

to shake it into a solid mass. In foreground, workers are scraping and smoothing the uneven edges of freshly laid deck. This barge will cost the U. S. more than a million dollars.

CONCRETE BARGES

Truman Committee exposes \$23,000,000 shipyard mess

Into the caucus room of the Senate Office Building on Feb. 5 came a bald, red-faced, nervous contractor named Clifford T. MacEvoy to explain to the Truman Committee why his Savannah, Ga. shipyards were a year behind schedule in the production of concrete motorless barges for the U. S. Just three months ago this same Senate committee, charged with the investigation of the national defense program, had grilled Contractor MacEvoy on his responsibilities in the Winfield Park housing project mess (LIFE, Nov. 30). As an outgrowth of the probe, the Truman Committee began looking into other Government contracts held by MacEvoy and his associates.

They found that MacEvoy held a Maritime Commission contract for the construction of five concrete barges at \$548,000 apiece. The first of these was to have been launched on March 2, 1942. Although it was not launched, the Maritime Commission on May 12, 1942 gave MacEvoy another contract for an additional 18 barges at \$729,000 each. In addition the Commission, which paid for the expansion of MacEvoy's shipyards in Savannah, offered him a \$10,000 bonus on every barge to reimburse him for original plant investment. Ten barges were to be delivered by Nov. 10, 1942. To date not one has even been launched.

Last month two members of the Truman Committee, Senators Ball of Minnesota and Kilgore of West Virginia, accompanied Special Investigator H. G. Robinson and LIFE Photographer Marie Hansen to Savannah to inspect MacEvoy's shipyards. They found that none of the barges was completed, that there were evidences of unwarranted expenditures as well as wasted time, labor, money. As a result of these findings MacEvoy and Admiral Land of the Maritime Commission were called to testify in Washington. Their testimony failed to clarify the situation and the Truman Committee will now make a complete study and public report to appraise Maritime Commission's concrete barge-building program.



Clifford F. MacEvoy, whose barge-building company could make \$1,250,000 out of U. S. contracts, sweats under cross-questioning by Truman Committee in Washington.



Investigator Robinson and Maritime's Brown talk over the situation with Senators Ball and Kilgore.



On inspection tour probers walk across the bow of one of the concrete barges. Projecting steel prongs in the foreground will serve as base for deckhouse. Barges have no engines.



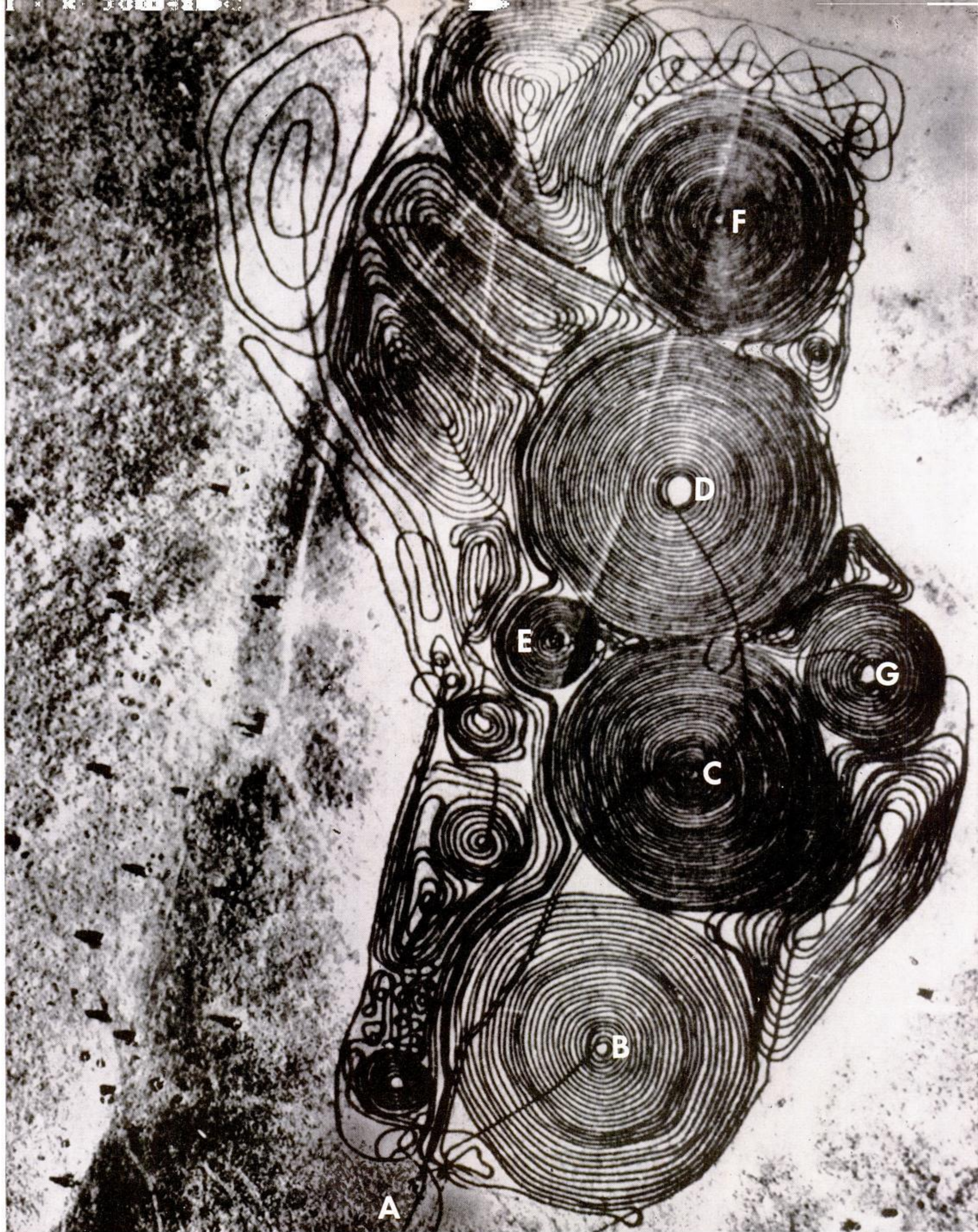
Senator Ball of Minnesota climbs out of a hold after a look-see below deck.



Wasted labor is one of the reasons for the inefficiency of the MacEvoy shipyards. Here six workers are ambling along with a piece of piping which two or three men could carry without undue strain.



Wasted money increases cost of each barge to the U. S. This gasoline locomotive was bought by a purchasing staff member from his brother at an abnormally high price.



WHAT IS IT?

British experts had a tough time
figuring out this air photograph

The film of an RAF reconnaissance plane in the Middle East was developed and revealed the flabbergasting pattern above, resembling nothing ever before seen on land or sea. For a while it stumped British intelligence officers. Obviously the background was desert, with some bomb craters (*lower left*). Finally, however, the British officially released the explanation that it was a Nazi airfield in process of destruction just before the Luftwaffe abandoned it. Three tractor-drawn plows had started from A. The

first went to B and plowed from the center outward. The second and third went to C. The second plowed outward in a very close pattern around C, then did same at E and F. The third went on to D, finished that in a beautiful circular pattern and then polished off G. After a layoff, they all came back and did the irregular patchwork. Anybody who wants to go blind with a magnifying glass may try to confirm this story. However a day's work with a few good rollers would have straightened out the field again.



"Damn the Torpedoes!" —we'll grow our own palm trees

IT was a matter of convenience to let Nature grow the palm trees in Africa. Palm oil was then extracted from the pulp of the palm fruit, and American manufacturers used it—among other ways—in tin plating.

When the torpedoes began to cut into the cargo space for palm oil, scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, made a study of its chemical structure. Tin plating is always important. Right now it is critical.

The result was that Shell scien-

tists produced an oil from petroleum which, by every laboratory test, fulfills the functions of palm oil, insofar as it enters the process of plating tin over other metal. They did better than that:

Shell's substitute "palm oil" from our own oil derricks hasn't the shortcomings of natural palm oil: it is more oxidation-stable, and does not thicken, or become inflammable. . . .

War pressure is hastening realization of the wealth we have at hand in petroleum, and the science which

puts it to work in wholly unexpected ways. When we could get palm oil and rubber from trees, and silk from the silk worm, it was natural to take what Nature provided. We won't do that any longer. Shell Research is helping write a new Charter of Freedom . . .

This Freedom will prove as stimulating in peace as in war. To our everyday lives in the peaceful world to come, it will bring new strength, self-reliance, and abundance.

Shell Research:

Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow





It's no use, Mr. Photographer—pack up your camera!

No, NO, it's not because the picture is upside down. We know a picture always looks that way in the back of a camera.

It's because even you, with all your skill, can't possibly take a picture that does justice to a Four Roses Whiskey Sour. In fact, we've never seen a picture that looked half as enticing as this grand drink really tastes.

So we suggest you forget the picture—pack up your camera—and, you guessed it, enjoy one of those fine drinks yourself!

How to make the world's finest Whiskey Sour

First, make certain that you have some Four Roses on hand—for only a whiskey that is perfection itself can impart true magnificence to this glorious drink.

Then, put one part lemon juice and three parts Four Roses into a cocktail shaker. Add sugar to taste.

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and then, if you wish, decorate each drink with a cherry and slice of orange.

And now let your palate luxuriate in the sparkling flavor of one of the world's greatest mixed drinks—a Four Roses Whiskey Sour!

FOUR ROSES



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



THE MISSIMO

Madame Chiang Kai-shek of China
returns to the American people

At the beginning of the Chinese war five and a half years ago, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Generalissimo, drove to the Shanghai front. Her car rolled into a ditch and Madame Chiang was flung out, causing an injury to her back. Late last year she was flown secretly to the U. S. by the American Army and for the past three months has been under medical treatment in a New York hospital. Now China's "Missimo" (to match her husband's abbreviated title of "Gissimo") is well enough to step out from behind her official incognito and reveal an-

other larger reason for her presence in this country.

China never needed an ambassador of Madame's stature more desperately than now. And this week Madame was to move into the White House. She was to address the Senate and House of Representatives, a distinction reserved usually for heads-of-state and only once before for a woman, the Netherlands' Queen Wilhelmina. Next month her appearances, limited by her doctor's orders, will be in New York, Chicago and on the West Coast. For some of the background of this extraordinary lady, turn the page.

WAR WORK IS HARD ON SOFT HANDS — But not on Madelon's!



"Greasy machines

are no help at all to the looks of a girl's hands," testifies petite and Dresden-lovely Madelon O'Leary. She operates a turret lathe at the *Bendix Aviation Corporation*—finishing bores for precision instruments. Her hands were getting "uncomfortably rough and red—anything but pretty to look at," she says. Then adds: "I couldn't have it *that way*, so was I *delighted* to find *Pacquins Hand Cream*!"



"No invitation to hold"—was Madelon's description of her hands—until *Pacquins* made them "so soft and smooth, I can't say enough for it! It keeps my lips soft, too. And I put it on my wrists and elbows—on any rough, chapped spots. It's not sticky—doesn't rub off on my clothes."



1 min., 13 sec. after Madelon washed her hands and used *Pacquins*, this photograph was taken.

Pacquins

HAND CREAM

This cream alone among hand creams was created for doctors and nurses—whose hands are in water 30 or 40 times a day. Is used most by women in war industries. No wonder *Pacquins* is fine for house-working hands, too!

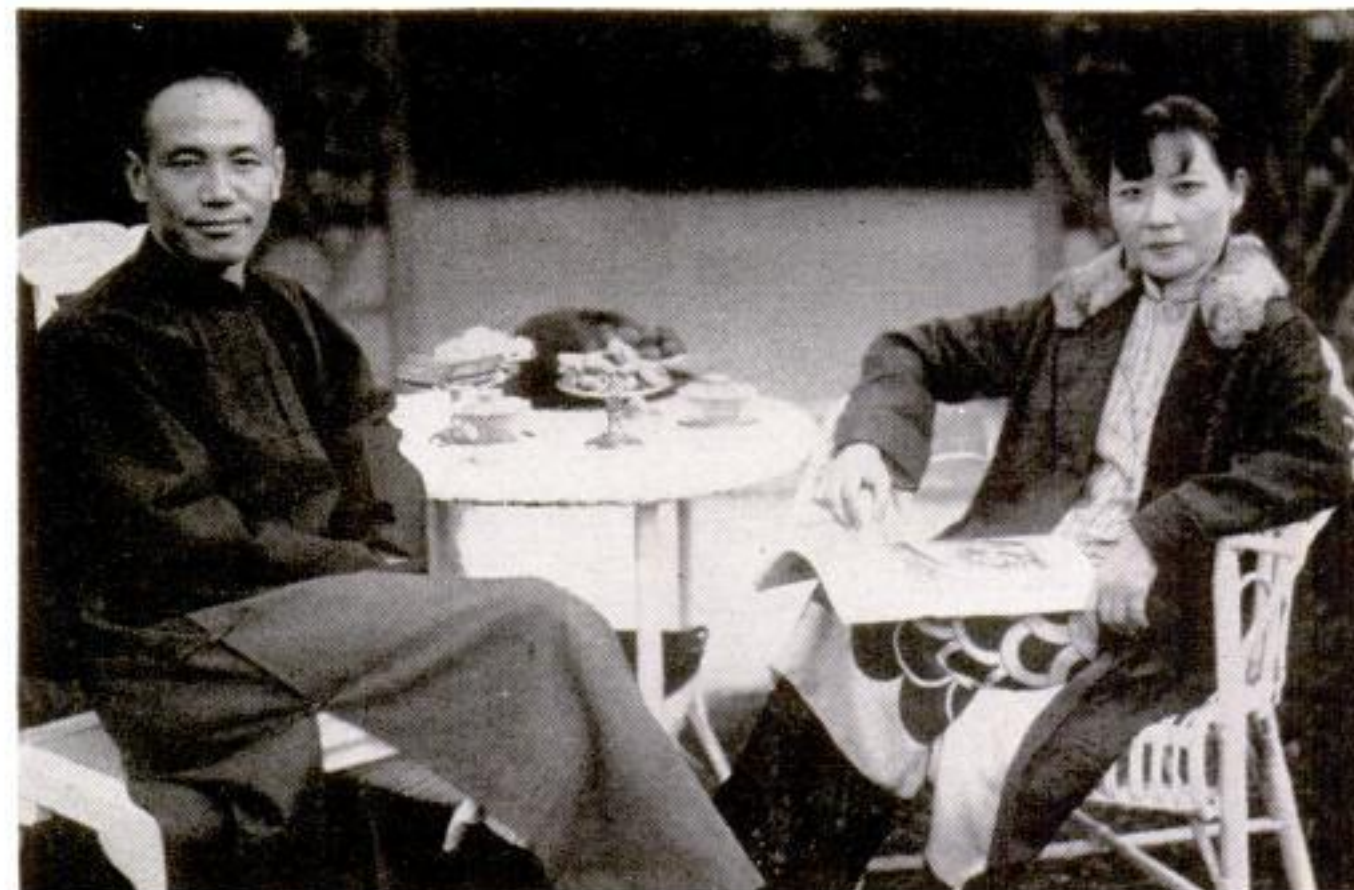
AT ANY DEPARTMENT, DRUG, OR TEN-CENT STORE



The Missimo (continued)



At *Wesleyan College* for women, in *Macon, Ga.*, Madame *Chiang Kai-shek*, then *Mei-ling* (meaning "Beautiful Mood") *Soong*, sits front center all in white, in 1913, aged 15. She was tutored. Later that year she went to *Wellesley*, copped all honors.



Courtship of *Mei-ling* ran through the great days of 1927 when revolutionary armies of Generalissimo *Chiang Kai-shek* were sweeping north to *Nanking*. *Chiang* was later converted to Christianity. *Mei-ling's* sister was by now the widow of *Sun Yat-sen*.



The marriage was Dec. 1, 1927 at the *Hotel Majestic* in *Shanghai*. One service was Methodist, one orthodox Chinese. The pages above are *Louis* and *Jeannette Kung*, children of bride's sister. *Mei-ling* still had a *Georgia* accent and great seriousness.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

THAT LOOK came into Ted's eyes, and he put his head down and started pawing the ground...



The man who got over being a goat

(A short, short moral with a story)

Ted Pittenger was a *born* opposer.

You know the kind . . . Anything you'd say, Ted would just put his head down and buck you.

It was trying, particularly to Ted's wife, who'd stood for fifteen years of being pushed around. Until one day she exploded.

Oddly enough, of all things, it was over a cup of Postum.

Mrs. P. had just tried Postum for the first time. And discovered (as millions of other Americans who drink Postum regularly have discovered) that Postum is a perfectly swell drink in its own right. Not like coffee. Not like tea. No. Like *Postum*.

So, what with liking Postum so much, and what with coffee rationing, and being a thrifty soul, (Postum costs less than half a cent a cup) . . . Mrs. P. decided it would be a good idea to have Postum all the time. Well! . . . Came the

fateful day!

Mrs. P. had hardly got the word "Postum" out of her mouth, when *that look* came into Ted's eyes, and he put his head down and started pawing the ground. "No coffee substitutes," blatted Ted.

"But, Ted, it *isn't* a substitute for coffee. It's a *grand* . . ."

"Doesn't taste the slightest bit like coffee," butted Ted.

"It's not supposed to. It's a grand drink in its own right. All you have to do is try it—and see for yourself."

Ted shook his horns. "No. No. NO!"

That last bleating "NO" somehow touched off the blaze that had been smouldering for fifteen long years. "Ted," said Mrs. P., ominously toying with her wedding ring . . . "Ted, you're going to be reasonable for once. You're going to

at least TRY this cup of Postum . . . OR ELSE!! . . ."

Ted looked at her. Then he picked up his cup of Postum. He took a sip. Then several good long swallows.

"Ah . . .," he murmured.

Then another sip.

"Well!" he said.

A note of real enthusiasm came into his voice — "Dear, maybe you've got something. This Postum really is a pretty swell drink, isn't it!"

And that is the story of the incident that changed Ted Pittenger from being an unreasonable goat. And the Moral? Oh, yes . . .

You ought to try Postum. It comes in two convenient forms: Instant Postum, the kind you make instantly in the pot or cup by simply adding boiling water . . . and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil, "perk," or drip. Both are products of General Foods.

Let's Hasten the Day



Let's all fight like demons today for that brave new world of tomorrow—a world that is swiftly and surely rising, like a new planet, from the blood, sweat and tears of all peoples as a shining tribute to Democratic Ideals.

Let the boys come home to a new America in which every one can live not only decently but well; in which, the luxuries of today will be the necessities of tomorrow. Modern Kitchens, for instance.

YPS designers and engineers are already planning new kitchen conveniences and new kitchen beauty for your present home or the new one you are planning.



There will be a YPS all-steel kitchen to fit your budget — and it will be worth waiting for!



BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS TODAY
YPS KITCHENS TOMORROW

**YOUNGSTOWN PRESSED STEEL DIVISION
MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP.**
WARREN, OHIO

It's OUR WAR let's fight it NOW!

The Missimo (continued)



The Chiangs visit Gandhi last February in Calcutta. The legs are of course Gandhi's. The polite Chiangs were trying to warn Gandhi about the threat of the Japanese to India, but the old Hindu lawyer just bared his teeth, twinkled and dodged.



In cold Chungking, at anniversary dinner of Chiang's New Life Movement, the Missimo sits at Gissimo's right hand and keeps her coat on. The others are the heads of the government. There was less and less food in Chungking for chopsticks to dip into.



Wendell Willkie had a charm contest with the Missimo on his visit last September. He admitted freely that the Missimo won with ease, and added, "Madame Chiang Kai-shek and I are going to howl for the right kind of world when this war is over."

"Mommy...who *was* Hitler?"



Today too many children know who Hitler *is* ...

Wherever his ruthless men have marched, childhood has become a nightmare of terror, want, misery and death. For the sake of our own children we must destroy the source of this brutality.

For that, our men are storming the beachheads of the world...our industries are turning their vast peacetime energies into a great stream of war supplies.

For that, we of The Texas Company have turned our peacetime resources into an ever increasing flood of the 100-octane aviation gasoline, Toluene for high explosives, high quality lubricating oils for the Navy, Army and Air Corps and many other war products needed for the fight.

For that, we as individuals must conserve our cars... our gasoline... our tires... buy war bonds and stamps... and help in every way we can.

There must come a day when children will ask... "Mommy, who *was* Hitler?"

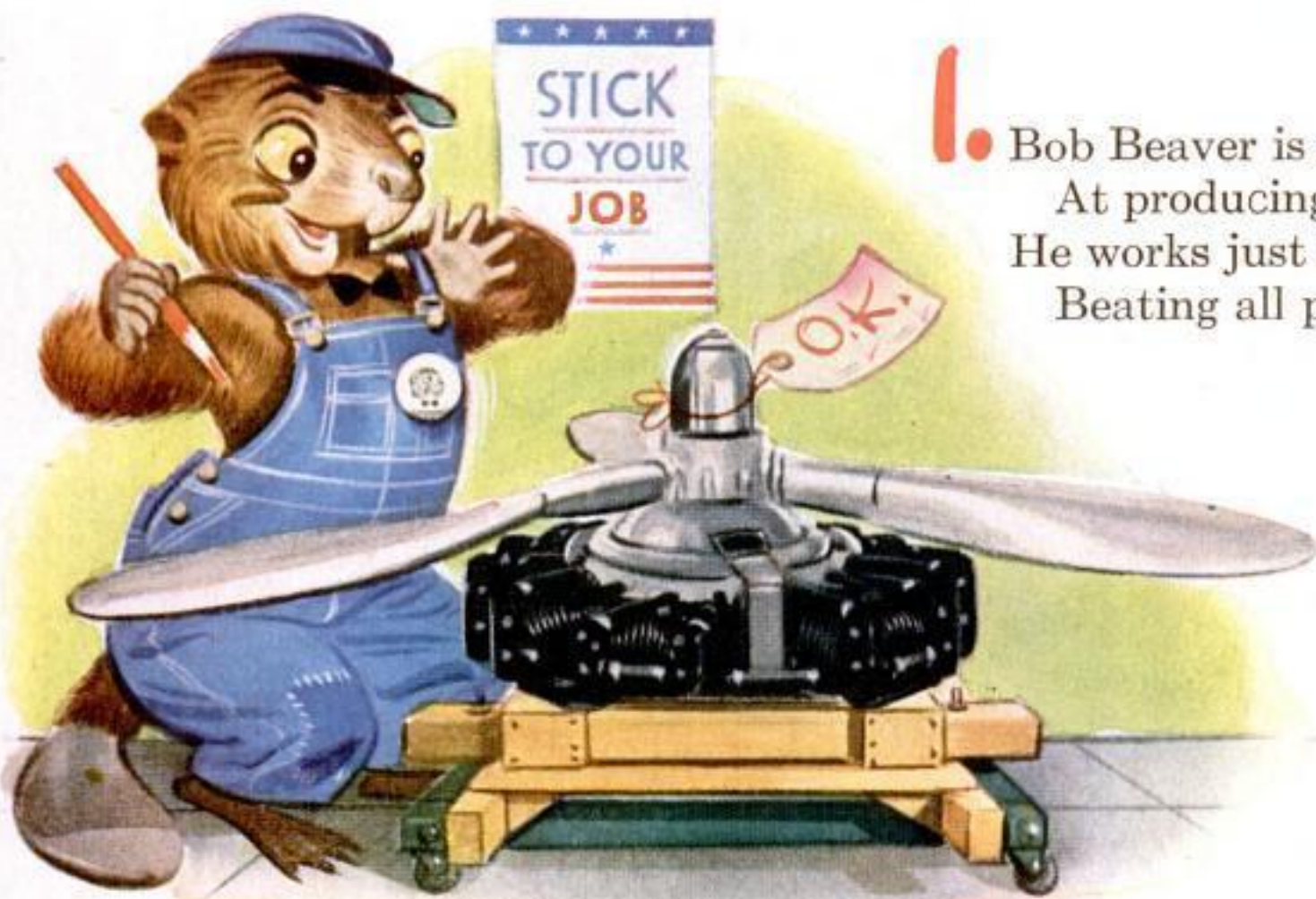
THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS





Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Bob Beaver is a demon
At producing airplane motors;
He works just *like* a beaver,
Beating all production quotas!



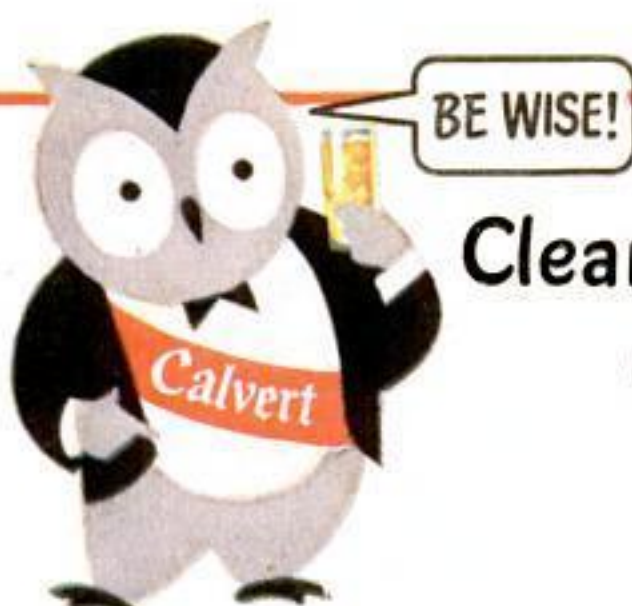
2. Bess Beaver tends the home front;
She's a wizard on Nutrition.
(Of course she saves the kitchen fats
To help make ammunition!)



3. So Bob and Bess together
Are a timely illustration
Of a Happy Blend of virtues—
Yes, a matchless combination!

The same is true of CALVERT—
It's a Happy Blending too, sir.
A blend of noble whiskey traits
Perfected just for you, sir.

4. Here flavor, smoothness, lightness merge
To make a whiskey treasure.
Be wise and choose the Happy Blend—
It's tops in drinking pleasure!



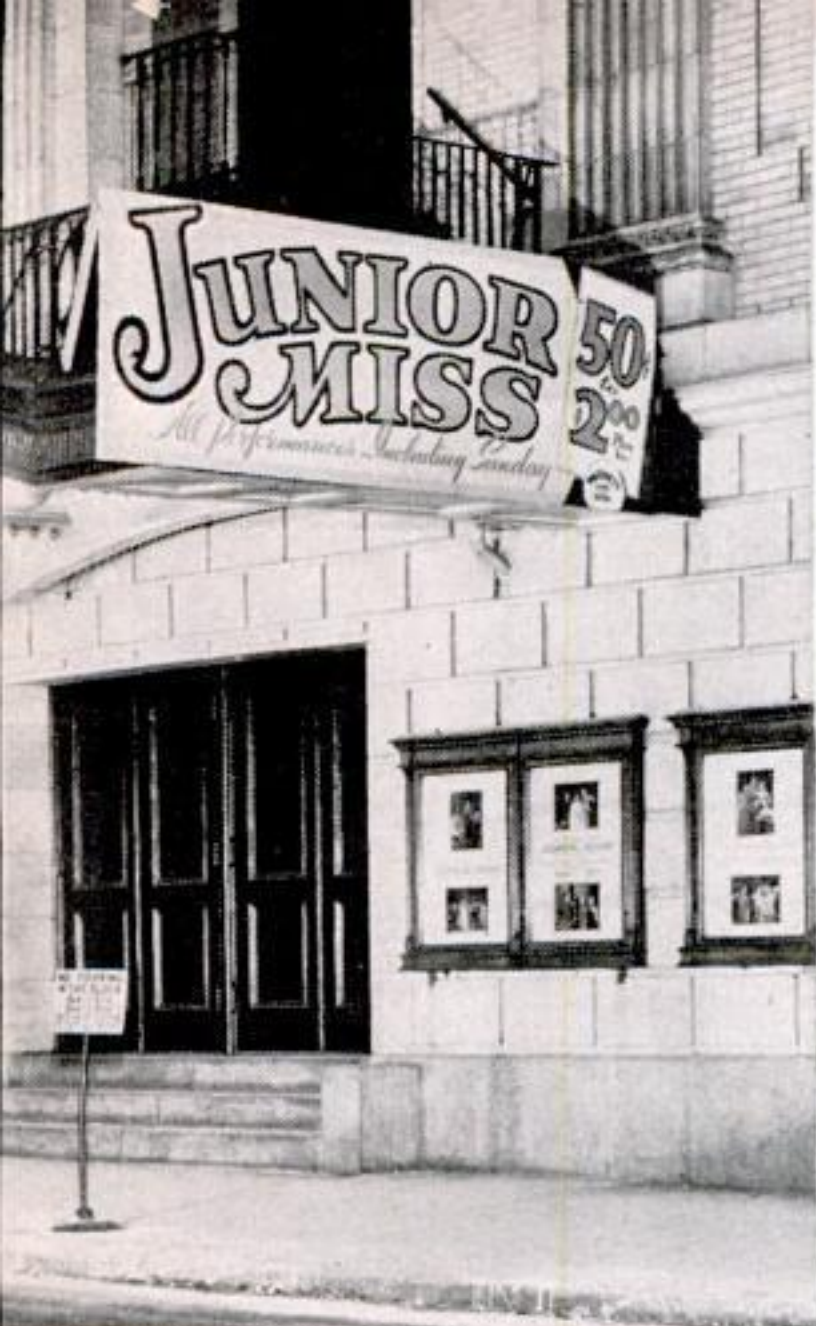
Clear Heads
Choose

Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"



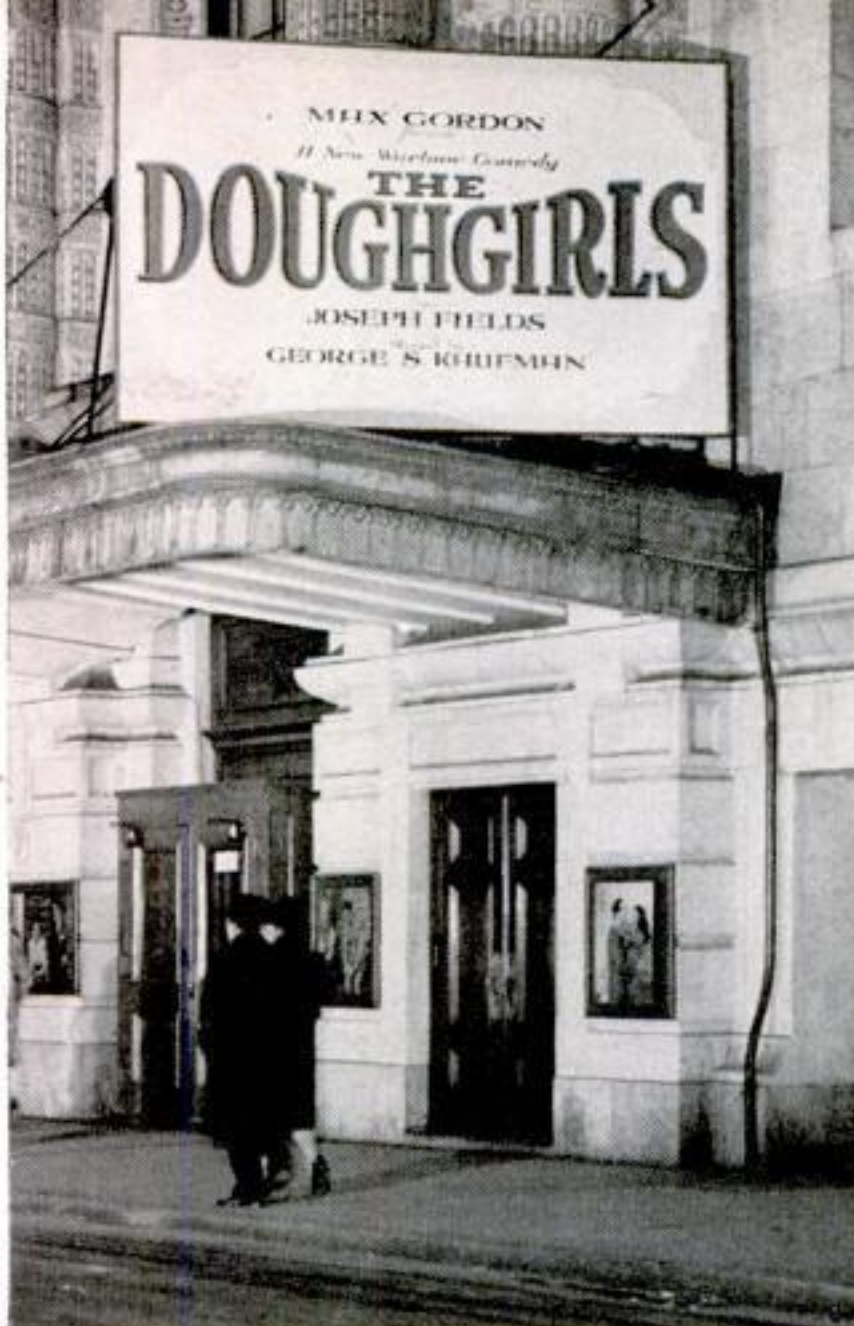
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.
BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.



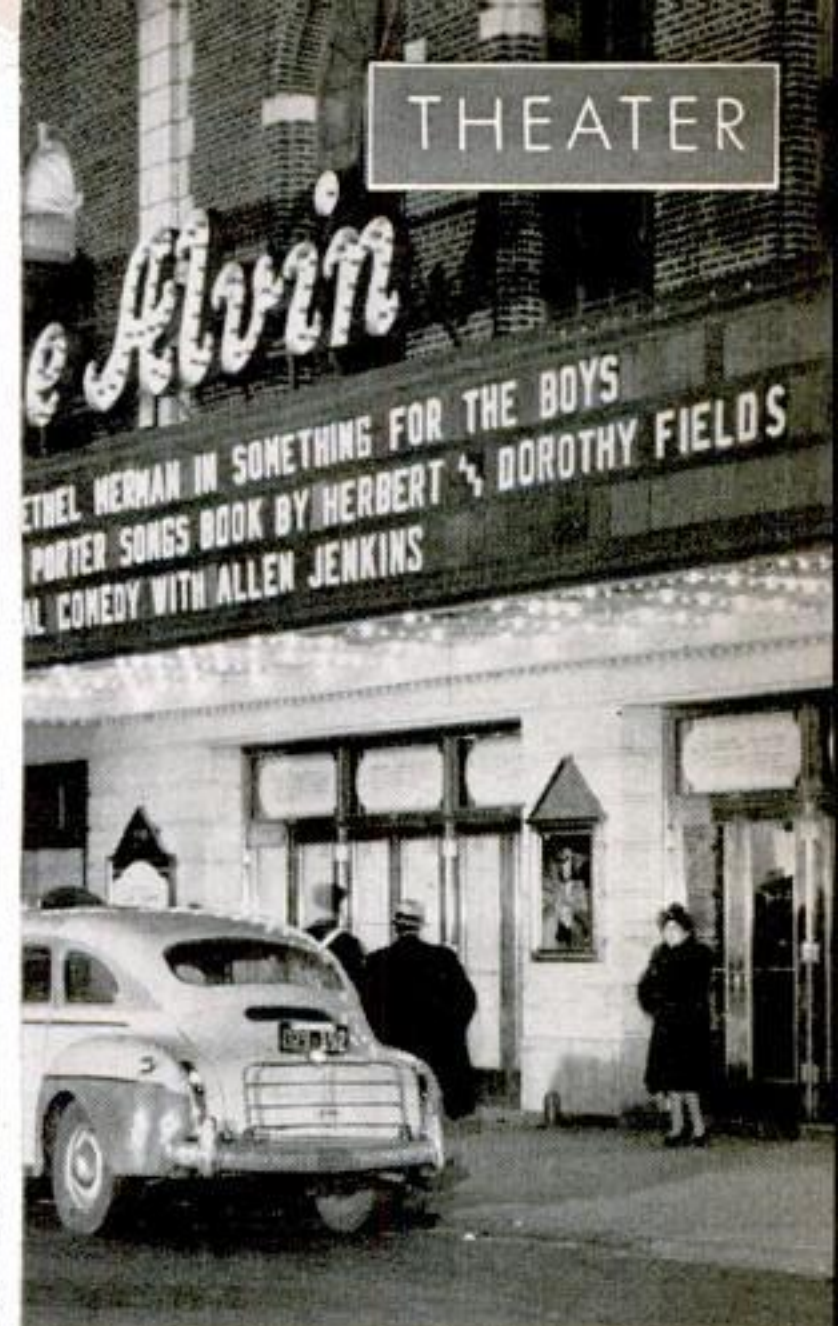
JOSEPH FIELDS' SECOND COMEDY HIT



HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS' FIRST MUSICAL



JOSEPH FIELDS' LATEST COMEDY IS SUCCESS



NEWEST MUSICAL IS FIELDS' HIT

THEATER

THE FABULOUS FIELDS FAMILY

Children of Lew Fields write hit comedies and musicals for Broadway

Today on Broadway when hit shows are few and far between, the Fabulous Fields Family has chalked up a theatrical record by having four comedy-successes playing at the same time (above). It started in 1940 when Joseph Fields helped write *My Sister Eileen*. Last season his brother and sister, Herbert and Dorothy, wrote the book for the musical comedy *Let's Face It* and Joseph collaborated on *Junior Miss*—both of which are still playing. This season Joseph tried writing alone, came up with a hit wartime comedy, *The Doughgirls* (LIFE, Feb. 1). And, to even the score, Herbert and Dorothy wrote the book for Broadway's

latest musical, *Something For The Boys* (LIFE, Feb. 8).

Proof that this newest of Broadway's theatrical families has a rich heritage in comedy is the amazing fact that Joseph, Herbert and Dorothy are the children of Lew Fields (left). For 50 years he and Joe Weber made the comedy team of Weber & Fields the "Abbott and Costello" of theater days when gaslights framed the stage and theater curtains carried advertisements. Lew Fields didn't want his children to have theatrical careers. They complied by staying away from grease paint and casting offices. Instead they have become Broadway's top-flight comedy writers.



LEW FIELDS (WEBER & FIELDS) WAS WRITERS' FATHER

Joseph Fields works at his desk from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., writes all his plays in longhand. Behind him are two of his paintings. Before 1929 he was in the perfume manufacturing business.

Herbert & Dorothy Fields have two hits to their credit. Herbert alone has written many. Dorothy was lyricist, won Academy Award with *The Way You Look Tonight*, music by Kern.

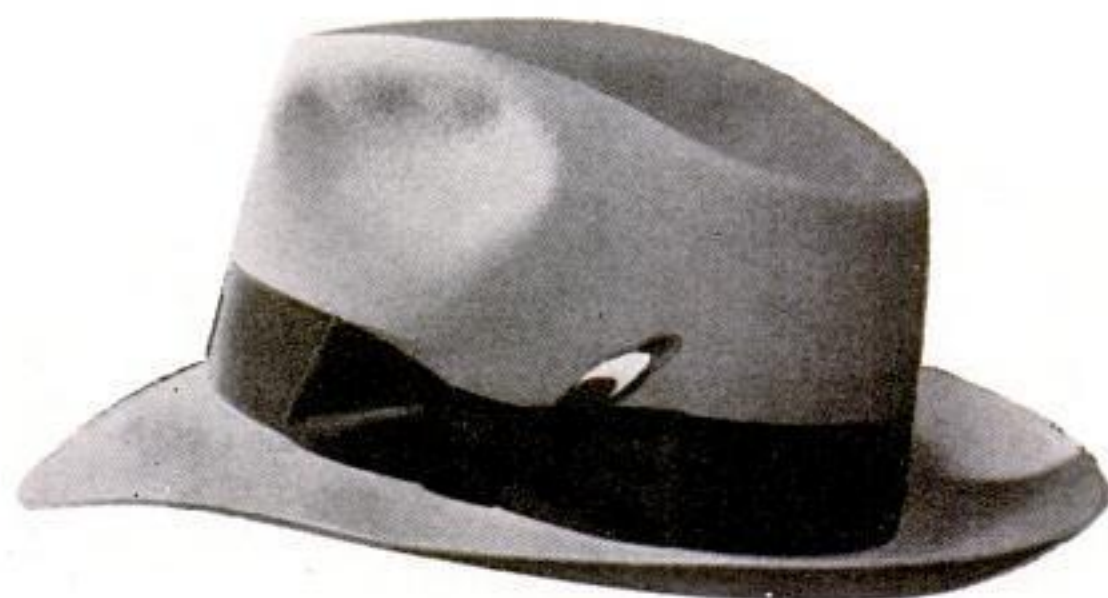


Loose Talk can cost Lives!



"Convoy sighted...our American agents were right"

Keep it under your *STETSON*



Stetson "Eagle"...A new style success. Just the right curl to the brim for a casual hat.

Mellow, springy felt made by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt* Process...\$7.50.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STETSON HATS FOR MEN, \$5 TO \$25 • FOR WOMEN, \$5.95 AND UP • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

Fields Family (continued)



On the stage at *The Doughgirls* Joseph Fields (left), Director George Kaufman, Producer Max Gordon listen as three Broadway hopefuls try out for understudy parts.



A bridge game with "Mom" (Mrs. Lew Fields) takes place often. Here the Fabulous Fields are joined by sister Frances (seated left), only non-theatrical family member.



Backstage at their latest smash-hit musical, *Something For The Boys*, Herbert and Dorothy relax as Betty Bruce, tap-dancer in the show, practices one of her routines.

NO OTHER SOAP CAN CLAIM ALL 5

IMAGINE a single soap that can do all five things pictured here! It's right "at home" in a defense worker's grimy hands—yet sub-debs rave about it for their complexions! It's a favorite with two-fisted men in the service—yet a standby for mothers who must guard the precious health of children! And millions of men and women in all walks of life use it daily to safeguard themselves against the one social offense no one can overlook—"B. O." Read why no other soap can claim all of Lifebuoy's five big advantages!



Really goes after dirt—"Believe me, Lifebuoy's thick sudsy lather is what I want for my wash-up after work. It sure gets the grime and leaves my face and hands feeling fine."



Kind to tender skin—"It's just good beauty tactics to pick a mild soap! I use Lifebuoy daily, because tests prove it definitely milder than many so-called beauty soaps. Lifebuoy's soothing lather agrees with my skin!"



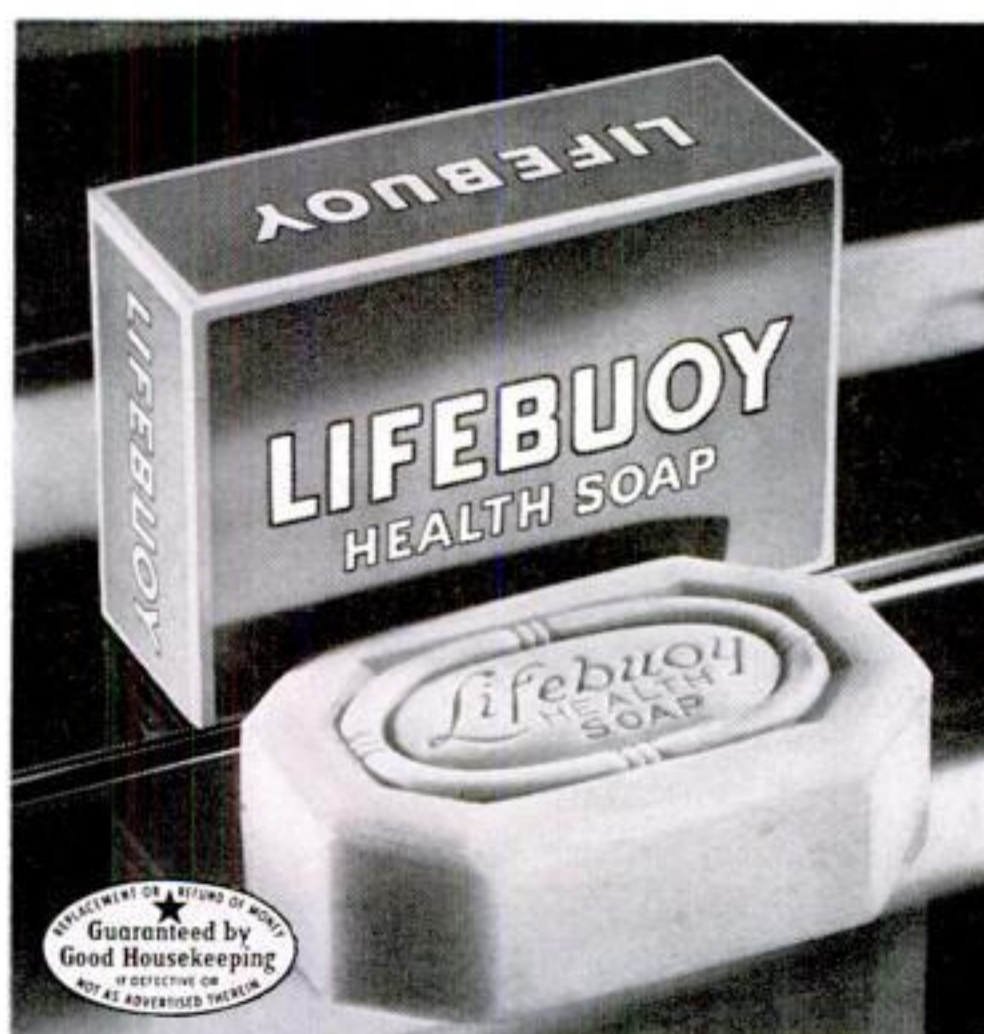
Stops "B. O."—"We fight and work hard in this man's Navy. Takes sweat to win a war—but sweat's no excuse for 'B.O.'! Like most gobs, I use Lifebuoy daily. It sure lathers swell . . . from head to toe it stops 'B.O.'!"



Scent vanishes—"Lifebuoy's fresh, clean scent tells you it purifies as you bathe. Then, as you step out of the tub, the scent disappears before you're even dressed. That's the magic of Lifebuoy's New Vanishing Scent."

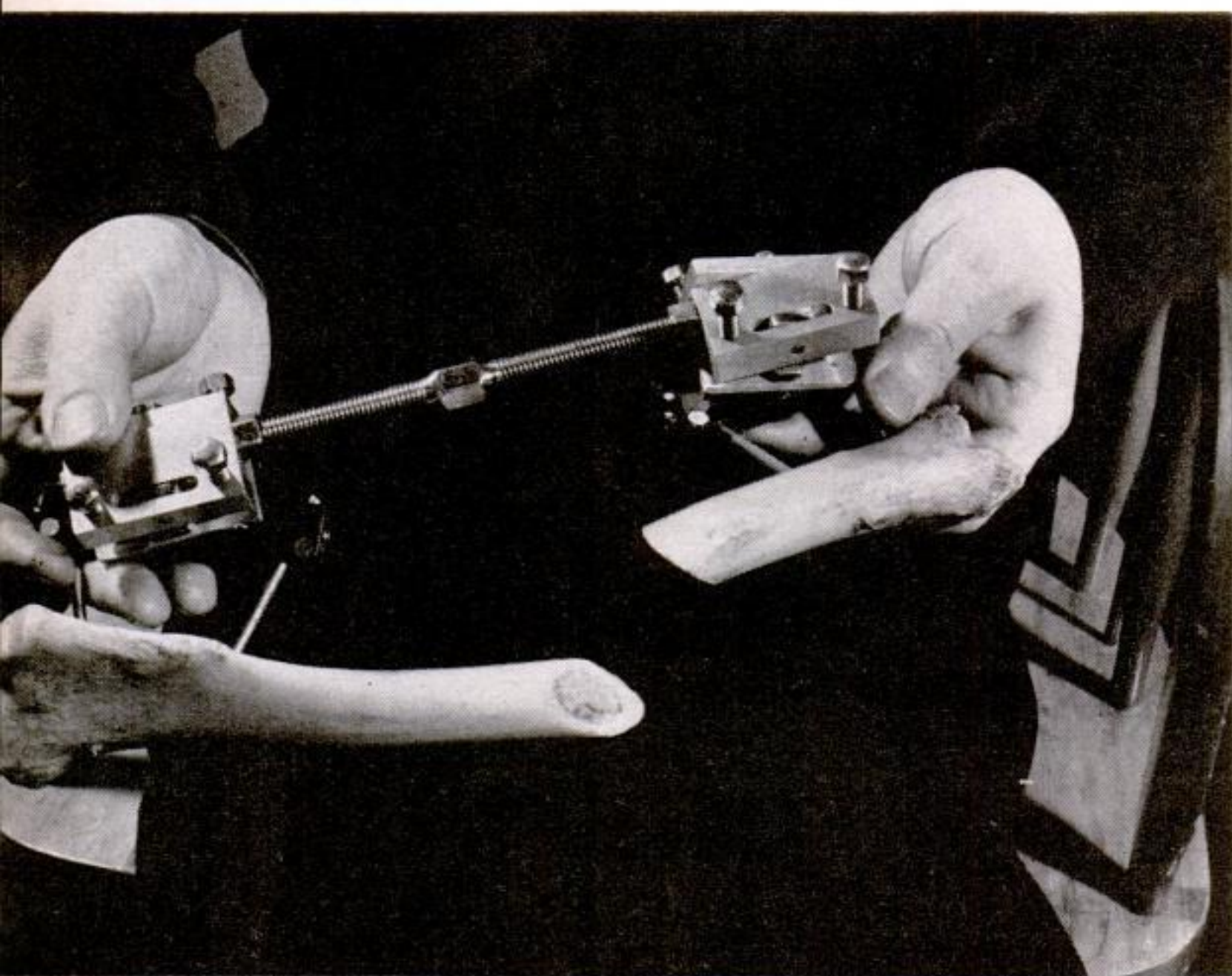


Helps remove germs—"Mummy told me dirty hands spread germs and germs make folks sick. She says wash often with Lifebuoy Soap—and teacher says so, too—because Lifebuoy helps remove up to 27 kinds of germs from hands! Washing hands with Lifebuoy is fun—makes such a big lather and feels so good—I don't even mind washing behind my neck and ears! I guess we're a Lifebuoy family—it's the only soap we use."



NEW ADDED INGREDIENT
NEW VANISHING SCENT
SAME PROTECTIVE LATHER

No Job too
Tough
No Skin too
Tender
FOR
LIFEBUOY



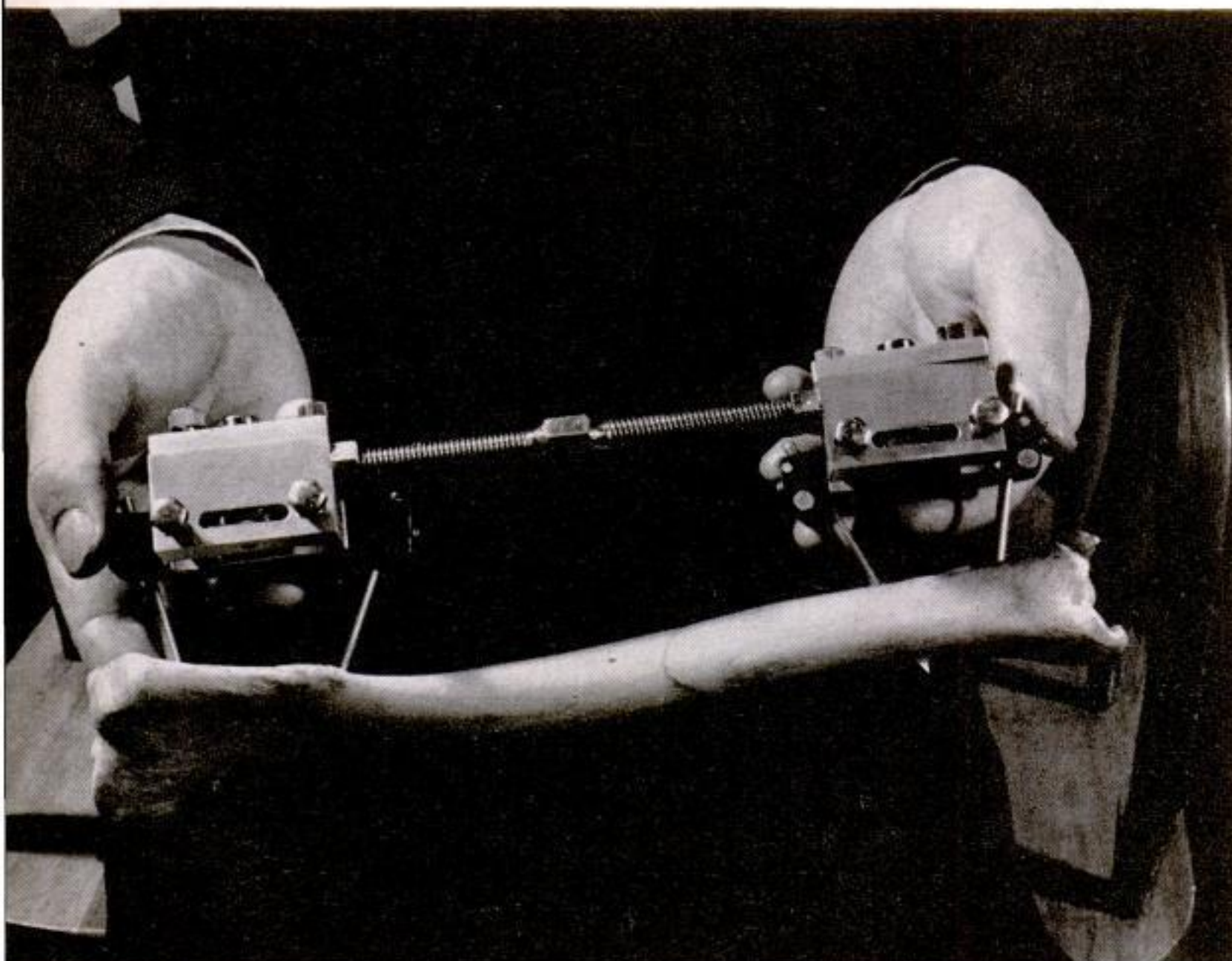
Reduction of fracture by Stader splint is here demonstrated. Pins, driven at angles through bone ends above and below point of fracture, provide rigid mounting for turnbuckle bar.

STADER SPLINT

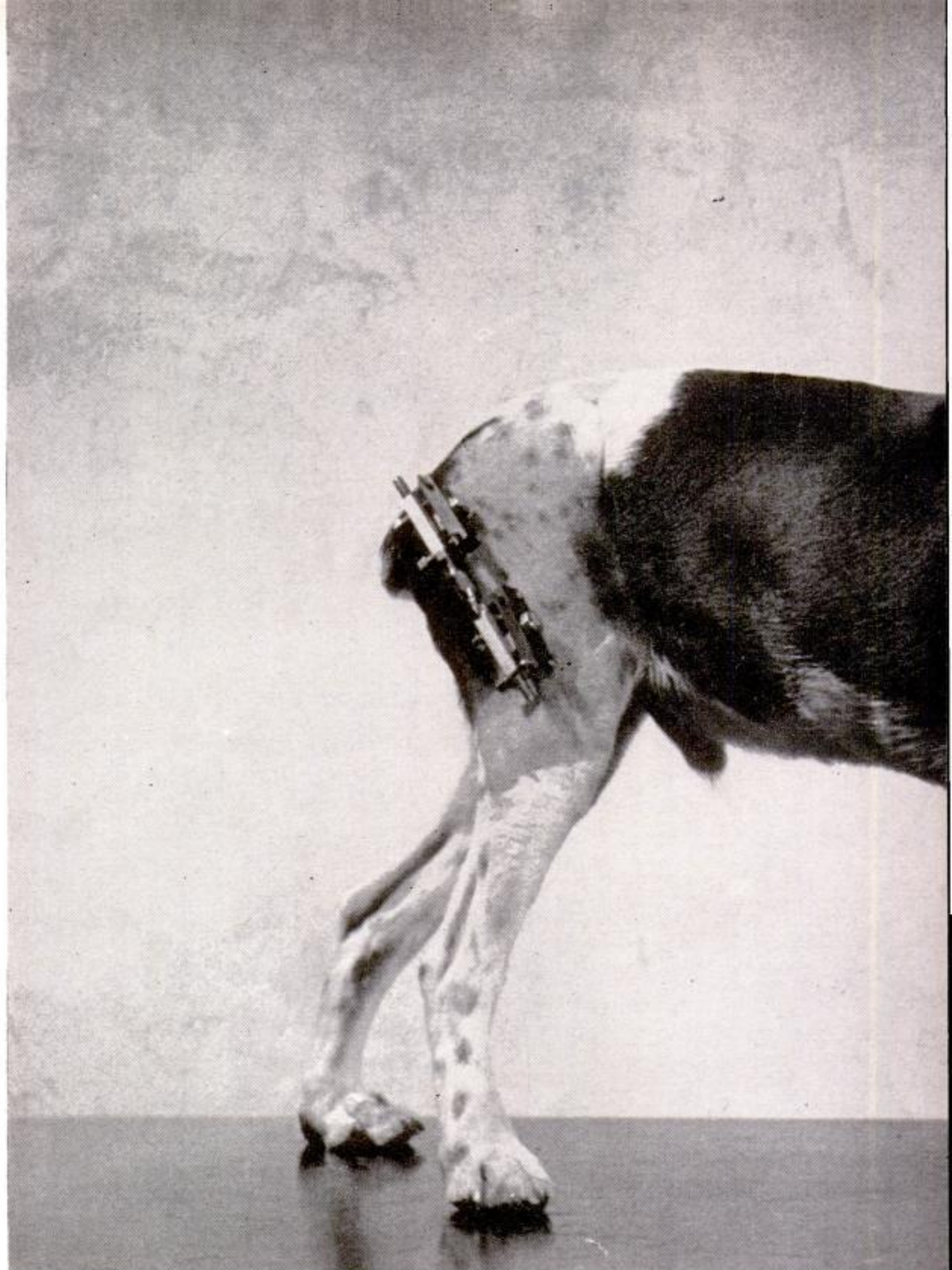
Veterinarian's device is adapted to human beings

A war wound in most cases involves a broken bone. For a new and extraordinarily effective external splint, which not only immobilizes but actually sets fractures, U. S. orthopedists are beholden to a veterinarian, Dr. Otto Stader of Ardmore, Pa. The Stader reduction splint sets and holds broken bone ends together by means of an ingenious turnbuckle bar mounted between two sets of pins driven through the bone above and below the fracture. Applied to dogs, in Dr. Stader's practice, the device eliminated plaster casts, permitted the dogs to move around soon after operation.

Applied to human beings by orthopedists at Philadelphia Naval Hospital, the Stader reduction splint has been modified for treatment of almost all kinds of fractures including difficult heel, jaw and joint cases. Though simpler than other traction systems involving plaster, weights and pulleys, the Stader reduction splint calls for precise technique, now being taught generally in naval hospitals.



Adjustment is locked by tightening nuts on pin blocks and bar. Minute corrections in alignment of fragments can be made. Splint also facilitates bone grafting, lengthening operations.



A PATIENT AT VETERINARIAN STADER'S HOSPITAL IS ABLE TO WALK AROUND WITHIN
PATIENT AT PHILADELPHIA NAVAL HOSPITAL SHOWS MOBILITY OF BROKEN ARM. STADER





A FEW HOURS AFTER APPLICATION OF REDUCTION SPLINT TO BROKEN FEMUR
SPLINT ELIMINATES JOINT STIFFNESS CAUSED BY IMMOBILIZATION IN PLASTER



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



FIGHTIN' FOR YOU...THESE

"Nutrition Guards"

IN **LIBBY'S** TOMATO JUICE

A whiz for flavor, too!

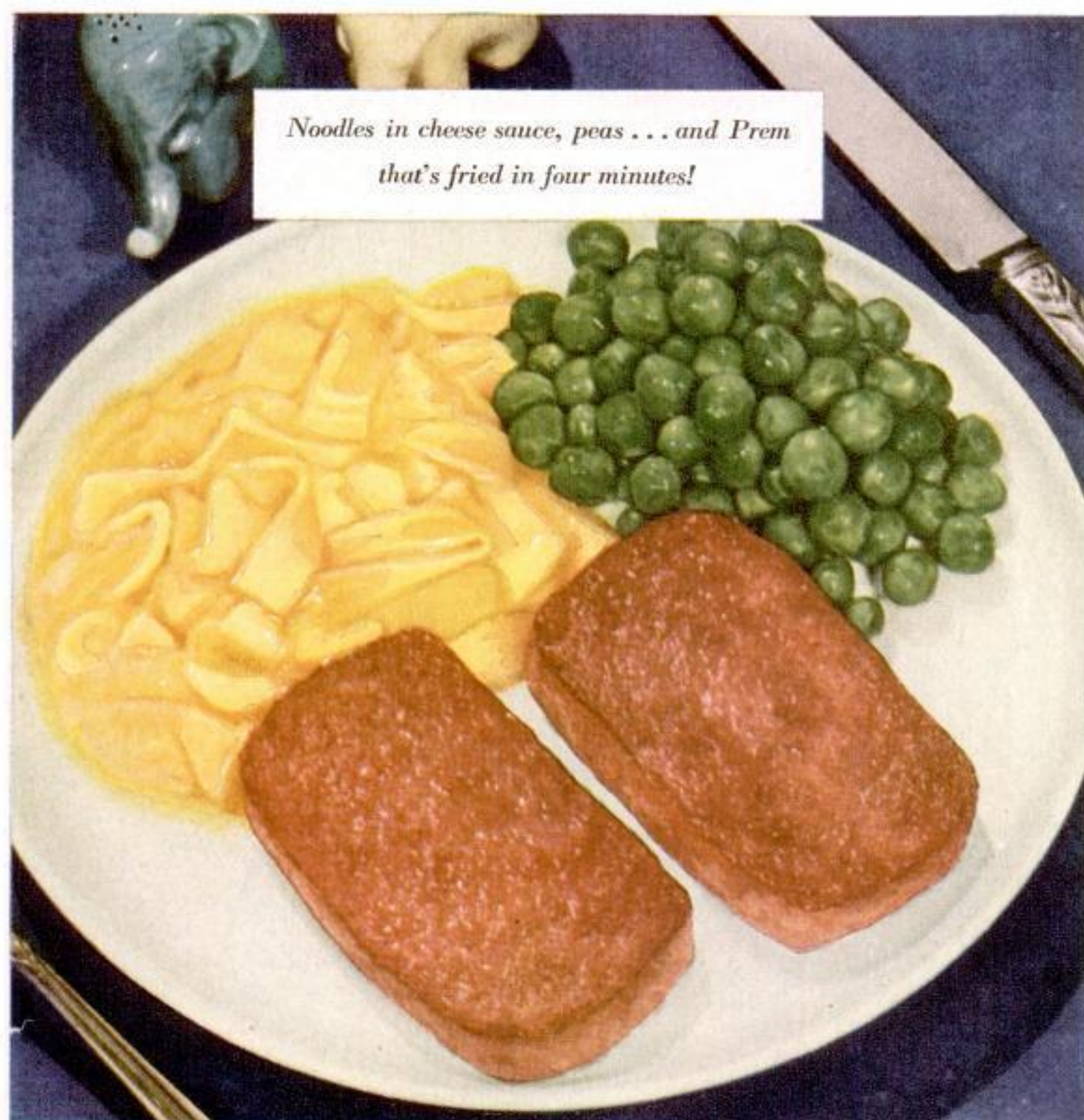


➤ The juice of prize-variety tomatoes, Libby's has sparkling, tempting flavor. It is a rich natural source of Vitamins C and A. It also supplies good amounts of Vitamins B₁ and G and small quantities of minerals—iron, calcium, phosphorus.

➤ Our armed forces and lend-lease are getting great quantities of this juice. If your dealer should be out of it, please try Libby's Pineapple Juice or one of the 8 other Libby's Juices. The Libby label is your promise of exceptional goodness in over 100 foods.

Copyrighted material

MEAT for a
family of four from
just 12 oz. of **PREM**



Noodles in cheese sauce, peas . . . and Prem
 that's fried in four minutes!

Sugar-cured
 BY THE MAKERS OF
SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM !



Prem helps you make your share of the meat go further, gives you more servings per pound, more meals with meat per week —because Prem is *all* meat and it's delicious hot or cold.

Here's needed wartime nutrition! Prem provides food energy, muscle-building proteins, valuable vitamins of the B complex.

Equally important, Prem provides the extra flavor, extra goodness you want even in meals prepared in a hurry. It is Swift's Premium quality meat, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way. No spices, no heavy seasonings alter the flavor.

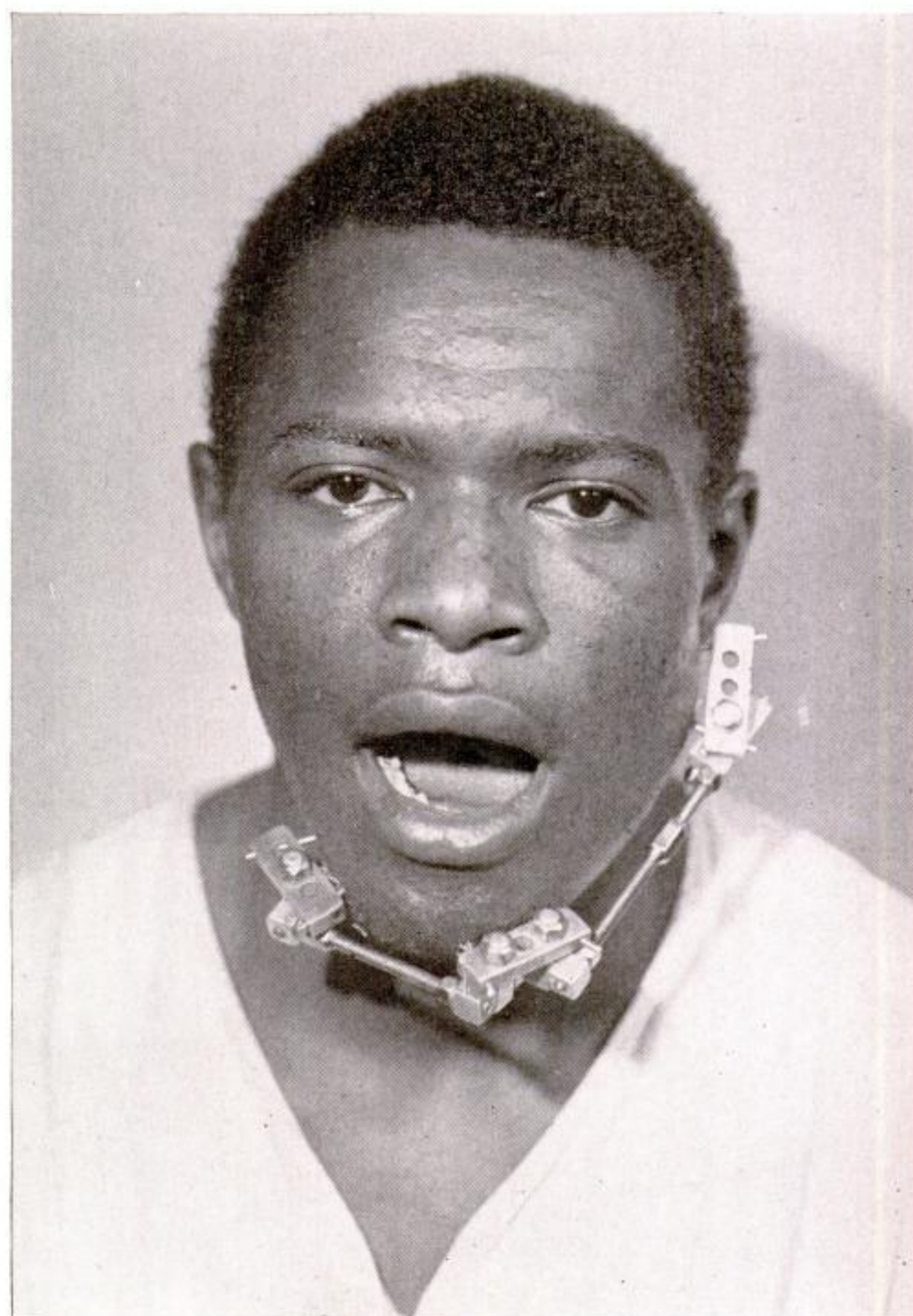
To vary your menu, serve Prem when it's available. And whenever you find your dealer out of it, remember that Prem is in the war on many fronts these days.

SWIFT & COMPANY: PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS

Stader Splint (continued)



Patient shows off ability to walk with broken leg under treatment by Stader reduction splint. Once driven into place under a local anaesthetic the pins cause no pain.



Applied to jaw fracture by Philadelphia Naval Hospital surgeons, reduction splint permits patient to open mouth, talk and take food more easily than other methods.



"UNTIL I COME BACK"...

WE'RE over 20,000 feet now (the coffee's frozen in the thermos) and that's the Zuyder Zee below. We must be halfway across Holland.

Funny thing what happens to a fellow . . .

Those are the same old stars and the same old moon that the girl and I were looking at last summer.

And here I am—flying 300 miles an hour in a bubble of glass, with ten tons of T.N.T.

Somehow—this isn't the way I imagined it at all, the day I enlisted. Don't get me wrong—sure I was sore at the Japs and the Nazis—but mostly, it was the thrill of the Great Adventure.

Well, I know now—the *real* reasons—why I'm up here paying my first call on Hitler.

It's only when you get away from the U. S. A. that you find out what the shootin's really about and what you're fighting for.

I learned from that Czech chap in London. The refugee, the nice old fellow who reminded me of

Dad except for the maimed hands. I was dumb enough to ask about it. "I got that," he said, "for writing a book the Nazis didn't like . . ."

Then there was the captured German pilot who screamed and spit when Izzy Jacobs offered him a cigarette . . . how do fellows get that way?

And that crazy Polish pilot—the fellow who rammed the Messerschmitt. After the funeral I learned what was eating him. Seems as how he has a sister in Warsaw who had been sent to a German Officers' Club . . .

I hope to hell Hitler's home tonight . . . light and wind are perfect.

Yes, sir, I've met 'em by the dozens over here—guys warped by hate—guys who have had the ambition beaten out of them—guys who look at you as if you were crazy when you tell 'em what America is like.

They say America will be a lot different after this war.

Well, maybe so.

But as for me, I know the score . . . you learn fast over here. I know now there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live.

When you find a thing that works as good as that—brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench.

And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drug store—I will murder the guy.

I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue . . .

I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs, or quit if I want to.

I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there.

That's *my home town* . . .

Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back.



NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Published in the belief that here at Nash-Kelvinator we carry a double responsibility—not only to build the weapons for victory but also to build toward the kind of a future, an American future, our boys will want when they come back.

★ Reprints of this Advertisement suitable for framing will be sent on request ★



Plane is sighted, circling, and the survivors laugh, wave and raise the V-salute. Long-haired Elspeth Duncan in bow was a better rower than the seasick lascars (*right*) from Goa in India. Head-scarf

at right belongs to Eisenhower's Irish driver, pretty Kay Summersby. Notice how crowded boat is. Pretty girl at the left is Jeanne Dixon of Washington, D. C., widow of a British air attaché.



Lifeboats that saved their lives are tied together and left behind the rescue ship. There were 17 boats, carrying between 55 and 100 passengers each. Bourke-White felt sad at abandoning boats.



Margaret Bourke-White drinks hot Ovaltine on the rescuing destroyer with David Herbert, second son of the 15th Earl of Pembroke, friend of the late Duke of Kent, radio officer of the transport.

WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS

TORPEDOED ON AN AFRICA-BOUND TROOPSHIP, A LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER FINDS THEM AS BRAVE IN WAR AS MEN

by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

The torpedo did not make as loud a crash as I had expected, nor did the ship list as much as it does in the movies. But somehow everyone on the sleeping transport knew almost instantly that this was the end of her.

Tossed out of my upper bunk, I snapped on the light switch. The power had gone. I managed to find my flashlight and began a race into my clothes. I remember deciding whether I should take time to put on a belt and tie. I decided in favor of the belt and against the tie. Should I wear my greatcoat or trenchcoat? The trenchcoat was waterproof but the greatcoat was warmer. I decided on the greatcoat.

My two Scottish roommates were nursing sisters, so-called not from any religious convictions but because they belonged to Queen Alexandria's Military Nursing Reserve Service. Sister Ismay Cooper scrambled through the bureau drawers for her money and Sister Violet MacMillan pulled on her trousers and tore the curlers out of her hair. Even in the faint flashlight beam I was impressed by the trousers. We had joked about them during the convoy voyage because the nursing sisters, operating under "Old Battle-axe," their strict Scottish matron, had been forbidden to wear slacks except for a torpedoing.

When it came to choosing which of my six cameras I should save I didn't hesitate a second, for I had worked that out carefully in advance. Instead of packing my musette bag with extra clothing as instructed, I had stored in it my Rolleiflex and an emergency film supply, together with one other camera, my favorite Linhof, and the five most valuable of its 22 lenses. I put on my greatcoat, crammed my field cap into my pocket, slipped my lifebelt over my shoulders, my helmet on my head, and started up the companionway.

Although it was less than three minutes before we were out of our cabin, everything seemed to be happening in slow motion. Up from the hold of the transport came two orderly lines of troops, one filing toward the starboard side, the other toward port. Instead of going to my boat station, No. 12 on B deck, I raced up to a spot under the bridge which I had also selected beforehand. In case of enemy action I had arranged with the commanding officer to stay on deck and take pictures. As I reached the top flight of steps I was hoping that dawn had come so I would be able to use a camera, but I came out under a night sky gleaming with moon and stars. "Just like Jerry to do this at night," I said to myself. One of the ship's crew came running over to send me down to my boat station. But when I explained "I am the LIFE photographer and I have permission to be here," he went on.

The ship's deck tilted like a silver tea tray to port side. The gun stations on their pedestals looked like giant mushrooms silhouetted against the sky.

As long as there had been a possibility of working I had felt no great need for haste, but now that I had decided there was not enough light for pictures my boat station suddenly became the most desirable place in the world. I was sure that lifeboat No. 12 must have pulled out by now, and it was with grateful surprise that I found my group of American nurses and British sisters just begin-

Last year LIFE assigned Miss Bourke-White to the U. S. Air Forces as the first woman photographer ever so accredited. She covered the bomber command in England (LIFE, Oct. 19), then in December boarded a troopship for North Africa, where she arrived just at the turn of the year. She reached there by destroyer, the troopship having been torpedoed enroute, and it is this experience which she tells on these pages, with her own photographs.

ning to climb over the rail into the boat under the calm direction of "Old Battle-axe." I just had time to fall into my regular place in line, which I had occupied so many times during daily drill.

In the lifeboat I was astonished to find myself in water up to my hips. The torpedo splash had flooded the lifeboats on the port side aft. I hugged my cameras to my chest to keep them dry but as we made our quivering descent columns of water began pouring down on us from lifeboat No. 11, which was swinging over our heads. Its crew was pulling out plugs to empty the hull before lowering away. On our interminable descent I looked up to see the ship's hulk rising against cloud banks of pure silver. "If that were the sun instead of the moonlight on those clouds," I thought, "this would be a perfect K2 sky!" Just then the attention of all of us was caught by a heavy, dangling chain which swung cruelly back and forth while we ducked and twisted our heads out of the way.

We were in the water at last. The sea, which from above had looked so calm, rose up against us wave after wave and began beating us back against the side of the ship. Our crew strained at the oars. There was so little space left in our crowded boat that we started singing, bending our bodies in rhythm to give the rowers room to move their arms. Just as we had created a small margin between ourselves and the big ship, down came lifeboat No. 11 with its load of British sisters. Its crew had been unable to replace the plugs properly and it filled to the gunwales. A couple of dozen sisters were washed over the side. Some of them were carried immediately back into their flooded boat on the next wave. Others started swimming toward rafts which were tossed from the upper deck.

Helmets used as bailing buckets

We tried to force our way toward the swimmers but our rudder broke and we found ourselves being drawn magnetically toward lifeboat No. 14. Getting clear of No. 14 was as long a job as I have ever known. Our ten oarsmen were Goanese from the Portuguese colony of Goa, India. They had made excellent dining-room stewards on the troopship, but this was a different kind of a job. We were not swaying our bodies now just to give them elbow room. All of us who were close enough to reach them were helping with the oars.

"Start bailing!" shouted our skipper, and those of us who were wearing helmets took them off and began to dip and pour. I emptied the batteries out of my synchronizing gun and took the cup-

like case off my telephoto lens. They made two more small vessels for bailing.

The two nurses opposite me began trembling in a peculiar way. At first I thought it was fright. In less than five minutes 40 nurses in that boat were as seasick as only human beings in a tossing lifeboat can be. I admired the two American nurses opposite me who kept on bailing between spasms of sea sickness.

Toward the stern of the big ship a lifeboat was still trying to free itself. Its crew pushed and struggled until one of the Tommies dived under the lifeboat to disengage its ropes from the propeller. The big ship settled down a little lower now, its great bulk listing more sharply to port. In the moonlight I could see that her side was a network of rope ladders, and clinging to the one nearest us was a cluster of nursing sisters. The nurse on the lowest rung was being dipped into and raised out of the sea time after time and the end of the ladder was whirling her about dizzily. A raft drifted close enough so that we could pull a girl into our boat. She had a broken leg and the sisters sitting behind me held her tight to keep her from bouncing back and forth with each swell.

We were bobbing farther away from the big ship but were still too close to lifeboat No. 14, which was also maneuvering a rescue from a raft. Just as a soldier let go of the raft to reach for a rope from the lifeboat, a wave flung the raft against him and cracked his skull. The skipper of No. 14 dived overboard, caught hold of the soldier and the two were dragged back into the lifeboat. Before the night was over the soldier had died. During all this we heard a voice from a distant raft shriek out, "I am all alone! I am all alone!" over and over. We tried to steer our rudderless craft toward the cry but it drifted farther and farther away until it was lost in distant silence. Now the swell was carrying us toward one of two destroyers which stayed behind as the convoy plowed on without us. "Keep away from us! We're dropping depth charges!" There was little we could do to guide our crippled boat but the deep roar of those depth charges was music to us.

Late the afternoon before we had scored a "probable" on a submarine. I knew that we had been pursued for three days, and the talk among the few passengers in the know had been that a pack of subs was after us. The chase followed the most savage and relentless storm that the troopship's captain had experienced in 45 years at sea. For five days we had battled our way through waves sometimes 60 ft. high. The furniture was roped back in the lounge after several passengers had been injured by flying sofas. One afternoon the piano broke loose and rushed back and forth like a great mad beast until it crashed against the wall with its legs broken.

That all seemed like ancient history now. Three whole hours ago we had left the big boat for the little one. Our steering problems were under better control. The Indian rowers in their white turbans had succumbed to dizziness and a few of us who seemed seasick-proof were dragging at the oars under the direction of the little quartermaster who was acting as our skipper. A splendid big Scottish girl, Elspeth Duncan, one of General



WHY DO MANHATTANS LONG FOR MORE THAN ONE WHISKEY?

1. A perfectionist like you asks me that!! Would you jump with only one ski? Would I paint with only one color? Not likely!



2. Just as the artist "multi-blends" many colors to achieve perfection in a masterpiece... the matchless flavor of Fine Arts Whiskey comes from the "multi-blending" of several great whiskeys. That's why Manhattans long for Fine Arts!



3. Yes! Golden-smooth whiskeys are tenderly blended with other deep-flavored whiskeys... then "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And what's more... each whiskey is a full 5-years old for full-rounded mellowness!



FINE ARTS WHISKEY

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF

The straight whiskeys in this product are 5-years old—90 proof.
Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York.

WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS (continued)

Eisenhower's clerical staff, made the best rower of all. Rafts with soldiers clinging to them were still drifting by and we managed to intercept three, picking up a total of nine soldiers. Some joked as we dragged them over the gun-wales, but some had a glazed look in their eyes from shock and exposure which I have never seen before and hope never to see again. We peeled off our sweaters for them and our diminutive skipper wrapped them in yellow-hooded oilskins. "You're all right now, mate," he would say as he tied the capes around each one. "You look just like the donkey in the Christmas play."

We had the boat pretty well bailed out by now. The nurses made the girl with the broken leg as comfortable as they could on the floor boards. I saw that she had no socks and, remembering that I had wrapped one of my lenses in a spare pair, I dug them out of my camera case. The nurses drew them on her feet as gently as they could.

Near us a lifeboat had roped together and was towing three heavily loaded rafts. The sisters in the boat were passing lighted cigarettes back to the men on them. From the rafts came snatches of a song: "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine." Sunshine, I thought. That was all I needed to record this drama in pictures instead of words. I felt in my pocket for my notebook and discovered with joy that my fountain pen was still stuck in the cover, so I started jotting down notes in the moonlight.

People began joking now. The irrepressible Kay Summersby, Eisenhower's pretty Irish driver, announced her breakfast order. She wanted her eggs sunny-side up and no yolks broken. One soldier said he'd take his brandy with a dash of hot milk in it. Alfred Yorke, our little skipper, confided to me the story of his life—how he had been a baby photographer before he went to sea.

At last the dawn—and pictures

The moon was sinking, incredibly large and golden. As it lost itself in the sea, the night seemed to darken and the stars blazed brighter than ever. We had drifted away from our little community of boats but could still see dimly the shapes of the mother ship and a destroyer. From the destroyer we could just barely hear a voice through the megaphone say something about towing the ship away, then something we couldn't quite catch about "survivors." A new loneliness came upon us while we watched the fading outline of our mother ship.

"Survivors," I thought. This was the first time I had thought of myself as a survivor. I made a resolution not to allow myself to become impatient until the end of the sixth day. We had each been given a can labelled "emergency ration," about the size of a tin of sardines. It was stamped: "Purpose of contents: to be consumed only when no other rations of any kind are procurable." I resolved not to let myself think again about that can until the morning of the 14th day.

It was growing light now. "Let's tidy up the ship," Skipper Yorke said, and began throwing odd lengths of rope and bits of planks overboard. "Toss out those helmets to save weight," he ordered. But no one would part with a helmet because too many nurses were still getting seasick into them. Around the complete circumference of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



After rescue, two British nurses cheerfully swig hot Ovaltine served by the destroyer crew. In background is Elspeth Duncan, clerk with the American Field Headquarters.



SCENE FROM THE WARNER BROS. MOTION PICTURE, "AIR FORCE"

There's a new glamour girl in Hollywood

She doesn't wear sweaters, or pose for glamour photographs. She's never seen at night clubs. And though her autograph is well-known in certain French and German cities, nobody has ever asked her for it.

Yet Mary Ann — star of Warner Brothers' new picture, "Air Force" — passed every screen test with flying colors. And that's no more than you'd expect from a Boeing Flying Fortress!*

"Air Force" is the story of a Boeing B-17, and the gallant hell-for-leather crew that flew her to glory... via Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Manila,

the Coral Sea and Australia. Made in collaboration with the Army Air Forces, it's a picture to make your heart skip a beat... then beat faster.

What the camera *doesn't* show is an invisible supporting cast: the Boeing designers and engineers, the technicians and researchers, the craftsmen and workmen who originated the Flying Fortress and now keep a steady stream of B-17's and other war planes flowing from Boeing plants — in Seattle, Wichita and Canada.

More than twenty-five different kinds of engineering know-how are represented by several

thousand Boeing engineers. Daily they challenge the word "impossible," in a relentless, 'round-the-clock effort to do the job *better*, and do it in *less time*.

Some day this effort will be applied to making life richer and happier, in a peaceful world. For Boeing engineering talent and experience, while devoted primarily to the continued advancement of aeronautics, also encompass resources which are relevant to almost every phase of civilized life.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

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means
longer-lasting
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should be
rotated
wisely
in sets of three

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and one to dry
adds to their wear . . .
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your well-dressed best
in lovely
trim-fitting
full-fashioned
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Stockings*



**Berkshire
STOCKINGS**

*in rayon or cotton lisle

Ask your salesgirl about stocking care

WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS (continued)

horizon, bands of tumbled clouds were picking up the light of dawn—a photographer's dawn!

The skipper, an enthusiast about photography, as any baby photographer would be, helped hold me up on the gunwales of the bobbing lifeboat to get as favorable a viewpoint as possible for snapping my fellow passengers. One of the American nurses had unaccountably saved an orange which she passed out generously, section by section, as far as it would go. Then there was a hum in the sky and a British flying boat dipped over us while we waved back wildly.

A destroyer and hot drinks

After a few more hours we could make out the shape of our destroyer appearing over the horizon and by her interrupted course we guessed that she was picking up other survivors. She reached us after we had been eight hours in our lifeboats and as soon as we were dragged aboard her we were given cups of steaming Ovaltine. I climbed up to the gun station and photographed the last of our family of lifeboats as their occupants were helped to the deck. The man who had died from a cracked skull was handed up strapped to a pair of oars. Another boat yielded a soldier who had died from shock and exposure. Several nurses were brought up, suffering from sprained ankles, twisted arms and broken legs, and one Scottish sister was moaning about her back, crushed when she had to jump from the ship's ladder into a lifeboat. But the soldier who took all our hearts was sitting alone in the middle of his raft and when we drew close he raised his thumb toward our destroyer and shouted, "Hi, taxi!"

When the last survivor had been transferred, the destroyer pulled away, leaving behind us the deserted lifeboats which swept down our wake like empty walnut shells. I came back to the teeming deck where friends were greeting each other with cries of joy. I was delighted to find my two roommates, Sister Violet with a few curlers still stuck in her hair. I was happy too to find our ship's charming young radio officer, Lord David Herbert III, son of the Earl of Pembroke. He was groping through his pockets for a little box which luckily he had not left behind. In it was a pair of red-enameled cufflinks set with gold crowns which had belonged to his great friend, the Duke of Kent, and had been given to him as a keepsake by the Princess Marina.

Then everyone began fishing in his pockets. The beautiful Kay still had two precious possessions, her lipstick and her French-English "soldier's speak-easy." Lieutenant Ethel Westermann of Englewood, N. J., on her way to be chief nurse of the General Dispensary Headquarters, still had her rosary, and blonde, petite Jeanne Dixon of Washington, D. C., secretary to General Eisenhower, had saved her prayer book.

I found I still had my Short-Snorter bill. Anyone who has flown across an ocean is entitled to carry a signed dollar bill indicating membership in the Short-Snorters. When a Short-Snorter can catch another member without his bill he is entitled to collect a dollar fine. In the six months since my initiation, my bill had been signed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



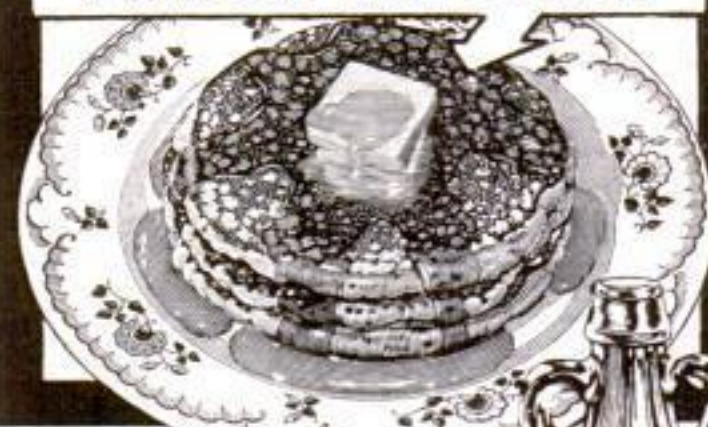
"Short-Snorter" bills, emblems of those who have flown an ocean, are signed by Waac Ruth Briggs and Bourke-White, who glued together U. S., Chinese and Algerian bills.

**THEY JUST
NATURALLY
GO TOGETHER!**

CRACKERS
and CHEESE



PANCAKES and
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● Vermont Maid Syrup adds the crowning touch to pancakes. Packed in Vermont—right in the heart of the maple sugar country—Vermont Maid Syrup is always rich in true maple sugar flavor. Get a jug today!



**Vermont Maid
Syrup**



HOLDS HIS LIFE IN THE
HOLLOW OF HIS HAND

SPARKLET



**BULBS
Go to War**

Once you drink to his health with home drinks mixed with a Sparklet Bulb and Syphon. Now these same little bulbs may save his life at sea. With a single motion, enough inflation is provided for a life-belt or vest to keep a man afloat until rescued. They add to the safety of our fighting forces on and over the sea.

**SPARKLET
BULBS AND SYPHONS**

for home use . . .
are still available
at some dealers.



SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS



The deadly new de Havilland *Mosquito* fighter-bomber

Who puts the *buzz* in the Mosquitoes?

THEY'RE AMAZING CRAFT, these lightning-fast PT boats the Navy has dubbed its "Mosquito Fleet."

Their exploits, in fact, are becoming legendary ... as witnessed by this message to Lt.-Comdr. John D. Bulkeley from a superior officer ...

*"Dear Buck: I really think your gang is getting too tough. The latest report is that 'three dive bombers were seen being chased over Mariveles Mountain by an MTB.' Don't you think that is carrying the war a bit too far?"**

This "kidding" comment referred to the amazing feats of Bulkeley's famous "expendables" and their PT boats in the Philippines.

In these boats, General Douglas MacArthur and President Quezon were spirited out of the Islands. Two PT boats aided in the rescue of Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker and his bomber crew. Off the Solomons ... off North Africa ...

*From "They Were Expendable," copyright, 1942, by W. L. White. By permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

in the English Channel, the PT has been in deadly and successful combat with the enemy.

The heart of the mile-a-minute torpedo boat, we're proud to add, is its bank of giant Packard super-marine engines—a precision-built brute of an aircraft-type engine.

That's the buzz that lets the PT boat give the Axis the business!

★ ★ ★

AND THERE'S ANOTHER MOSQUITO—the sensational new de Havilland "Mosquito" that's been giving the Axis headaches.

Nazis who've felt the lethal sting of its bristling armament or the earth-shaking *c-r-rump* of its belly-load shake their heads over the double dose of poison this fighter-bomber gives out.

Many a pair of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines that comes off our assembly lines ends up in this type of versatile new combat plane.

We're not only giving the Mosquito its buzz—but we're turning out gratifying quantities of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines for the British Hurricane and Lancaster, and our own Curtiss P-40F, the deadly *Warhawk*.

★ ★ ★

BUILDING PRECISION "JEWELLED" ENGINES by mass-production methods is nothing new at Packard. But this wartime job of ours means that thousands of skilled Packard craftsmen are constantly acquiring *new* knowledge and precision techniques—experience which is bound to carry over into a still finer precision-built Packard car after the war has been won.

Ask the Man Who Owns One

PACKARD

Precision - Built Power



OFFICIAL UNITED STATES NAVY PHOTO

PT boats in Uncle Sam's hard-hitting *Mosquito* fleet

"Oop wi' our glasses...
th' better tae see our absent friends"

Invisible, too—but quickly discerned—is the distinctive quality of Teacher's that makes it so unique...

"It's the flavour"

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended
Scotch Whisky
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
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TEACHER'S
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**OLD FASHIONED
SPICED PEACH
WITH CHERRY**

We slice plump peaches that are bursting with flavor, spice them, add luscious cherries, and make a spread that sings to your appetite. A perk-up for every meal!

Please be patient if your grocer is temporarily out of EVERBEST PRODUCTS. Our armed forces must come first!

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The easy way to help keep food values in left-overs! Moist foods stay moist, dry foods stay dry...longer!...in transparent, pliable, strong Waxtex. It's America's handiest food-saver!—The Menasha Products Company, Division of Marathon Paper Mills Company, Menasha, Wisconsin.

WAXTEX

125 FEET
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

**HEAVY
WAXED PAPER**

WOMEN IN LIFEBOATS (continued)

by General's Spaatz, Clark and Doolittle, Prince Bernhard and Eddie Rickenbacker. I looked up to see Waac Ruth Briggs from Westerly, R. I., one of the first five Waacs sent on overseas service. I knew these five Waacs were members, having been sent over by Clipper. "Do you have your Short-Snorter bill?" I shouted. "Bet your sweet life," said Lieutenant [now Captain] Briggs. So on the deck of the destroyer we signed each other's bills.

The Torpedo Club is formed

Most of us carried the special currency issued on board the troopship by the British military authorities, to be used in North Africa where regular British and American currency is kept out of circulation so it can't find its way into enemy hands. We decided that a new organization, even more exclusive than the Short-Snorters, should be formed—the Torpedo Club. Membership bills would consist of 10-shilling notes of the military currency. Only people who had been torpedoed would be permitted to join. One of the Waacs started my bill by lettering on the top, "Property of Torpedo Peggy," meaning me, and we went around the destroyer exchanging signatures.

The nursing sisters were comparing experiences and white-haired Helen Freckleman from Edinburgh turned out to be the sister I had seen clinging to the bottom ladder-rung with the waves over her. "How long were you on that ladder?" I asked. "Half an hour," she replied. "I kept telling myself: 'I must concentrate on holding on with both hands. I must think about nothing else but holding on with both hands.'" I glanced down at those hands which had nursed the wounded of two wars. They were not young enough for such a stern assignment. But they had held.

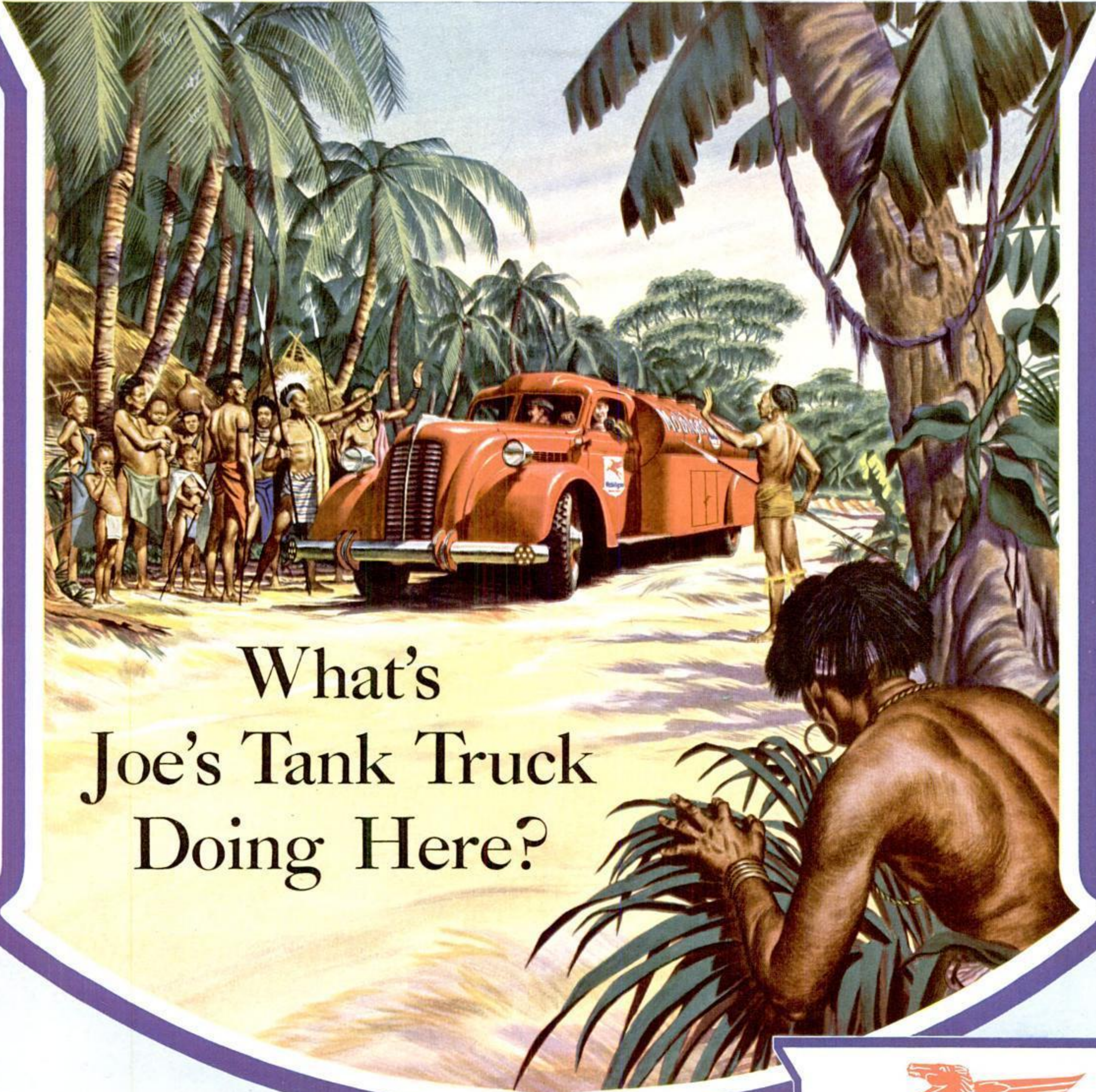
I hunted up the girls who had managed to stay in flooded lifeboat No. 11. It had stopped sinking just as its gunwales were even with the water. Its buoyancy chambers had held it up, but until the girls were picked up seven hours later they had been in water up to their chests.

Two other boatloads of British nurses had been so far away from the destroyer and so tired from rowing that they dubbed themselves Oxford and Cambridge to keep up their spirits. Cambridge reached the destroyer half a length ahead of Oxford.

I climbed again to the gun station. Far over on the horizon our mother ship was still afloat. She was listing much lower to port now and destroyers were taking off all the troops that were left. The hundreds of survivors on our destroyer watched the mother ship disappear in the distance. She had meant something very special to all of us. She had stood by us through 60-ft. waves and 70-mile-an-hour gales. When wounded she had held up until the last living man was removed from her decks. Our destroyer picked up speed now and before the day was over we sighted the purple hills of Africa.



The purple hills of the coast of French North Africa rise before the cheerful survivors on the destroyer. Here Margaret Bourke-White ends her story of the torpedoing.



What's Joe's Tank Truck Doing Here?

Just a few weeks ago Joe's tank truck was peacefully delivering Mobilgas in a small New England town. Today, bushy-haired African natives stare with astonishment as it lumbers along steaming jungle trails.

In trackless expanses of African desert, where it is 120° F. in the shade of a camel, staring natives are amazed to see motor trucks bringing petroleum products for new and vital uses.

But to get back to our question—What's it doing here? Socony-Vacuum—the same company that supplies you with Mobilgas and Mobiloil—is doing its part for Uncle Sam, to help supply vital new African military bases with petroleum products.

It isn't surprising that Socony-Vacuum should be asked to do this job. The Flying Red Horse feels at home in this service. Socony-Vacuum has long been a

pioneer in bringing petroleum products to the remote places of the world. In war as in peace the Flying Red Horse is the symbol of Friendly Service.

It is not only a stopping place for fine products for your car, but is also a symbol of leadership in helping petroleum contribute to America's strength and progress.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.,
and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co.
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**In Peace or War—
The Sign of Friendly Service Serves America Well!**

Your Grocer doesn't like shorts

WHY NOT VARY YOUR BREAKFAST FRUITS—
with Del Monte Sliced Pineapple? You'll like the cheer it puts into chilly mornings like these. Look for a can next time you shop.

OR

WHEN YOU'RE STUMPED FOR SALADS—
remember what fine ones you can make with Del Monte Bartlett Pears—halves or sliced, whichever's handy! Try them with nippy cheese.

OR

THINK OF ALL THE DESSERTS YOU CAN HAVE!
One of the easiest and best—Del Monte Sliced Peaches, just as they are! Or try them in custard, gelatine, tapioca, cobbler or pie.

OR

For instance, learn to "switch and swap" among the Del Monte Foods your grocer does have. Right here, you'll see some grand ways to get around shortages!

LEAVE IT TO THESE TO WHET APPETITES

Del Monte Dried Prunes
Del Monte Pineapple Juice
Del Monte Tomato Juice
Del Monte Grapefruit Juice

SEE HOW MUCH THESE CAN HELP YOU

Del Monte Carrots
Del Monte Diced Beets
Del Monte Sliced Beets
Del Monte Tomatoes

MAYBE YOUR GROCER HAS SOME OF THESE

Del Monte Apricots
Del Monte DeLuxe Plums
Del Monte Whole Figs
Del Monte Pineapple Chunklets
Del Monte Crushed Pineapple
Del Monte Pineapple Tidbits

FIND OUT HOW GOOD THESE OTHER STYLES TASTE!

Del Monte Cream Style Golden Corn
Del Monte Cream Style White Corn

LOOK FOR THESE IN THE "GREEN GROUP"

Del Monte Green Asparagus
Del Monte Lima Beans
Del Monte Green Beans
Del Monte Spinach

YOU'LL LIKE THESE EVERY BIT AS WELL

Del Monte Peach Halves
Del Monte Royal Anne Cherries
Del Monte Black Cherries

ENJOY THIS READY-MADE MEAL-BRIGHTENER

Del Monte Fruits for Salad

IF YOUR MEATLESS MEALS NEED COLOR—
what's better than Del Monte Fruit Cocktail? You have five bright fruits all ready to use in fruit cups, for dessert, or mid-meal garnish.

OR



GET THIS HANDY WARTIME HELPER—

FREE Simple—complete! This handy one-sheet folder lists the more common, everyday foods you need. Gives you a practical form for writing out your menus for a week. Just fill out and mail this coupon to Dept. 27, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

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TAKE THE VARIETIES YOUR GROCER HAS — BUY ONLY WH

...ges any better than you do!

He's serving you the best he can — under wartime conditions.

But he has troubles of his own! He can't get all the foods he wants — deliveries to him are often slow — he's short-handed, too.

Here's how to help him — and still satisfy your own needs — when he happens to be out of the exact thing you want.



WHEN YOU'RE SET ON SERVING CORN —

you may think first of Del Monte Whole Kernel — as fine a yellow vegetable as ever grew! You'll want some when your grocer has it.

OR

NOW THAT YOU'RE USING LESS EXPENSIVE MEATS —

you want to make them taste their best with fine, tender vegetables — like Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas, for instance. Look for them when you buy.

OR

IF YOU'RE TIRED OF YOUR USUAL FAVORITES —

have Del Monte *Early Garden* Asparagus for a change. Enjoy it as a hot vegetable, in salads, or in main-course dishes such as omelet.

OR

Of course *some* foods will be scarce, even with rationing.

But your own ingenuity can often "cover up" shortages. Your hearty cooperation can lighten your grocer's load a whole lot — and still give you a well rounded diet.

When you plan your week's meals, keep them flexible. And when you go to the store, get the spirit of taking what's available.

Right here, you'll see a fine array of possibilities. And when you "switch and swap" among fruits and vegetables as fine as Del Monte — you're sure of flavor and goodness every time. No matter *what* varieties you find!

And as tires get thinner, and help scarcer, it's more important than ever to shop as efficiently as you can. Let one trip to the store do the work of several. All the better if you can shop early in the week and when your grocer isn't swamped.

Above all — don't buy more than your share of anything. Let's give and take. Divide the bounty and share the shortages together. Then we'll all be better off!

Del Monte packs foods both in cans and glass — to provide as large a supply as possible.

Whether you buy cans or glass, the quality of Del Monte Foods is always the same.



Foods

AT YOU NEED RIGHT NOW

If you go for a milder Bourbon • • • **GO FOR GLENMORE** • • •

IT'S GOING PLACES!

Ride along with the
best buy in Bourbons!

YES SIR...

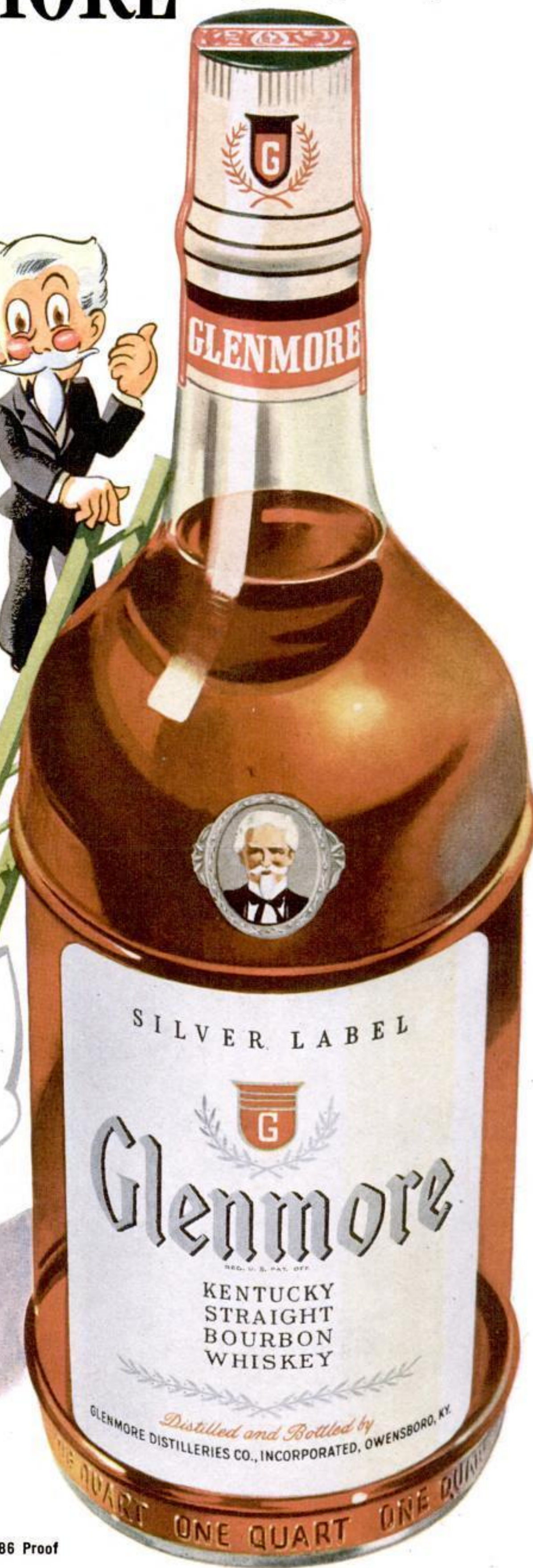
for smooth, mellow richness
Glenmore has reached
new heights!

MIX 'EM UP...

or drink 'em straight...
with Glenmore they're
always great!

UM-M! UM-M!

Make your next bottle
Glenmore... and make
your next drink better!



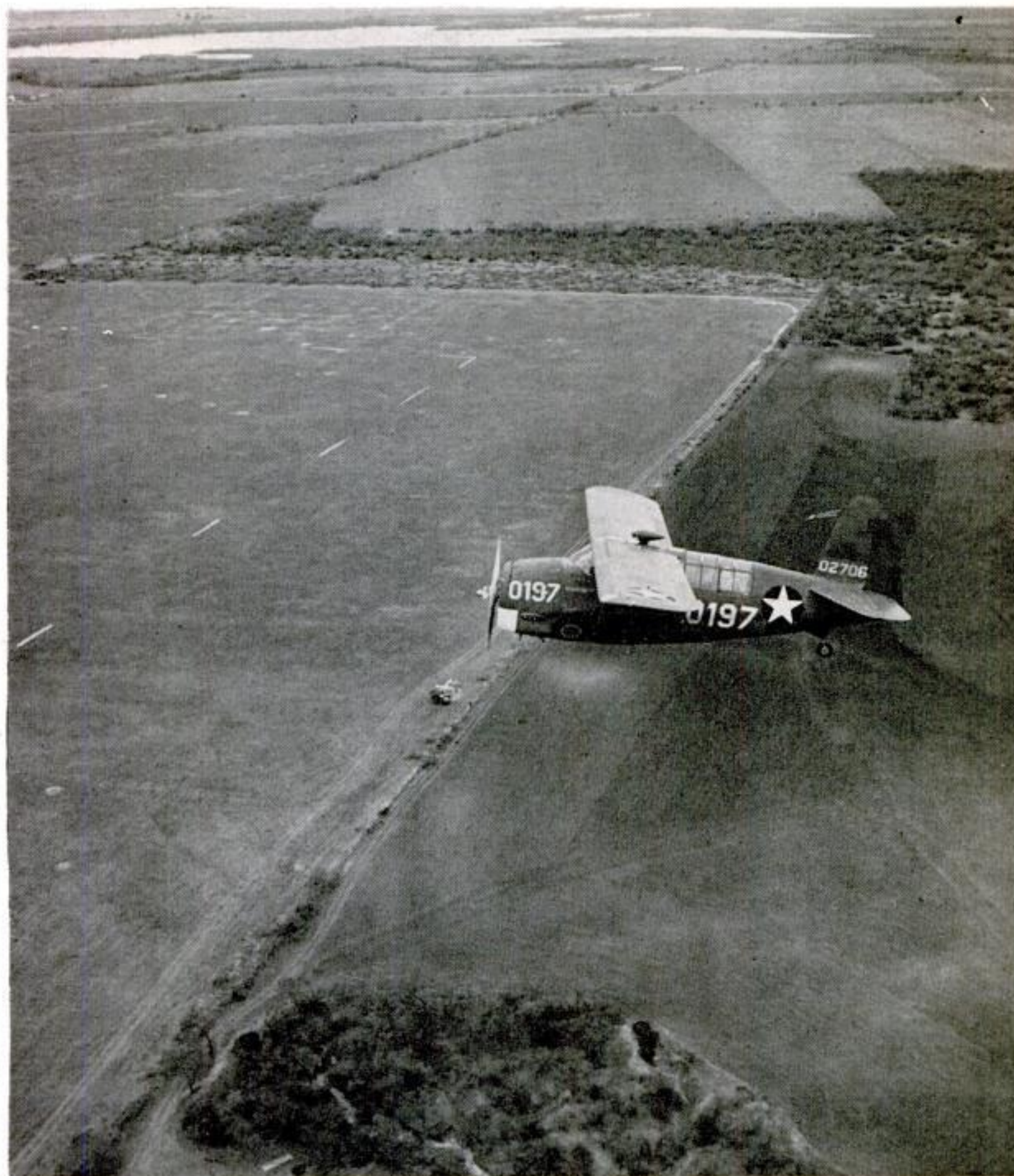
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Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

86 Proof

P O U R G L E N M O R E . . Y O U G E T M O R E



Photo-reconnaissance assignment is laid out by Major E. C. French for Lieut. Carl Shubach, of the armored forces, whose Brooks Field training will qualify him as Army aerial observer.



"Bumble Bee" observation trainer is a slow and roomy Curtiss O-52. Observer learns to "shoot" his target and manage his cameras in this. Later he may use fast tactical planes.



Observer installs camera in rear of plane. This Fairchild K-3B is usually supplanted on battle-fronts by newer models whose vertical and oblique shots at high altitudes cover vast territory.

PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE

Air observers learn basic rules at Brooks Field

Eyes of the Army"—that's what they call the air observers who fly over enemy lines in the fastest planes in the world to "shoot" installations, terrain and troop concentrations, and then hurry back to headquarters with facts that determine strategy of both the ground and air forces.

U.S. operations overseas in the last year have proved the fallacy of using slow hovering planes characteristic of observation squadrons before we went to war. Enemy anti-aircraft and fighter fire was so deadly accurate as to nullify observation missions in such planes. At the same time, the absolute necessity for air observation to precede all ground and air movements was re-emphasized. Consequently cameras have now been perfected for use in the fastest planes flying at altitudes where the human eye is helpless on detail. P-38 fighter planes are the favorite photographic "ships" on the African front. Their extreme speed and 40,000-ft. altitude capacity give them comparative safety from enemy fighter planes and anti-aircraft shells that blacken the sky below. Equipped with three cameras, the lone pilot-observer of such a plane can photograph 20,000 square miles on a single mission. But only when he brings these pictures home is his mission completed. Low photo flights with hedge-hopping approaches for safety are also performed on occasion. On such missions over Africa, armed P-39's, P-40's, or P-51's in the range of 350 m.p.h. and more are used.

The Southwest Pacific presents a different problem. There enemy opposition is less intense but flight ranges are much greater. So cameras are mounted in bombers, medium and heavy, and depend on surprise, high altitude and defensive armament for protection.

Students training as pilot-observers, air-crew members, or air-borne ground officers (*see cover*), learn the principles of photo reconnaissance at Brooks Field, Texas, under the command of Colonel Stanton T. Smith. For elementary problem illustrating basic technique, turn page.

"SHOOTING" A RIVER IN PREPARATION FOR MAKING ARMORED FORCE CROSSING

On these two pages is set forth a simple military problem such as the students at Brooks Field are trained to solve by photo reconnaissance. The aerial camera plays the part of a detective in this game of military maneuver. The problem:

An armored-force unit located on a highway at the right of the river that S's down the L-shaped picture is ordered to cross this stream into enemy territory. Because he is unfamiliar with the river terrain which may seriously expose his force to enemy guns, the unit commander sends out his aerial cameraman with instructions to photograph the river and a thousand yards back from each bank in order to make up a reconnaissance strip. The result of this photo-flight mission, performed at an altitude of 5,000 ft., is the L-shaped picture here which is in the hands of the commanding officer within an hour after the plane takes off.

One look at this reconnaissance strip tells the commander and his photo interpreter a lot about their problem. They note the narrow parts of the river, consider the woods on either bank that offer best coverage for troops moving up for a crossing. The little farm roads running right to the river's edge suggest possible crossing places. From marshes and trees in the stream the commander deduces that the river has a shallow muddy bottom which means that his heavy mechanized equipment cannot ford it and that the engineers will have to supply a ponton bridge. But where?

Auxiliary oblique views (pictures A, B and C) brought back by the aerial photographer guide the commander in checking off the bad spots where he should not attempt a crossing because of mud flats, marshes or mud banks. He then figures out four possible crossings along rest of the river. His desire to stick near the big river bend is prompted by tactical as well as practical reasons. There is likely to be little enemy resistance on the land bulge. The opposing leader would hesitate to concentrate troops where they would be exposed to crossfire from both angles of the bend and could be easily flanked once the armored unit was over. Finally the commander selects Route 1 as the best because: 1) the armored unit can assemble in the wooded area on the friendly side of the river in full strength before starting across; 2) in that wood there is a small road that leads to the river's edge; 3) the river is narrow and shallow and has low banks on either side, hence it is easy for an advance fording party to get over and assist in throwing the ponton bridge across; 4) the armored equipment can scoot across to the hostile side and assemble under cover in the woods opposite.

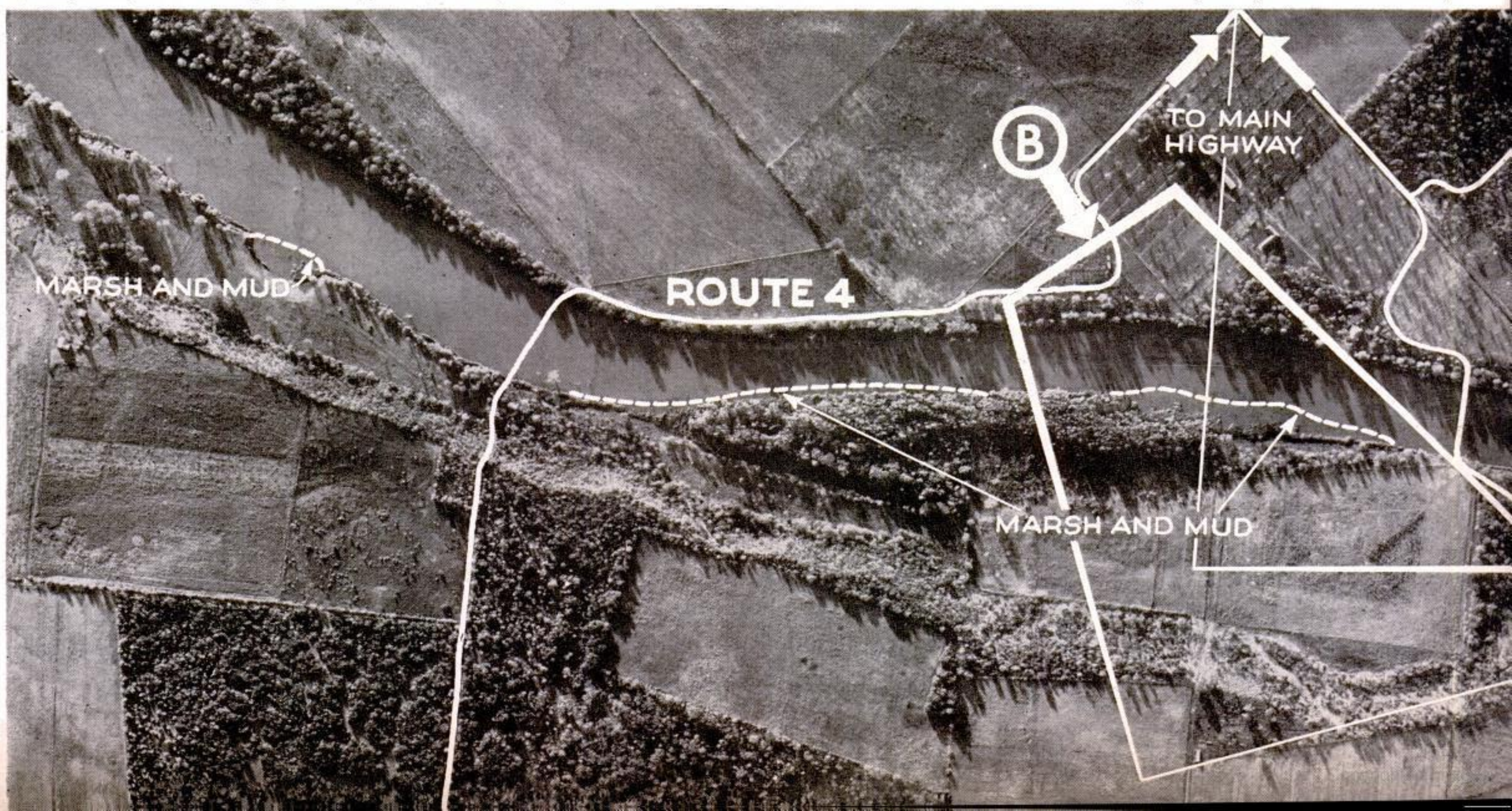
Photo-reconnaissance strip shows the four good routes by which an armored unit can make a river crossing by use of a ponton bridge. The quadrilateral areas lettered A, B and C correspond in plan to the oblique pictures A, B and C, and emphasize points to avoid.

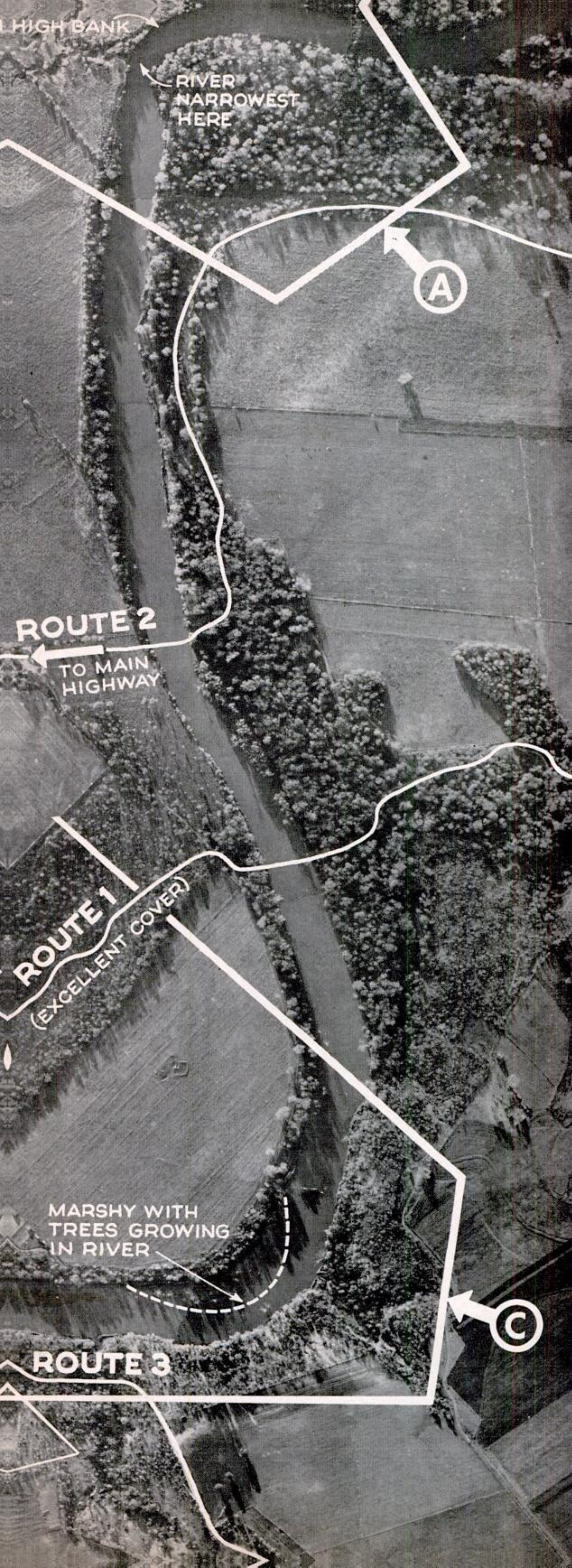


A High clay bank on the far side of the river makes this a poor spot for a ponton bridge, in spite of the fact that the stream is narrowest at this point. Also, on the enemy side, the cultivated fields stretch open and flat, offering no cover to protect forces after crossing has been made.



B Marshy area and mud would force unit to extend an extremely long ponton bridge to keep equipment from miring if it tried to cross here (from top to bottom of picture). The river is wide and the lack of cover on both sides of crossing would give away movements to the enemy.





Sketch terrain map above was taken from U. S. Engineers' quadrangle map of the region photographed. Before making the reconnaissance flight, observer and pilot plotted their courses on this map to make sure that cameras would pick up all necessary information.



C Trees growing in river indicate its shallowness. For foot troops this spot would offer a possible ford. However, it is too muddy for armored equipment and very likely the banks would be spongy where river widens out. Note gullies on near side.

ENEMY HIDEOUTS SHOW UP IN PHOTO INTERPRETATION

It is not enough for a student officer to learn how to take pictures if he wants to graduate from Brooks Field with observer's wings. He also has to master radio code, various communication systems, navigation, artillery adjustment, aircraft identification, and air-ground liaison. After he has taken his first photographs,

he is due for intensive classroom instruction in their interpretation under magnifying lenses and stereoscopes. Practice trains his eye to see much more in each picture than he could ever see if hovering right over the actual area in an airplane. He learns that on a good photograph taken from an altitude of 10,000 ft. he



Three foxholes at edge of the cultivated land show up immediately; four in the field across the road are better hidden by rough ground. Though holes are empty, they are new. Enemy is near.



Fresh tracks are left by trucks whose drivers carelessly cut across the furrows of plowed soil. Their muddy wheels even left path over road, emphasizing enemy entrance into wooded area.



Enemy needs water. Water pipe running down to river suggests large number of troops hidden in woods. Such a straight-line object stands out especially against nature's irregular patterns.

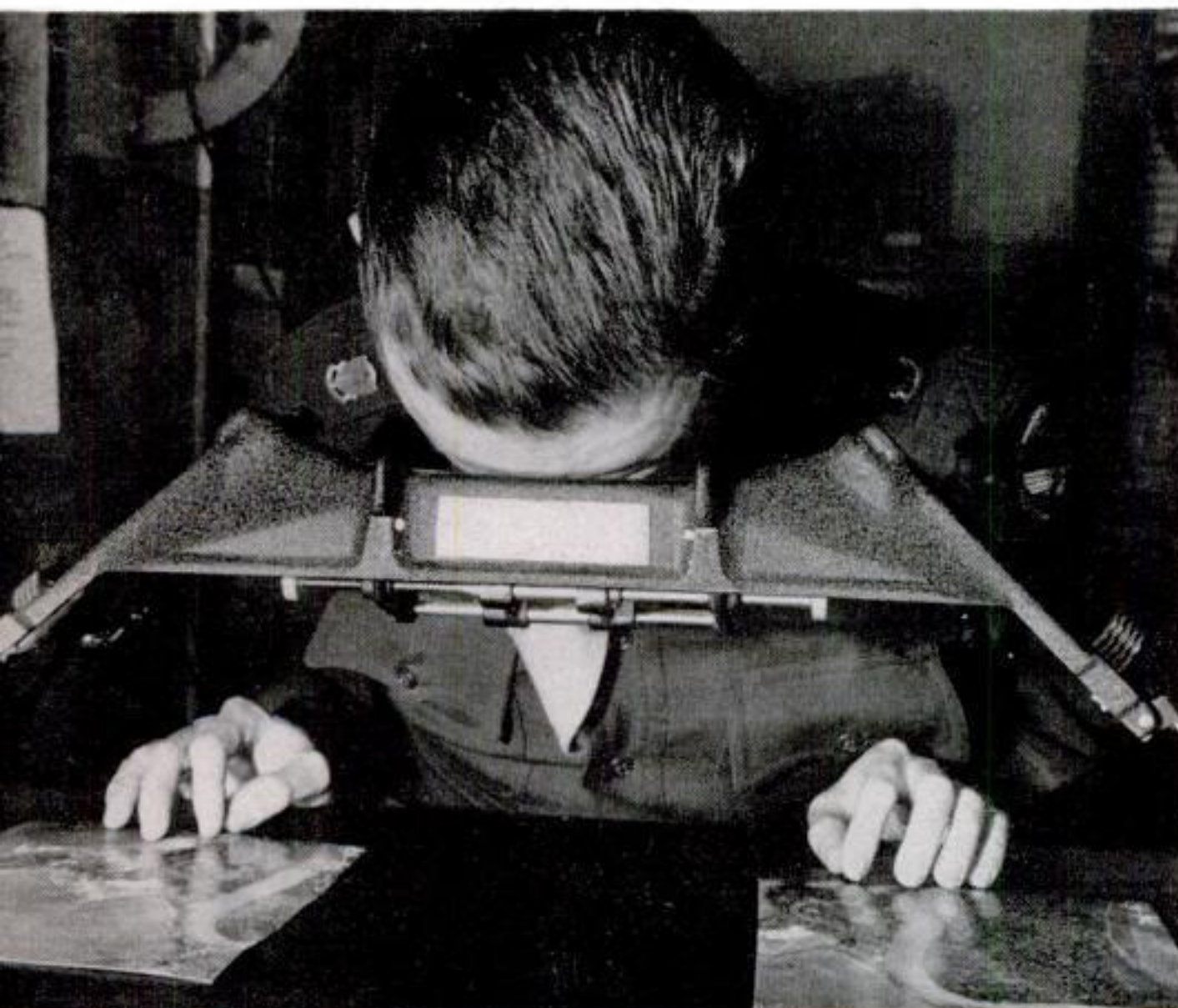


Newness of railroad bridge shows up in contrast to old track. It looks well built, ready possibly for mass movement of men and supplies to area. Enemy engineers presumably did this job.

should be able to spot a single vehicle on a road, a man's tracks in snow, trails, truck or train columns, and the location of enemy artillery. From 30,000 ft. the photograph may be chiefly valuable in showing characteristics of the terrain, destroyed bridges and large concentrations of troops. On page 62 are low-altitude pictures that give the reader a chance to do a little detective work of his own. Is the enemy around? How do you know?



Reconnaissance strips like that of the river grow from individual overlapping prints that the camera produces. Experts fit and paste up accurate strips in a few minutes.



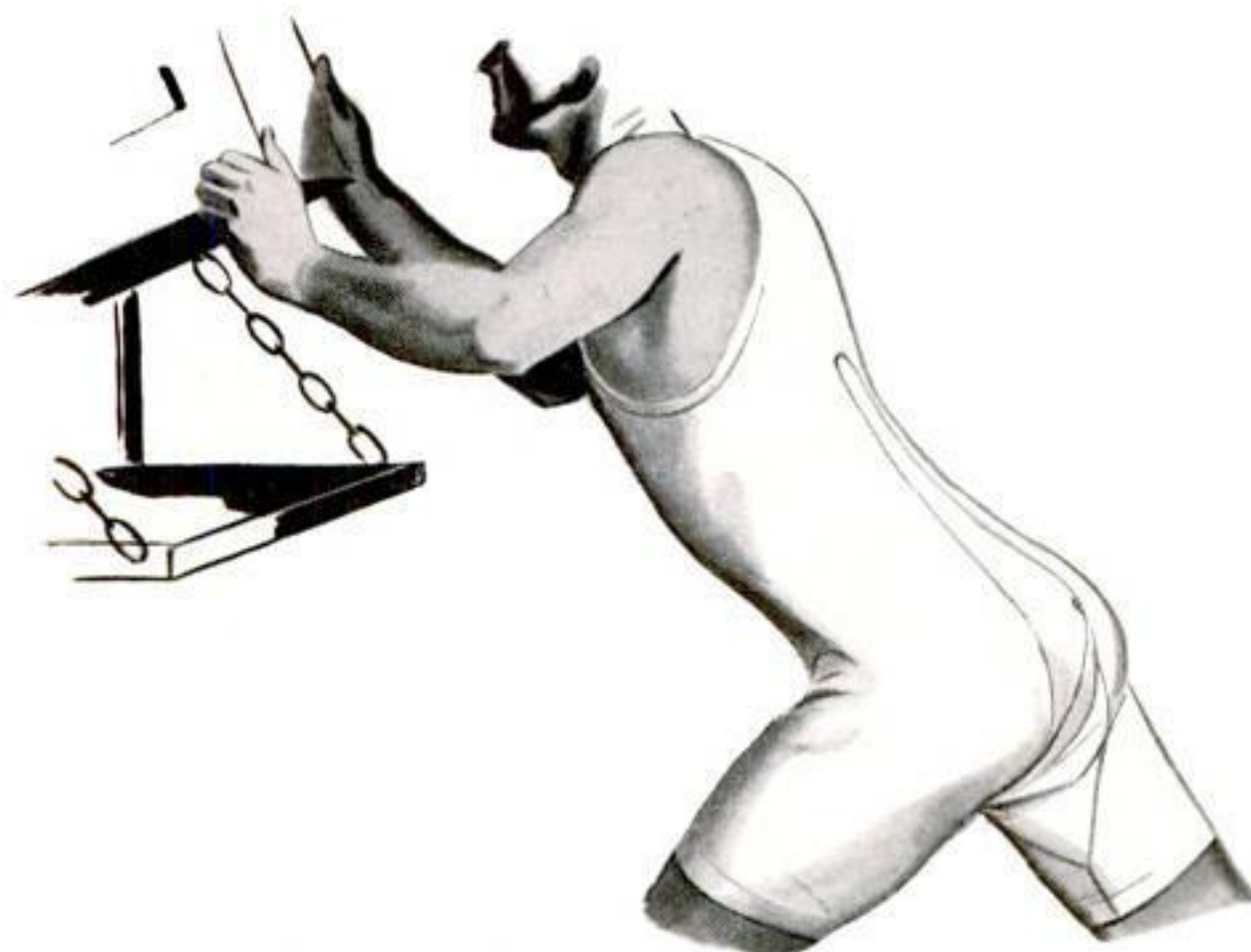
Stereo pairs, views of a small area photographed at slightly different points but always from the same altitude, reveal different heights of terrain under stereoscope.

If you're slated for action like this



ARE YOU between the ages of 16 and 70? The country needs people like you for war work. Have you thought seriously about it? It's important work. It's active work. And if you decide to go in for it...

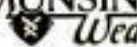
You'll want to be dressed like this



KNOW WHY? Because Munsingwear is the kind of underwear that's *made* for action. This Munsingwear Unionsuit gives when you give. It's knitted. It stretches. It returns to shape. It's absorbent. It fits like your skin. Also available in two-piece style with **STRETCHY-SEAT**.*

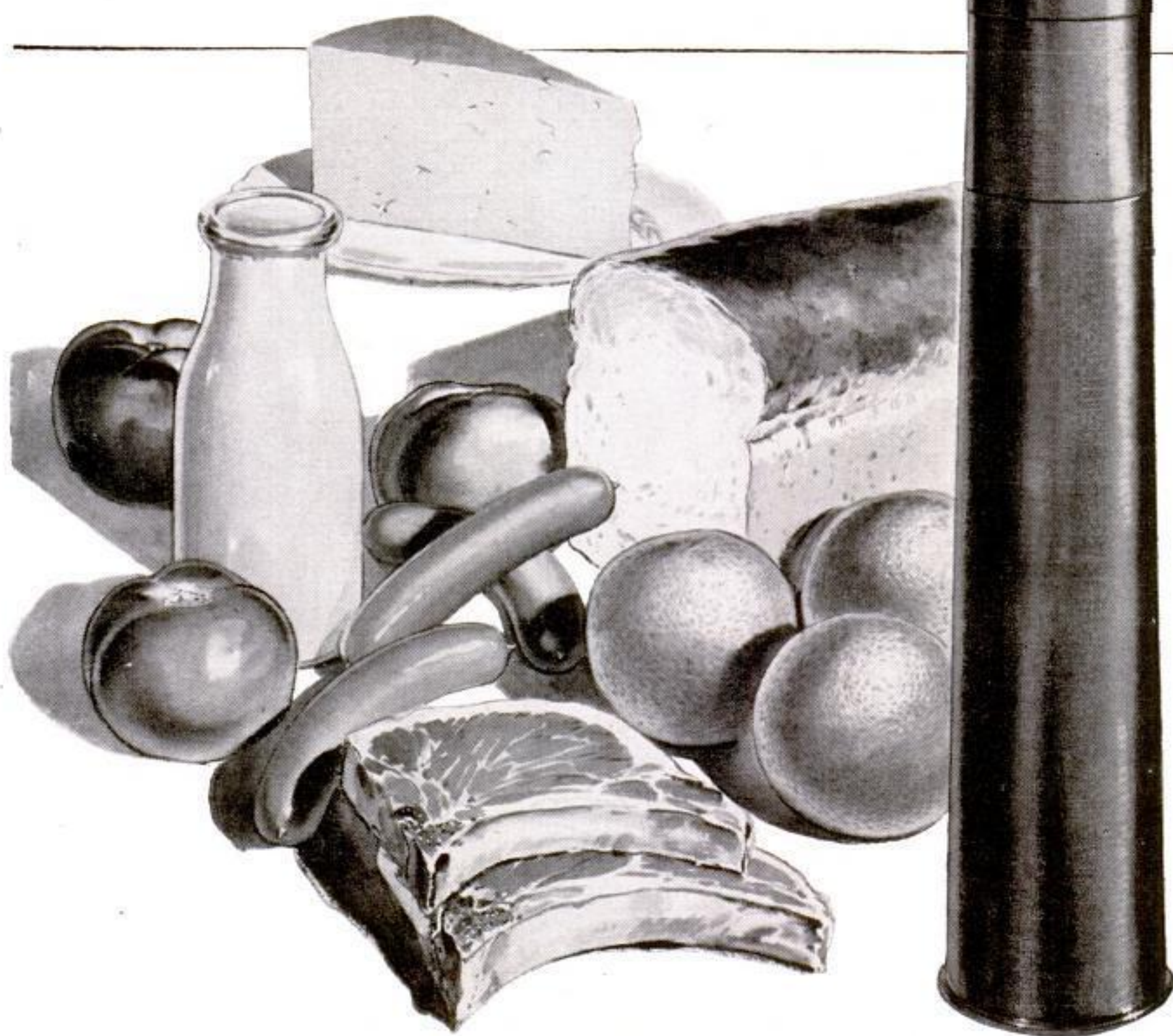
*TRADE-MARK

It's MUNSINGWEAR

Just look for the MUNSING label

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MUNSINGWEAR, INC. • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

MEAT



FOOD IS AMMUNITION — There are two things a soldier can't get along without — fighting weapons for his hands — fighting foods for his body.

7 million Americans under arms...

1½ million beyond our borders...

All fighters — all meat eaters...

As the offensive power of the United Nations grows, so grows the need for meat.

Food too has become part of the "grand strategy" of winning this war.

Meat for example: Since the meat industry went on a war footing in 1941, it has furnished our armed forces and our allies 4¾ billion pounds of meat — fresh and canned.

This is the equivalent of 19 billion average meat meals.

More than 1200 American meat packing houses and nearly 1000 sausage makers today are doing their utmost to give our own fighters the best diet in the history of warfare; to supply meat to our fighting allies; and still to give every

person not in uniform the nutritional values of meat.

Those who are not directly supplying the armed forces and allies are doing their part to supply the home front.

Meat Animal Population

Secretary Wickard's great food-for-victory program starts at the grass roots, where livestock producers are working night and day, often without adequate help, to break their own already phenomenal records.

We have the land, we have the facilities and we have the will to produce.

Actually there is in this bounteous

land one beef animal for every two persons; about the same number of hogs; and better than half as many sheep and lambs.

Even with this enormous supply and more on the way, we at home must tighten our belts and spread out meat a little thinner, but we can thank our lucky stars we have it to spread out.

Why is meat Item No. 1 on Uncle Sam's food shopping list? Why does the man in training get nearly a pound of meat a day? Why is meat a basic part of every Army ration, even down to pocket-size Field Ration K?

Meat, to which man always instinc-

and our second year of the war

tively has turned, is now recognized by science and by the government as a protective food, containing many of the things which make for health, stamina and vitality.*

To make available these benefits of meat on an unprecedented scale, the meat industry has unleashed the full power of its capacity and skill.

Here are a few of the highlights:

One railroad car now does the work of three in the shipment of boneless beef, which provides just as much meat in 60 per cent less space than required by the sides and quarters shipped during World War I.

The new dehydrated beef and pork take up only a fraction of the space in ships that would be required by meat in other forms. These amazing new military products, which preserve the good flavor, the character and the good nutrition of meat, also lend themselves readily to air transport.

On the meat production line—a tremendous new surge. Many new and different kinds of canned meats—stepped up 120 per cent—more than double—over total canned meat production a year ago.

A new creation called "Tushonka" (pieces of pork cooked and canned) is now becoming familiar in the rations of our fighting Russian allies. This is one of many new products created especially for war needs.

For months, experts from the livestock and meat industry have visited military centers helping to train cooks in the preparation of meat on a large scale.

Under the rising scale of offensive effort, the government, the livestock producer, the meat industry, the sausage maker and the meat retailer, are putting forth every effort to make the meat go 'round—at home as well as on the fighting fronts.

Under necessary restriction orders by the government, deliveries to retailers by the meat industry are limited.

You as a housewife are already at grips with this problem. You have encountered, and will encounter, many shortages and inconveniences. Who is to blame for them?

Is it the government?	NO.
Is it the livestock producer?	NO.
Is it the meat industry?	NO.
Is it your meat retailer?	NO.

It is a couple of fellows named Adolf and Tojo.

What the Housewife Can Do

The American housewife is meeting the problem with understanding and resourcefulness. She is "sharing the meat."

She is buckling down to doing tricks with food which she never dreamed of before.

No Blackout of Good Nutrition

She realizes that what we have learned about foods in a period of plenty must not be lost in a period of scarcity and self-denial. She knows that strong, healthy bodies are needed to win this war and to build a better world to live in—that there must be no blackout of good nutrition.

Meat is a mainstay of good nutrition.

How can you keep meat on the table regularly, as good nutrition demands?

One way is to learn more cuts of meat—to use the available cuts. Many of these may be new to your table—but they all have the high nutritional value of meat—and can be deliciously prepared. The booklets offered below will help you.

Remember, on the battle fronts and the home fronts, meat is a fighting food. Make every pound count!

**AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Chicago**

This Seal means that all statements regarding nutrition made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



As a guide to preparing available cuts of meat, send for two booklets prepared by the meat industry. Step-by-step recipes. Practical buying helps. For both books, send 5 cents in coin to Dept. 3, Lock Box No. 1133, Chicago.

***Meat provides:** Complete high-quality proteins . . . Essential B vitamins—thiamine, riboflavin, niacin . . . Important minerals—iron, copper, phosphorus.



PROBABLE TOPS IN APRON SNOBBERY IS ANKLE-LENGTH APRON, LIKE ONE BEING WORN BY LADY AT RIGHT. TOO LONG FOR DAY DRESSES, WEARER MUST BE IN EVENING CLOTHES

APRONS

Stylish housewives now wear them
for work and dressed-up parties

The American apron industry is in a rather dazed state today. Like an adolescent girl, it is hardly able to recognize itself because it has suddenly grown so big and pretty. Last year, it sold 40% more aprons than it ever sold before. And its products, once the apologetic badge of the kitchen drudge, are now handsome, well-fitted garments that ladies are pleased to show off.

There are more kinds of aprons now than ever before—aprons for knitting, crisp pinafores for shopping, sturdy aprons for dirty work, ruffled affairs for serving

dinner, even extra-long aprons (*above*) for dress-up dinners. Aprons now are so good-looking that women no longer pull them off as soon as they leave the kitchen. The new styling is one big reason for the apron boom. The other big reason is that women today have to do most or all of their own housework and must wear aprons to protect their clothes. A minor factor in the boom is the great number of brides, most of whom apparently rushed out and bought themselves pretty little numbers to wear at their first domestic tasks.



"Bird-in-Gilded Cage" is R. H. Macy's name for this apron. An experienced housewife, says saleswoman, would not wear it to wash windows but keep it for serving.



Half-apron, worn constantly by women around the house several decades ago, is now returning to favor. Half-aprons are good for sewing, knitting and light housekeeping.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

...because they're
BETTER

• Compare Chelsea—puff by puff—with any other cigarette. Its new mildness and rare richness combine to give you a smooth, clean, thoroughly delightful smoke. You'll enjoy Chelseas—because they're better.

CHELSEA
BETTER CIGARETTES

By the makers of Edgeworth, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco

© 1943, Larus & Brother, Co.

For Old Times' Sake

GENERATIONS of Americans—from wind-bronzed Yankee skippers to the dandies of the Gay Nineties—have called for G & W Whiskeys. And today you show the same outstanding preference! ☆ For the G & W Whiskeys you enjoy, such as the popular Five Star blend, are as fine as 111 years of distilling experience can make them. ☆ Their base whiskeys—carefully selected to give the flavor its authority and distinction—are the pride of G & W. The spirits that go into our blends are something special—rounded and softened by a costly method used in the making of fine imported whiskeys. ☆ For a premium whiskey at a non-premium price, ask for G & W Five Star . . . over the bar . . . over the counter. Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Peoria, Illinois.



SYMBOLS OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

The "Sovereign of the Seas" was the finest example of the craftsmanship which produced the stately Yankee Clipper ships. The G & W Label has been a symbol of fine craftsmanship in whiskey distilling and blending for more than 111 years.



86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits

G&W Five Star
Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED . . . FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO

Dressed-Up Aprons (continued)



Plaid pinafore apron, with deep pockets, costs more than many a wash dress, about \$6, but makes ladies unaccustomed to housecleaning look and feel less like slaves.



Butler's apron of blue-and-white denim, sold in men's departments, is being bought by women. The apron is tucked up in front to form deep pocket for tools. Cost: 69¢.

Maybe there's a blank spot in your diet



SURE you're tired when you get home at night! Can't expect to switch from easy-going peacetime occupations to all-out war work and not feel it.

But—

Maybe it isn't all in the extra work you're doing. Maybe you're done-in at night because you *haven't fitted your diet to the times in which you live.*

Just look:

A man at work on an active factory job requires much more energy than one sitting in an office all day. Such extra energy *has to come from something you eat.*

A change to more active jobs calls for eat-

ing more of the good, solid, substantial, high-energy foods like bread. Basic foods that give you something to go on.

So, eat more bread. Maybe there's a blank spot in your diet.



Try eating a few more man-size slices every day, as so many people are now doing. Try using it to make hard-to-get foods stretch, as illustrated in the panel.

And remember the difference in white bread that bakers are providing today. It's enriched with Vitamin B₁, niacin and iron—like the white bread the armed forces serve their men!

MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER

RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 2 • MEAT BREAD LOAF

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 large loaf of Enriched White Bread | salt, pepper |
| 1 medium-sized onion, chopped | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground ginger |
| 1 tablespoon fat | summer savory |
| 1 cup cooked ground meat | 1 tablespoon minced parsley |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup gravy | soft butter or margarine |
| 1 cup tomatoes, strained from juice | 2 eggs |
| | 1 tablespoon milk |

Cut all crusts from loaf of bread.* Cut slice from top about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, to make a cover. Scoop out crumbs from inside, leaving an edge $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick at sides and bottom. Cook onion in fat; add bread crumbs. Heat meat with gravy, tomatoes and seasonings; add bread crumb mixture and parsley. Add 1 egg beaten slightly. Spread soft butter or margarine on outside of loaf; put in meat mixture. Beat the other egg with the milk. Moisten top edge of loaf with this mixture; put top slice on as a cover. Moisten the top with remaining egg and milk. Place on baking sheet; bake in moderate oven at 400° F. until brown. Serve hot in slices. 10 servings.

*Save crusts; dry thoroughly then grate and use crumbs in croquettes, etc.



MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR REASONS SUCH AS THESE:

1. Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.
2. More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.
3. Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B₁.

FLEISCHMANN 1868-1943
75 years of good yeast for good bread



Bread is basic

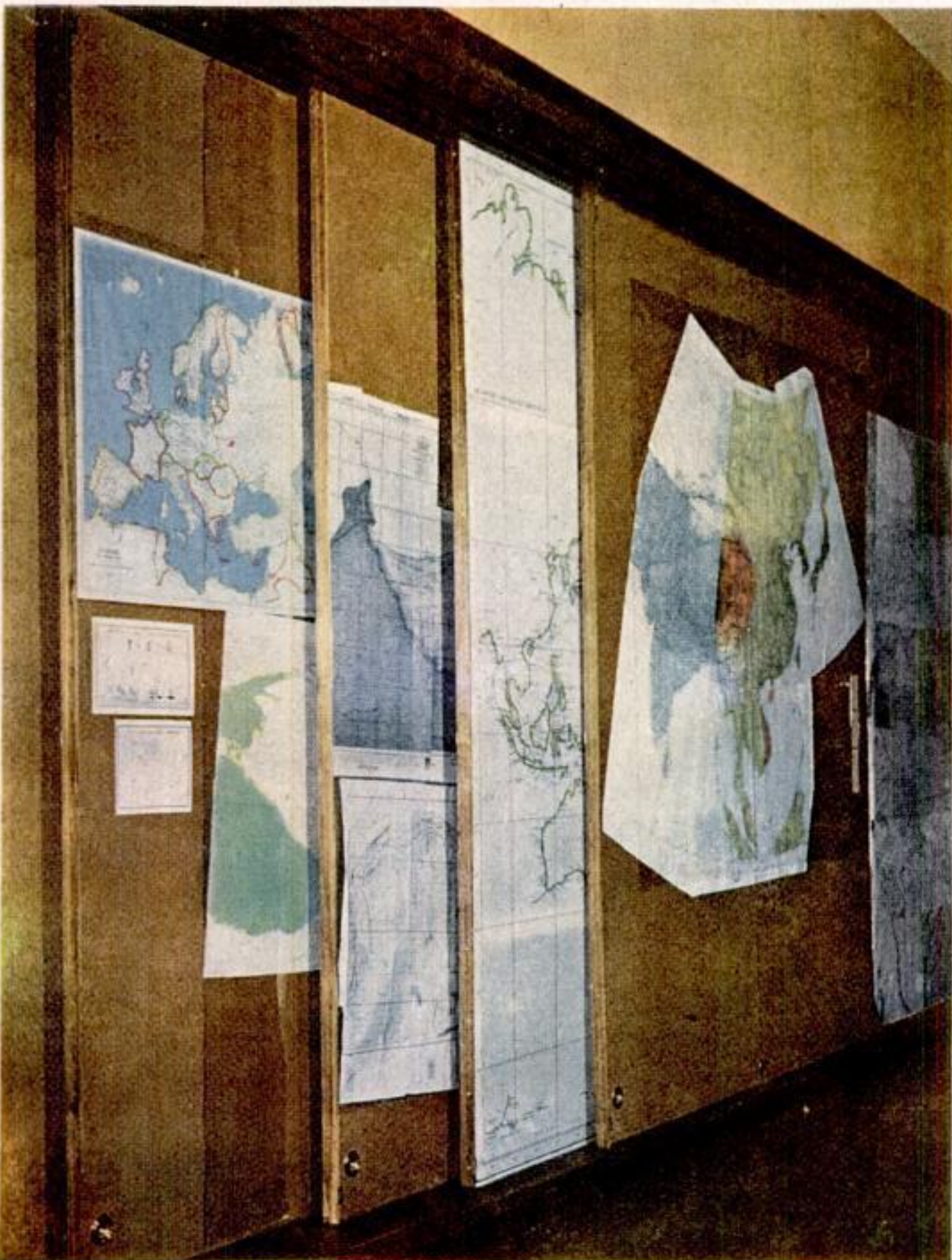


CONSOLIDATED



Main conference room of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is built for strategic planning and work. Blue map of world in background has clocks overhead showing day and night times all over

world. There are 14 clocks for twelve time zones because part of map is duplicated. Table in center can be split up for small conferences. To left are atlases and part of Millionth Map.



Maps are the tools of war. The maps here are of Europe, Leningrad and Stalingrad battle areas, Libya, Russia from International Map of World and Asia from the British War Office.



On Millionth Map, most detailed map of the world in existence, sailor at headquarters keeps military movements to date. Cabinet in foreground contains atlases of various world areas.

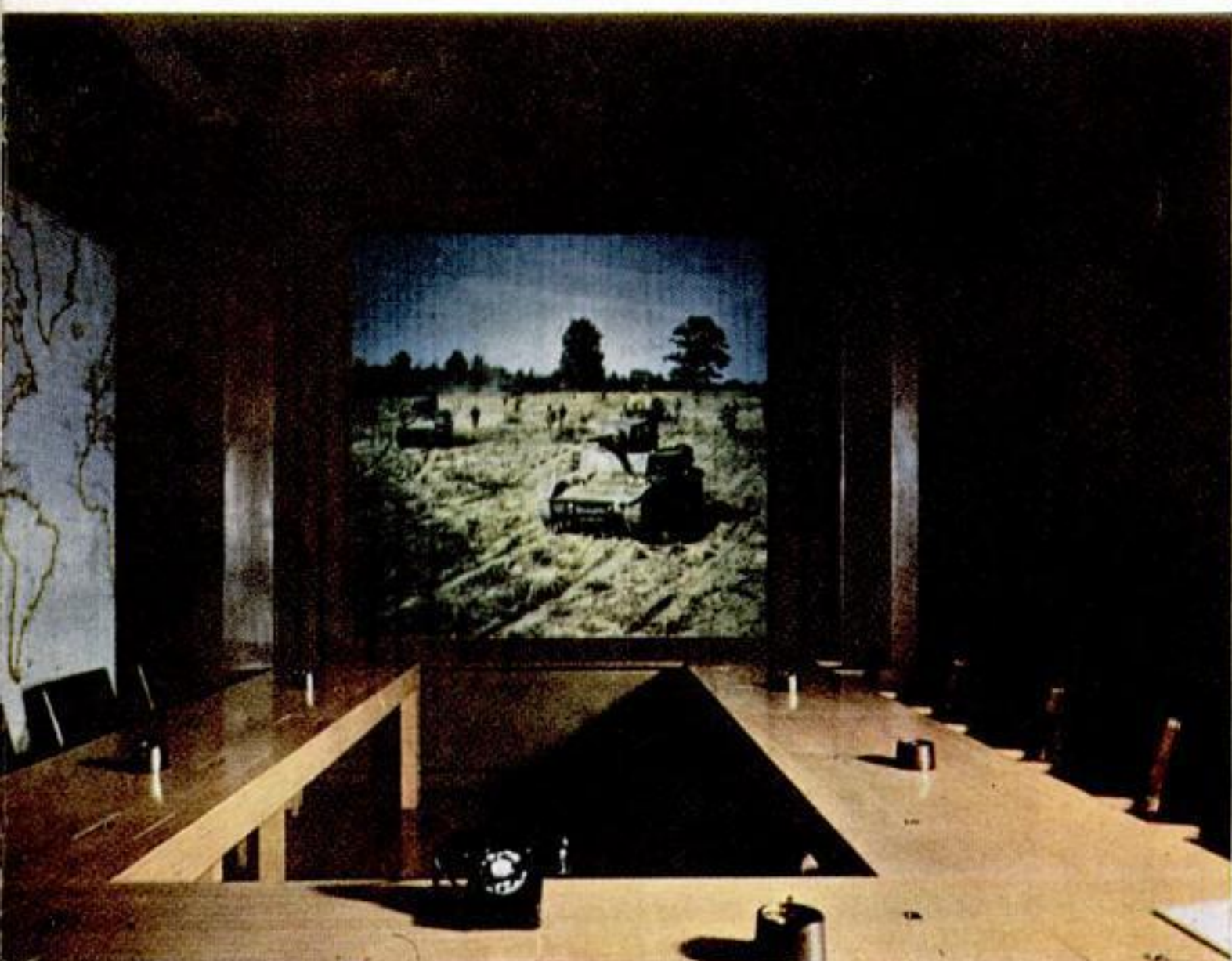
Joint Chiefs of Staff Headquarters (continued)



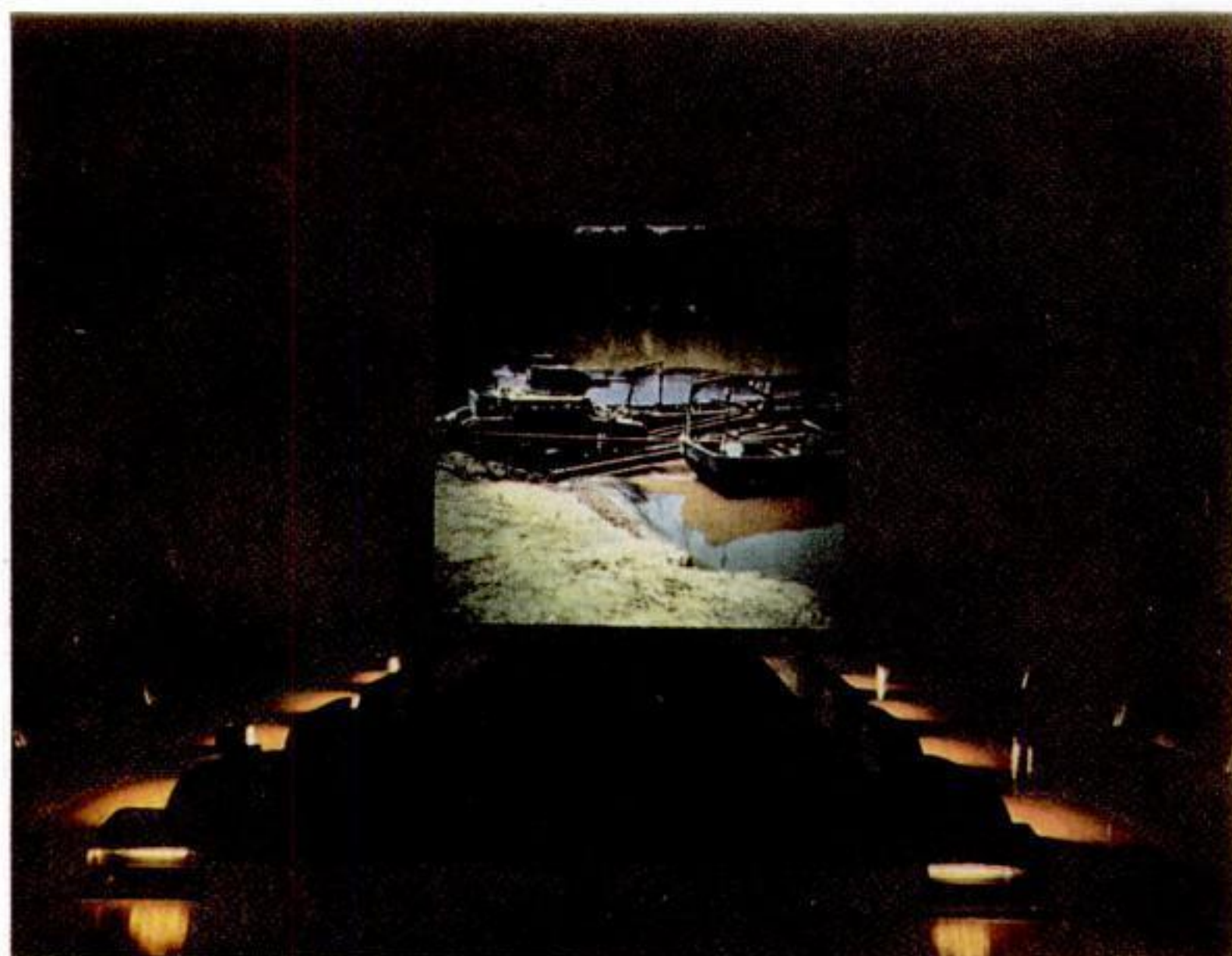
Chairs for Joint Chiefs of Staff are placed before map. They are for Admiral William Leahy, Admiral Ernest J. King, General George Marshall and General Henry Arnold.



Weather fronts are projected on map to aid in planning future attack and defenses. Disposition of armies, convoys, strategic materials, enemy forces and battle fleets can also be projected on this map.



Smaller conference room in Public Health Service building is equipped with movie screen. Latest battle scenes, films like this on light tank, are shown to Allied heads.



Tank landing film is another studied by the armed forces chiefs. In their air-conditioned and Fabrik-ona walled quarters they keep in touch with the latest military developments throughout the world.



Other end of smaller conference room has a fixed polar map on wall, another showing the displacement of troops. Rear wall ports, controlled by sailor, project movies.



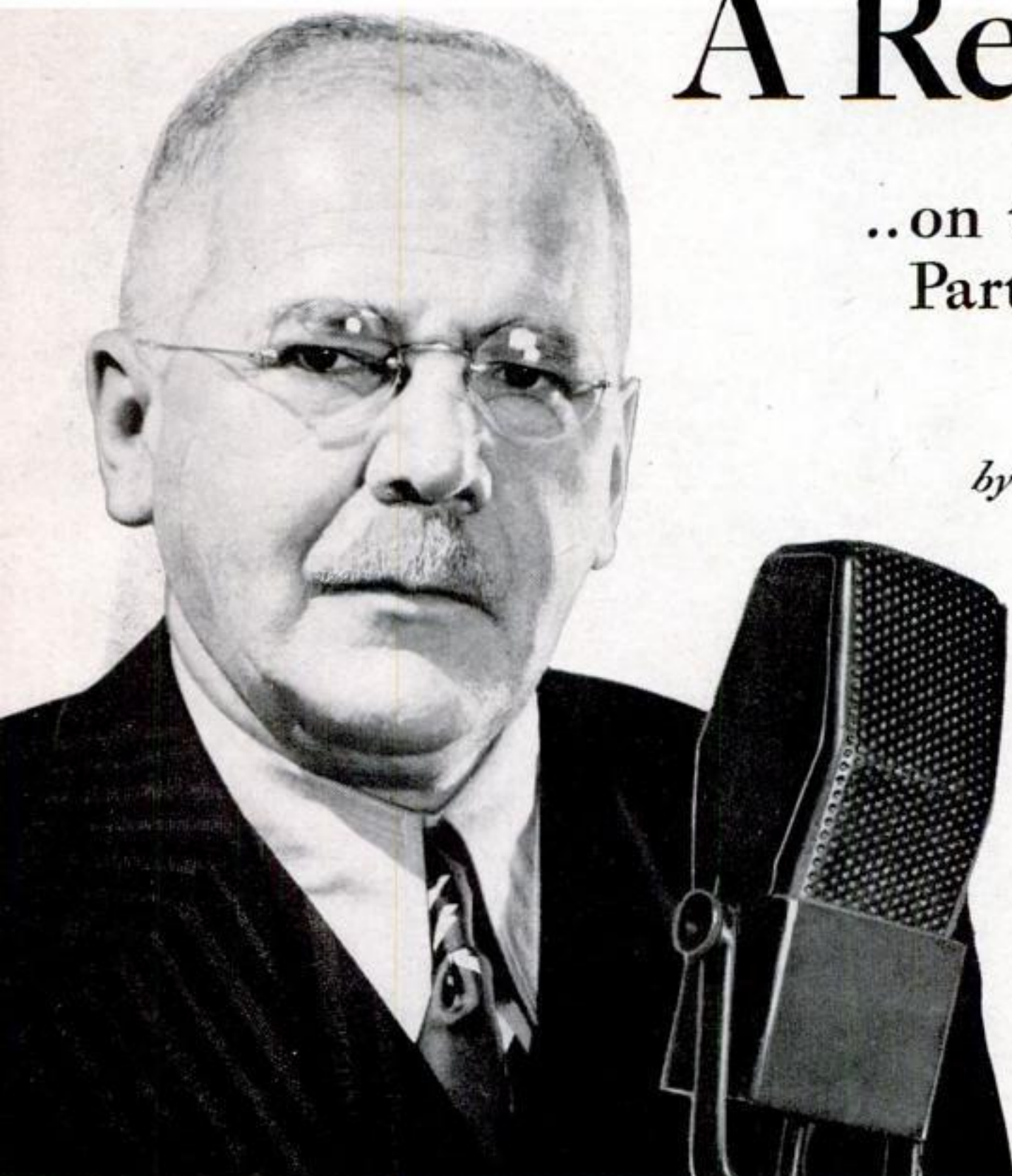
Large conference room shows practical layout of Joint Chiefs of Staff Headquarters. White globes in ceiling are spotlights to illuminate important sections of maps. Note the map of Japan on side wall.

A Report to the Nation

..on the Beverage Distilling Industry's
Part in the War Effort...and the current
Question of Rationing

by **H.V. Kaltenborn**

NOTED COMMENTATOR AND JOURNALIST



IN RECENT MONTHS I have received a number of letters from my radio and movie audience asking me this question... "Will our distilleries continue to produce alcoholic beverages during the war?"

Frankly, I did not know the answer. I investigated and here is what I found out. No distiller is making whiskey today. The beverage distilling industry is engaged 100% in producing war alcohol for the government.

As a matter of fact, I discovered that individually and collectively the beverage dis-

tilling industry offered its facilities to the government one year before Pearl Harbor.

Here's another interesting point. While distillers have substantial stocks on hand, made during peacetime... enough to last three years... they have, in fairness to all, self-imposed a system of rationing. This will assure anyone interested in purchasing these products that a reasonable amount will be available over a period of time.

During my investigation I also learned the answers to several other questions. I am telling you about them below.



1 Why is alcohol so important to war production and how is it used?

Alcohol is a basic ingredient used in the manufacture of smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber. Half of the government's 530,000,000-gallon quota is supplied by the beverage distilling industry.

2 Didn't conversion of distilleries to war alcohol production require much critical steel, copper, and bronze?

Practically none. The industry's engineers were able to utilize tile, wood, glass, porcelain and other substitutes. And the industry voluntarily began this conversion long before the government actually requisitioned its facilities.

3 Just how much synthetic rubber can be produced from the distilling industry's alcohol quota?

The industry's facilities for producing grain alcohol make it possible to include 200,000 tons of rubber from grain in the government's 870,000-ton synthetic rubber program.

4 Is sugar used by the distilling industry in the making of whiskey or war alcohol?

Sugar is never used in making whiskey... it is distilled from grain. And the beverage distilling industry is likewise producing its war alcohol quota exclusively from grain.



5 Will this use of grain deplete the stores needed for food?

No. There is a tremendous surplus. The distilling industry is able to transform 100,000,000 bushels of it into vital war material. This enables farmers to contribute even more directly to the war effort and frees much needed granary space.

6 With the industry 100% converted for war alcohol, won't the federal and state governments lose the tax revenue from alcoholic beverage sales?

No. The industry can still supply the public from reserve stocks made during peacetime and continue to account for over a billion dollars in taxes yearly.

7 The fact that, when war came, we had a full-fledged beverage distilling industry in existence made this contribution to the war effort possible. Otherwise, it is easy to understand how the government would have been forced to spend months of time and millions of dollars in building and renovating distilleries and training personnel.

When sometimes you may be unable to obtain your favorite brand... please remember...

- 1 No distiller is making whiskey today.
- 2 Every distiller is using his plant 100% to produce war alcohol for the government.
- 3 This alcohol is necessary for smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber.
- 4 The supply of alcoholic beverages in storage must be made to last longer than originally planned.
- 5 Therefore—in fairness to all—rationing has been self-imposed to assure a reasonable supply over a period of time.

Distilled Spirits Institute, Inc.

Washington, D.C.

H.V. Kaltenborn





Cheryl Walker's legs have been seen many times in the movies but very seldom as her own. In close-up shots they have

been used as "doubles" for the less shapely legs of some movie star. The sound of her footsteps has also been used in pictures.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN GIRL

Cheryl Walker rises from stand-in for Veronica Lake to stardom

The story of 20-year-old Cheryl Walker (*opposite page*) in Hollywood sounds like a Cinderella fairy tale. It might be the plot for a movie titled "From Stand-in To Star." In 1939 Cheryl was chosen queen of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, given a six-month contract at Paramount. After some schooling on the lot she was released, and from then on Cheryl had to do things the hard way. For four years her work in Hollywood has consisted of "fragmentary" shots. Close-ups of her legs have been used as inserts. Her hands were used for letter-writing close-ups. In one picture

she was a bathing beauty although a star's head and face appeared on her body. In *Sullivan's Travels* she was Veronica Lake's stand-in and stunt girl (*see right*).

In *Stage Door Canteen*, Cheryl will be seen all in one piece. More than this, she has the romantic lead in her first picture and supporting her will be a star-studded cast that reads like the Who's Who of both Hollywood and Broadway (*see below*). When Producer Lesser called her for the part Cheryl was on location 30 miles from the studio playing an extra role. To sign the contract she rode back to Hollywood in a dump truck.



Katharine Cornell is one of many stars with whom Cheryl Walker plays in *Stage Door Canteen*. Others are Helen Hayes,

Katharine Hepburn, Ethel Merman, the Lunts, Tallulah Bankhead, Mary Pickford, Gertrude Lawrence, Gypsy Rose Lee.



Queen of the Roses at Pasadena Tournament in 1939, Cheryl was given a six-month movie contract.



Stand-in and stunt girl for Veronica Lake in *Sullivan's Travels* was one of Cheryl's early movie jobs.



Director Wellman gave Cheryl role of 11-year-old, but she looked too mature and was made an extra.



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SWEATERS

SAY
Tish-U-Knit
DESIGNED BY LEON

The classic in a class by itself

For action, repose or dress, Tish-U-Knit sweaters always flatter! Insist on Tish-U-Knit ...if you can't find the style you want at your regular store, it's due to wartime limitations.

Take care of those you have—they're more precious now than ever.

About \$3⁵⁰ and up

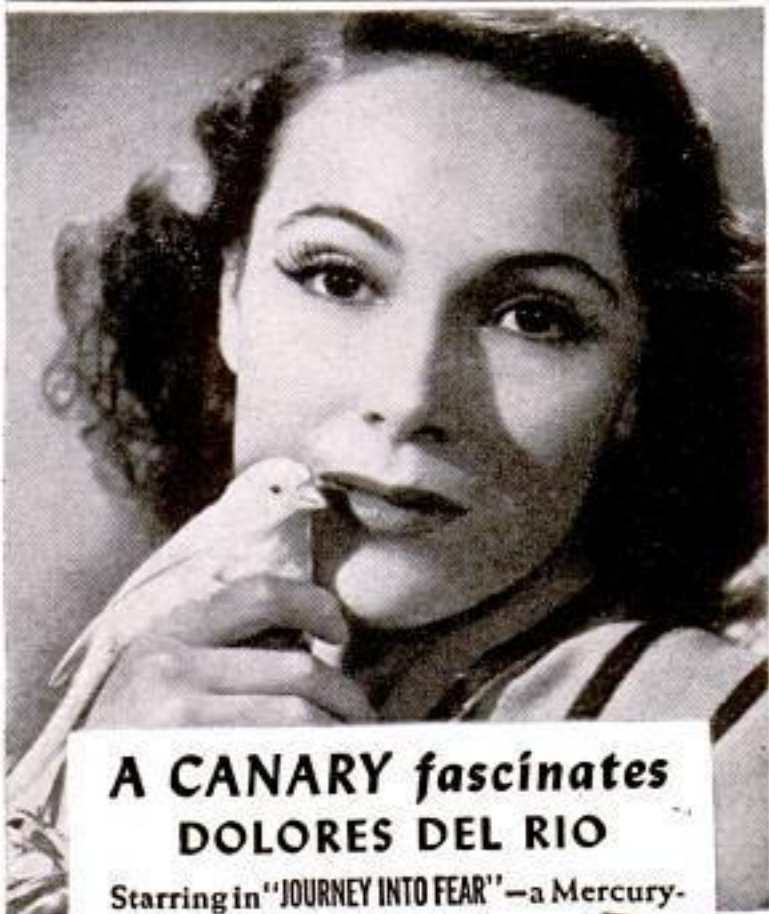
Write for **FREE** "Sweater-Girls-in-Action" illustrated fashion book

FREE COLOR ENLARGEMENT of this Sweater Girl Picture "D," without reading matter, to pin-up or frame.

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Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get **Cystex** from your druggist today for only 35c.



A CANARY fascinates DOLORES DEL RIO

Starring in "JOURNEY INTO FEAR"—a Mercury-RKO Production. And you, too, will find daily joy in the song and companionship of a Canary. For cheer you will cherish—*buy a Canary!* Easy to care for ... costs little to keep...the ideal pet for tots, 'teens and grown-ups...makes home brighter and work seem lighter.



OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

Nip those ragged cuticles now!

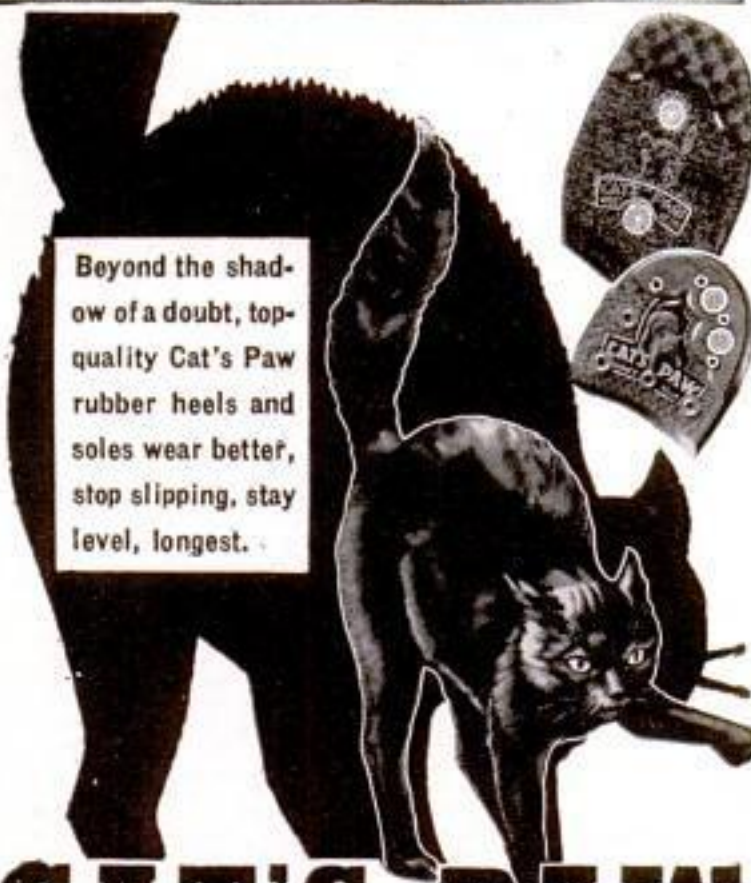
Today the modern La Cross factory is making surgical instruments for the armed forces. We know you'll understand if your favorite store can't supply you with the fine La Cross manicure implements of your choice.

No. 1072 Cuticle Nippers Surgically ground—\$3.00

La Cross

AMERICA'S FINEST MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. • Est. 1903



Beyond the shadow of a doubt, top-quality Cat's Paw rubber heels and soles wear better, stop slipping, stay level, longest.

CAT'S PAW
● Non-Slip Rubber Heels & Soles

Canteen Girl (continued)



The story of *Stage Door Canteen* tells of a young actress, Eileen (Cheryl Walker), who works at the canteen as a junior hostess in the hope of meeting a big play producer.

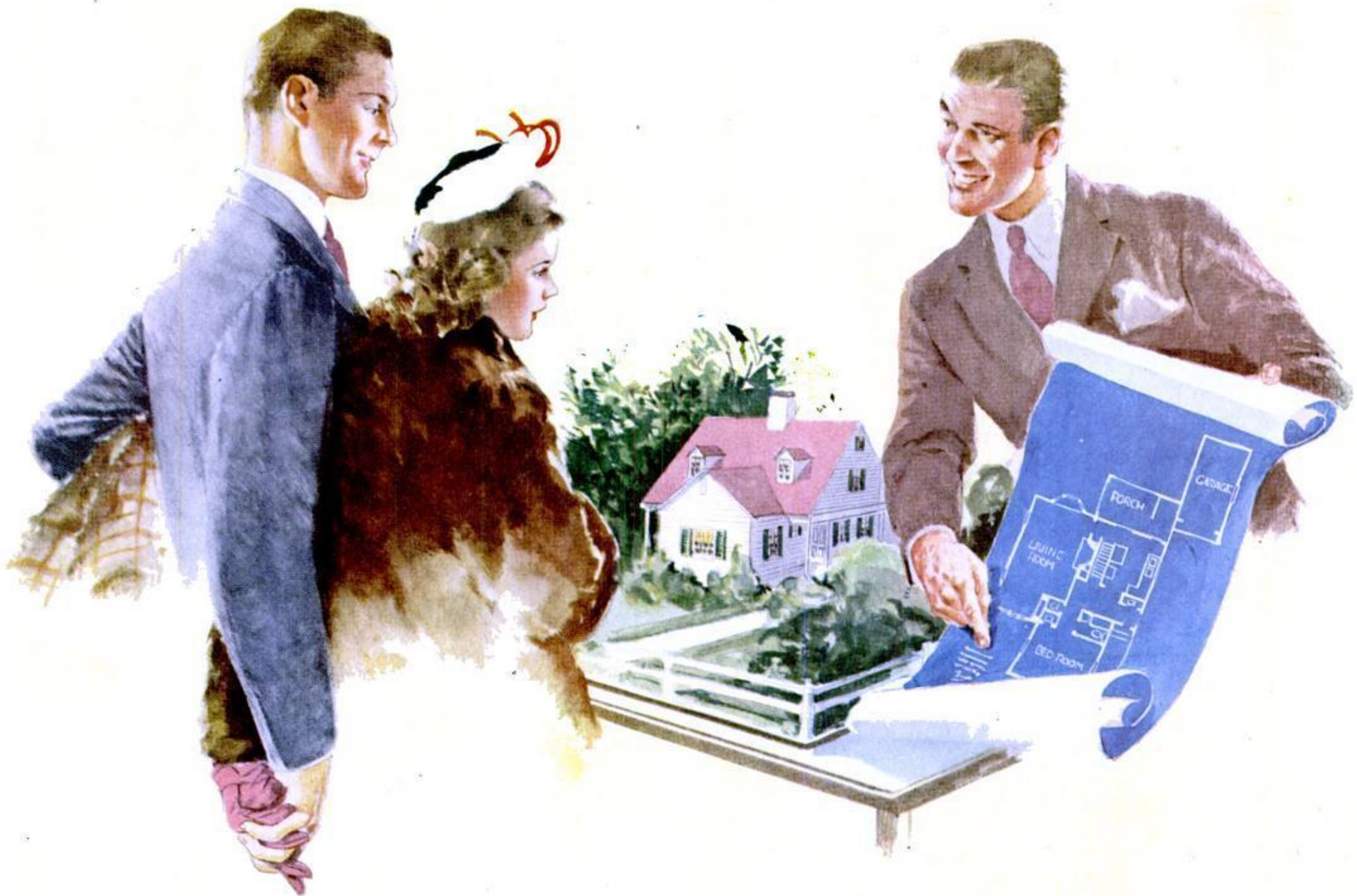


At the canteen many of the servicemen try to make "late" dates with her but there are strict rules and Eileen isn't interested because she is there only to further her career.



A kiss in the canteen's storeroom from "Dakota" (William Terry) makes Eileen realize she is in love and that her stage career is a small thing compared to happiness.

How American it is... to want something better!



THE HOME YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT—the colors you're going to have in the kitchen and what is going to grow in place of the weeds in that flower bed—maybe the war has made you *postpone* it, but how *American* it is to plan, to search for, to *want* “something better,” all our lives. It keeps us young, perhaps, and certainly keeps us awake and alert, this constant *habit* of wanting better things!

WHEN IT CAME TO PICKING AN *ALE*, America followed its “something better” habit. And the ale that turned out to have this “something better”—to live up to the “Purity,” “Body,” “Flavor” of its now-famous 3-ring trade mark quite *naturally* became...



America's largest selling Ale

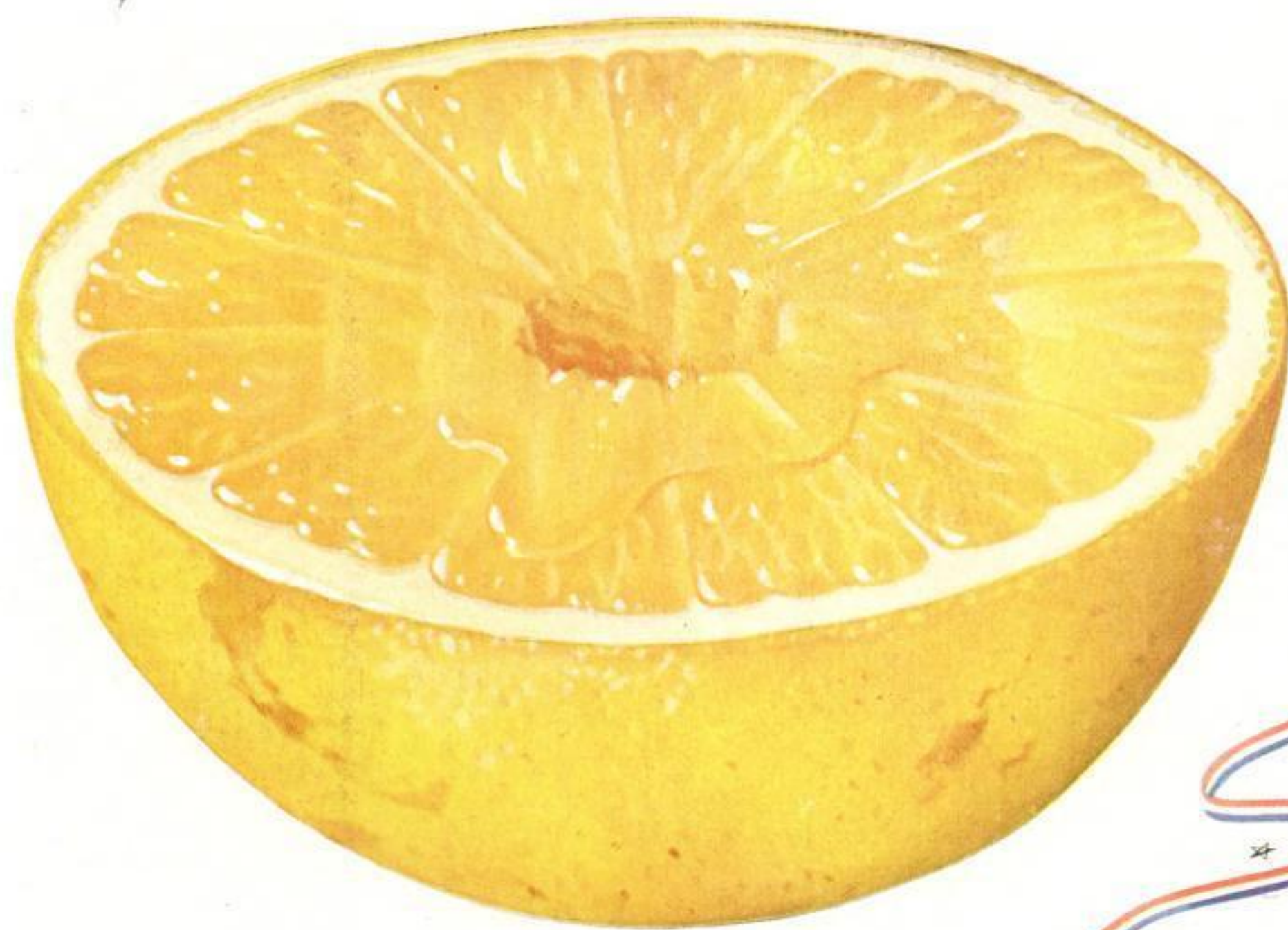


To speed the day when we can have more “better things” buy war bonds and stamps

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

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What's this? A Salt & Grapefruit Sale?



SALT is indispensable to human and animal life, and to the production, preservation and palatability of foods.

To help keep America strong, the makers of Morton's Salt urge you to follow carefully the U. S. Official Nutrition Food Rules in planning your daily meals.

Vitamin-rich Grapefruit—a "Victory Food Special"—is one of the fruits Uncle Sam advises you to eat. And it tastes even sweeter with Salt!

Right now, make sunny-ripe Grapefruit one of the "two fruits" government nutrition experts advise you to eat every day. Brimming with juice and packed with Vitamin C, they're delicious for breakfast or dessert. And this may surprise you. Salt makes Grapefruit taste sweeter!

That's why your grocer is featuring this combination sale of fresh or canned grapefruit and Morton's Salt—the famous quality brand in the handy round package. Today the *flavor* of the foods you serve is more important than ever. That's why it pays to insist on Morton's Salt.



PLAIN OR
IODIZED

When it rains it pours





JAP SABER AND FAN ARE PROUDLY DISPLAYED BY CHARLES WAGNER AND JAMES GREENE, BOTH OF MANITOWOC, WIS. BOOTY WAS TAKEN NEAR BUNA VILLAGE

BOOTY AT BUNA

IN THE JUNGLE AMERICANS SEIZE JAP TROPHIES

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY GEORGE STROCK

Last week LIFE presented 13 pages of pictures taken by LIFE Staff Photographer George Strock in New Guinea, showing the fall of Buna Village and Buna Mission, and the bitter fighting which ended Jap control of the Papuan Peninsula. On these pages are more pictures by Strock, but instead of showing actual combat, they reveal the way American soldiers lived during the campaign and what the booty they captured from the Japs looked like.

Many of these trophies eventually will find their way to the U. S. The Jap fan held by Jimmy Greene

(above), of Manitowoc, Wis. would make a fine present for a girl. The Jap swords, helmets, knives and parts of Jap planes and trucks will decorate many American walls and mantelpieces after the war. But immediately after the battle, the Americans were too tired to think about bringing their trophies home. Like the Japs, they had discovered that the jungle is no pleasant place in which to fight a war. For weeks their clothes had been wet because of the swamps and night rain. Their shoes were soaked, and because they were usually too tired, they seldom took them

off to dry them. At night they had slept in slit trenches with their helmets on. That was the only way to keep their heads both comfortable and safe. They had seldom shaved or washed their clothes. When they had taken baths, the water had stunk of dead Japs.

But in spite of sickness, discomforts and bitter opposition, they had won the first important American Army victory of the war. Last week another victory, the clean-up of Guadalcanal, was announced. The American doughboys in the South Pacific were ready to move on to new battlefields and to new booty.



JAP KNIFE is held by Al Robertson, Manitowoc, Wis. Sawlike blade is useful for hacking underbrush. Small auger (left) is used for building booby traps.



CAPTURED JAP ROLLER was used to roll down runway on the Japs' old air strip. About 2½ tons and probably Diesel-powered, its American approximation is the standard bulldozer.



JAP AMMUNITION CARRIER was probably used to lug 75-mm. shells to front lines. Japs carry smaller stuff by hand or in carts. For a similar purpose, Americans use jeeps with trailers.



CAPTURED JAP 75-MM. GUN was used as an AA gun and a field piece. These 75's are built in a naval arsenal and are used on ships, but they can be adapted for land use. They have telescopic sights, 360° traverse. They are ineffective above 12,000 ft.



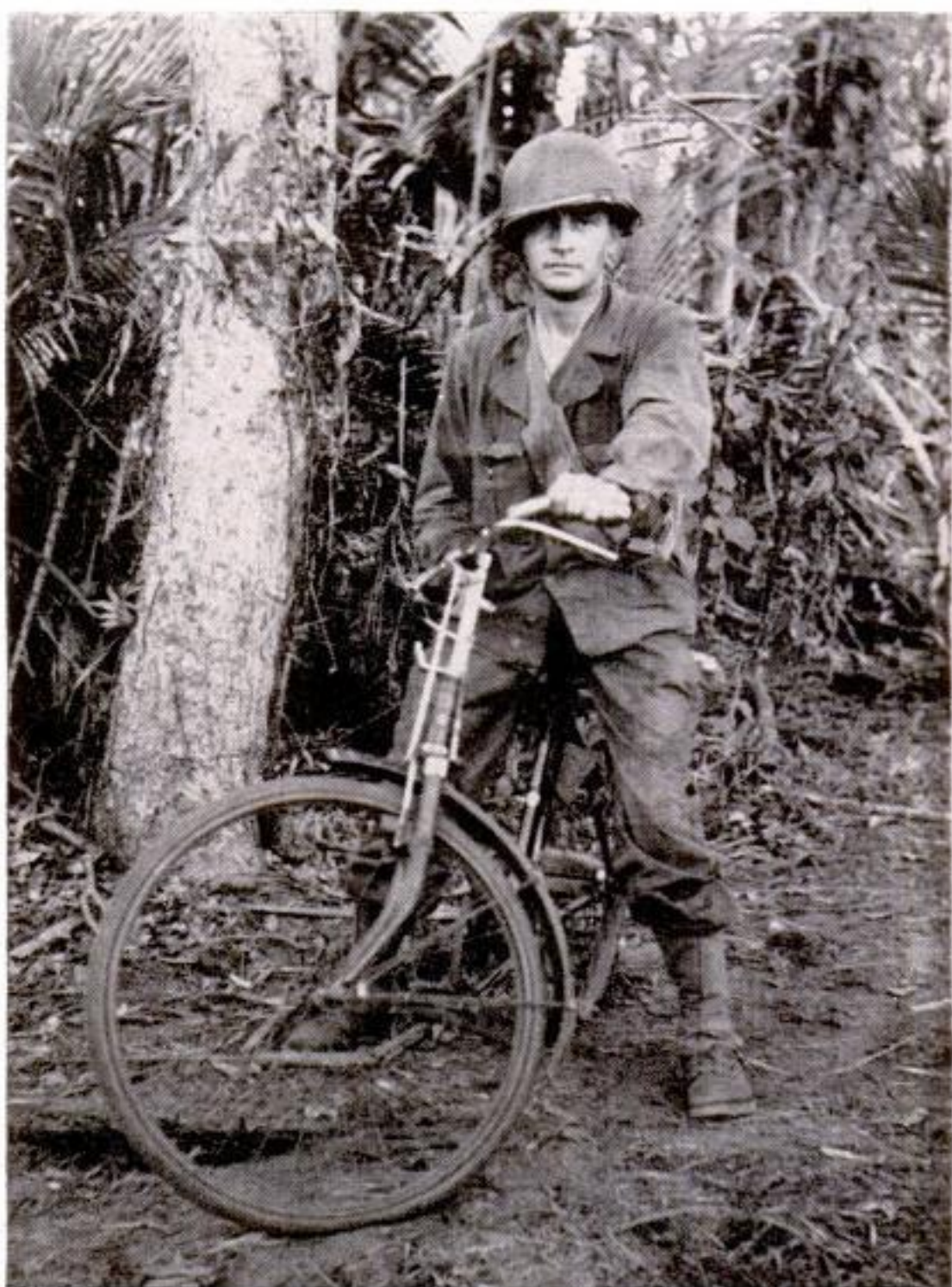
COMPLETELY SMASHED JAP TRUCK is found near the old landing strip at Buna. Apparently a shell landed right on top of it. It is probably an ordinary light truck modeled after an American Ford or a Chevrolet. What Japs lack in quality of equipment they try to make up in quantity.



JAP 6.5-MM. LIGHT MACHINE GUNS (.25 cal.) are displayed. The key weapons in Jap infantry attacks, they weigh 22 lb., fire 550 rounds a minute.



A **7.7-MM. GUN, CAL. .303**, held up by this American infantryman, looks like a gun captured by Japs from the British, possibly in Malaya. It may have been taken off a British plane.



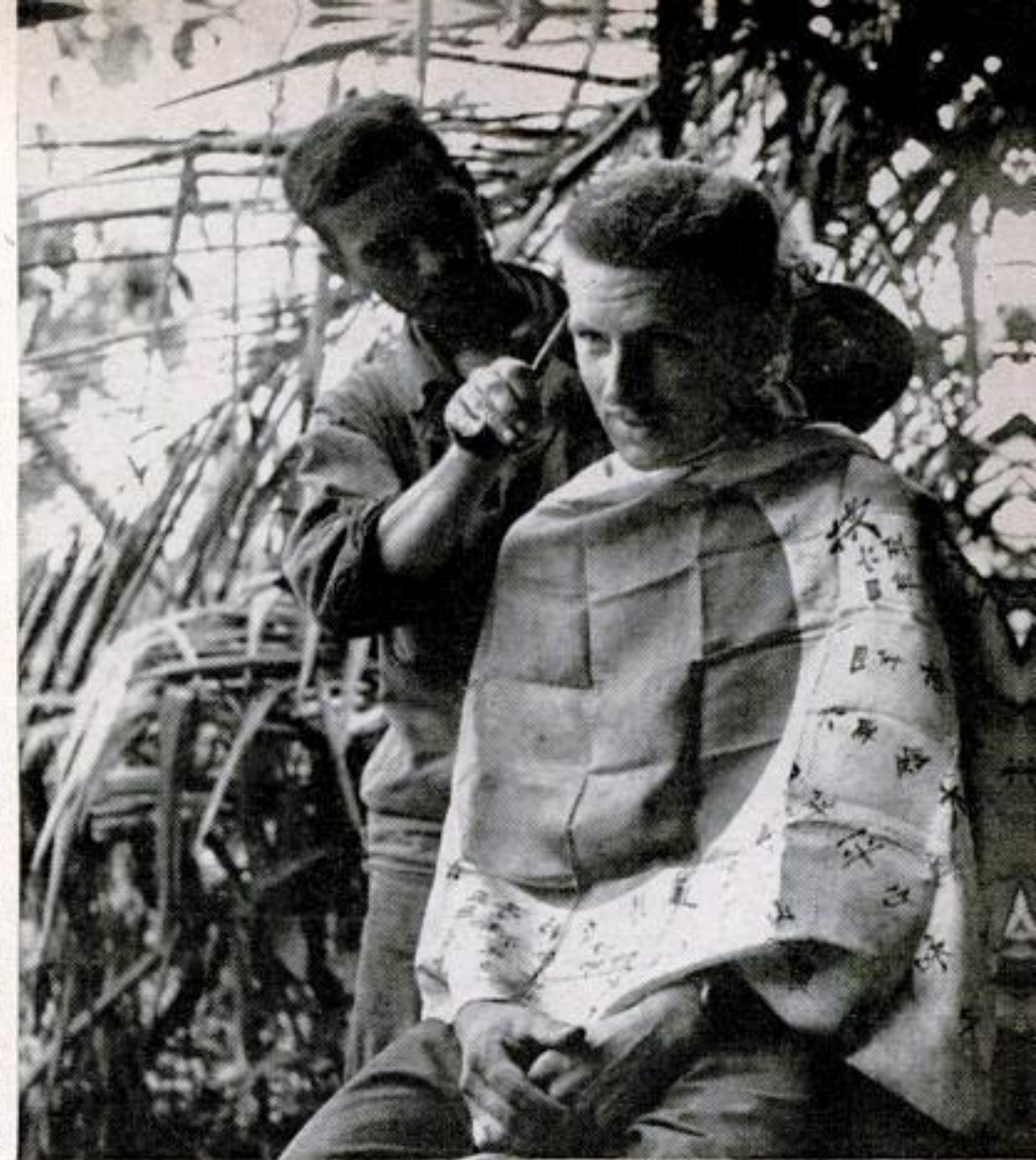
CAPTURED JAP BICYCLE cannot be ridden by Capt. Byron Bradford because Japs punctured tires. Free wheeling, it has no coaster brake. Eichelberger called such equipment "monkey stuff."



SMALL JAP CARRIAGE is used, after Americans have captured it, to haul rations to gun positions. The closest American approximation is the wheelbarrow. Jap soldiers get \$2.36 a month.



UNEXPLODED JAP 220-LB. BOMB was found in an open field. It is 53 in. tall, 9.4 in. in diameter, was probably carried by a light bomber. The largest-known Jap bomb weighs 2,200 lb.



JAP RISING SUN FLAG is used as wrapper by Lawrence LaBoda of Detroit while he cuts hair of Second Lieut. William Sikkel Jr. of Holland, Mich.



SMASHED JAP ZERO PLANE was captured on the old landing strip when the Americans seized it. It had been riddled with bullets and been rather badly camouflaged. Many captured Zeros were recent July 1942 models. Some of the Zeros in good condition may eventually be sent to the U. S.



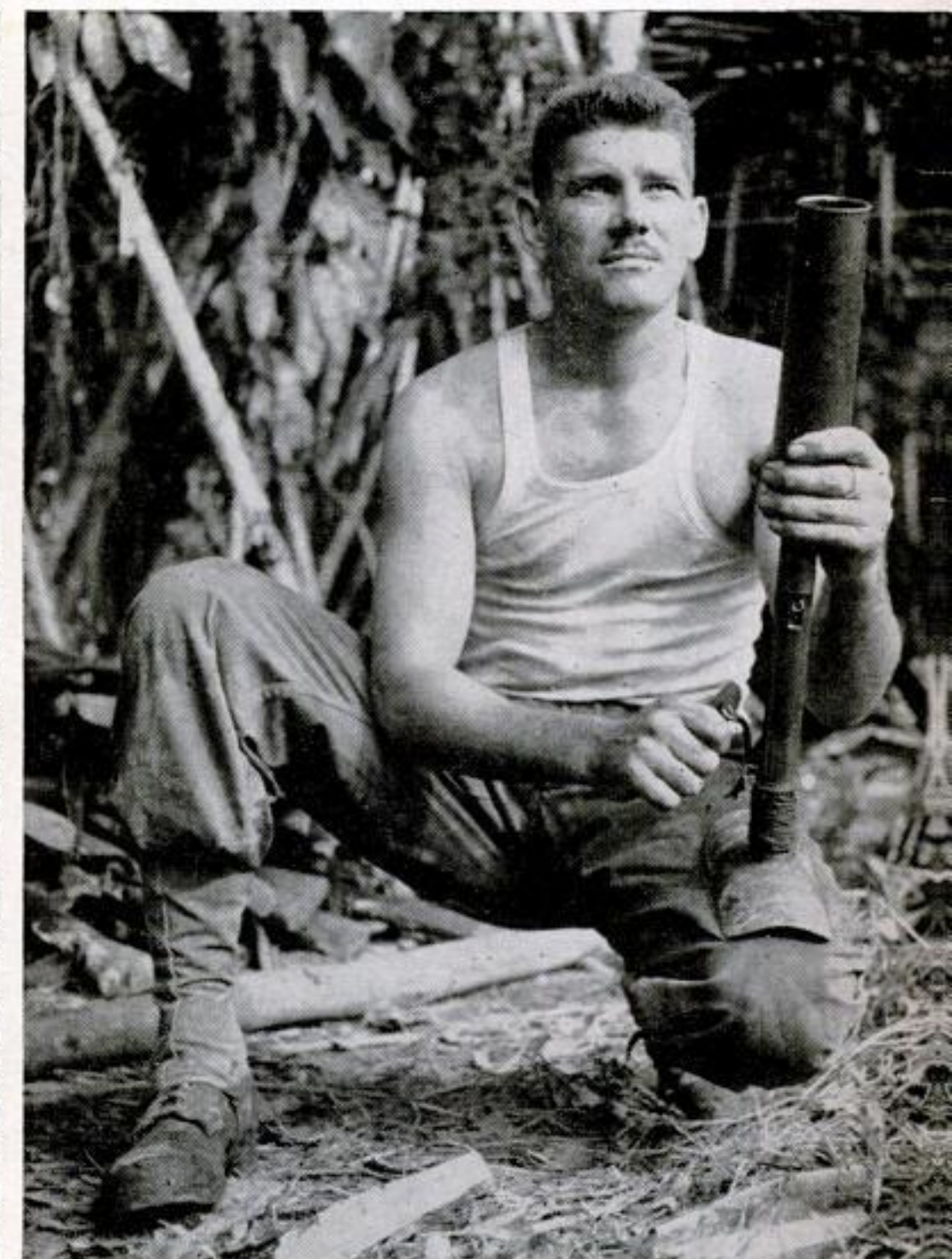
CAPTURED JAP TRUCK looks like a Chevrolet. Possibly it was made in U. S. or in Japan under license from General Motors. Possibly too it had been captured from British. Because of dependence on air transport, U. S. used no heavy trucks at Buna.



JAP HEAVY MACHINE GUN is aimed by American soldier. Weighing 140 lb. with tripod, air-cooled, it has a maximum rate of fire of 500 rounds per minute. A flash concealer is on muzzle.



BURNED JAP HOSPITAL tent is inspected by Lieut. Paul Schwartz. Dishes are still stacked together on ground. At Buna Japs always had good medical equipment with plenty of quinine.



JAP "KNEE MORTAR" is reputed to be fired from knee, but American who tried the trick broke his leg. It fires a 50-mm. grenade. Weight: 10¼ lb.



AN EXHAUSTED AMERICAN SOLDIER falls sound asleep on the beach, at the foot of a tree whose top has been

shot off by mortar fire. It is just after the fall of Buna Mission and the soldier is not awakened by Photographer Strock tak-

ing the picture. Said Strock: "This boy was typical of all. After the battle they just fell asleep wherever they flopped."



CASES OF CLIPS OF .30-CAL. BULLETS for M1 (Garand) rifles are sorted by an ordnance outfit at a command post near Buna front lines. Ordnance did its job well of supplying ammunition.



FROM JAP DISHES Corp. Gordon Oeff (*left*) and Pvt. John J. Pershing, a third cousin of the general, eat their Army C rations. Dishes were found near Buna Mission.

TROOPS ARE NATIONAL GUARD INFANTRY

The Americans at Buna village and Buna Mission were National Guard troops of the 41st (Sunset) and the 32nd (Iron Jaw or Red Arrow) divisions. They came from Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wisconsin and Michigan. Except for the supply troops and aviators, most of them were infantrymen. True to the tradition of infantrymen everywhere, it was they who did the hard work of pushing the enemy out of fortified positions, picking him off man by man with rifles, sometimes even

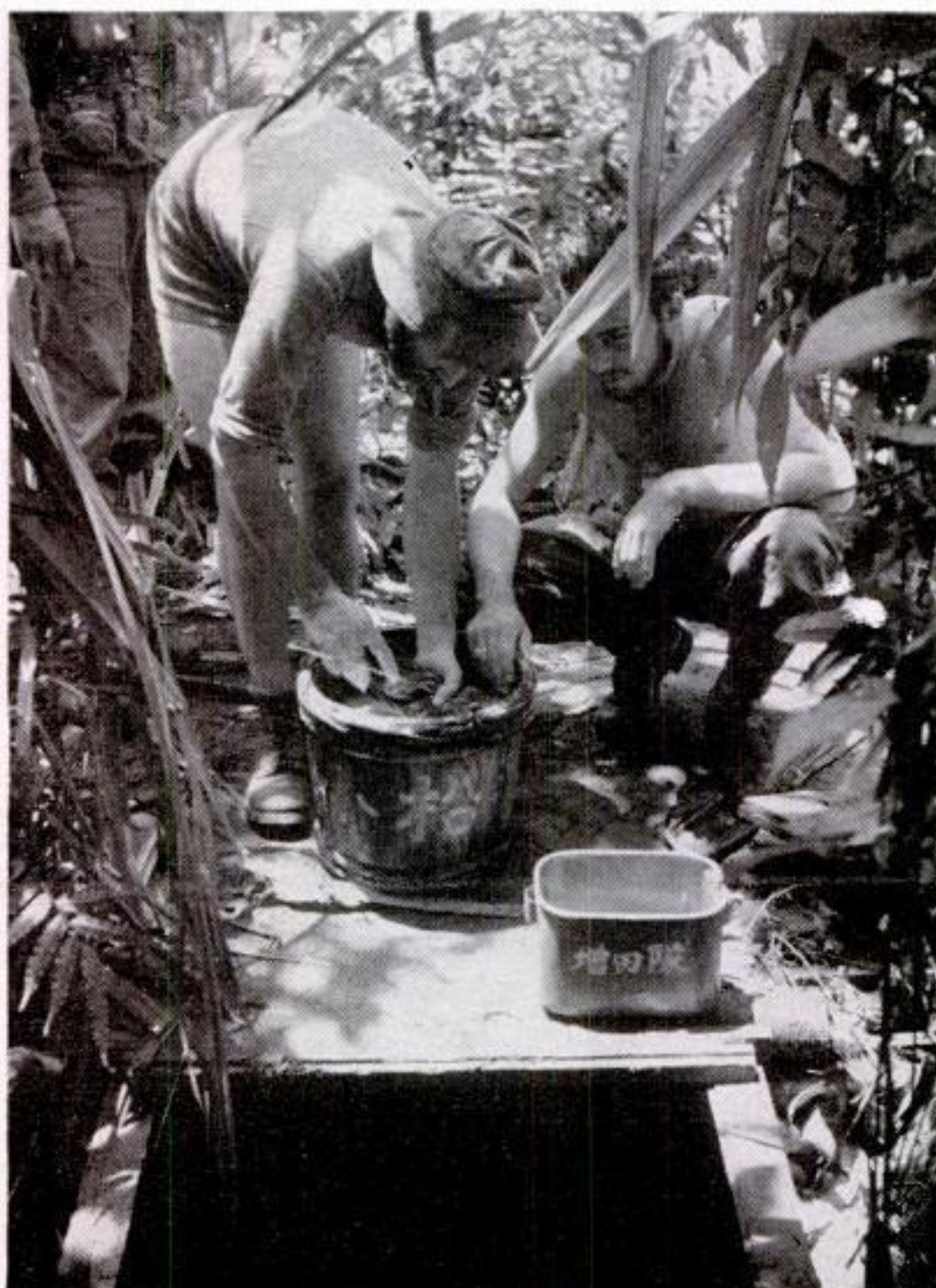
dueling with bayonets hand to hand. The battle for Buna was a tough, bitter campaign fought under jungle and weather conditions that might have discouraged any soldier but an infantryman. Trained to tough conditions, however, the infantrymen were able to stand the rain and the heat, the fevers and the foot sores, the bitter fighting and the Japs, and gain control of the entire peninsula.

To U. S. infantry officers and men, the Buna cam-

paign taught many an important lesson. Primarily it taught that jungle fighting differs radically from any other kind. Combat is at extremely close quarters; one American soldier is pitted against one enemy soldier. To fight well, the American must have been trained, not only to coordinate with the traditional infantry squad, but to act as an independent, self-sufficient fighter, experienced with grenade, rifle and bayonet, capable always of personally killing his enemy and saving himself.



PRECIOUS AMERICAN CIGARETTS are dried out by a soldier at a command post. Dampness turned them a dirty yellow.



CLOTHES ARE WASHED IN BUCKET by two soldiers in water taken from a Jap water hole at a captured position.



HOLES ARE CUT IN SHOES, placed above machine-gun bullets, to ease sores caused by chiggers.



NEW GUINEA NATIVES carry wounded soldier to a hospital. One at right wears an Australian helmet, while another

holds a palm leaf to shade wounded man's face from the sun. General MacArthur cites these Papuan carriers for bravery.

U. S. WOUNDED ARE TREATED

Just as important to the U. S. Army in the Buna campaign as knocking out the Japs was the problem of keeping American soldiers healthy. In the hot tropical climate of New Guinea, unfortunately, this was not completely possible. By vaccination and inoculation, the soldiers were free of typhoid and diphtheria. But malarial mosquitoes abounded, and in the unprotected slit trenches the men were easy victims. To combat the disease, all Americans took quinine, but some of them, despite the quinine, came down with malaria.

Other drugs that every soldier took were sulfaguanadine (for dysentery), polyvitamin, salt tablets, sulfathiazole and sulfanilamide powder. The occasion for the use of the last two drugs is shown in the picture below and in the one at the right. Whenever a soldier was wounded, he took sulfathiazole tablets internally and dumped sulfanilamide powder into the wound. In addition, if necessary, plasma was administered. As at Pearl Harbor a year ago and more recently at Oran, in Africa, the results of this treatment were amazing. Infections were reduced to a minimum, and Army surgeons were given more time to remove casualties from the front lines before operating. This was because the sulfa drug controlled infection so effectively. Unlike World War I when a majority of all perforating abdominal wounds proved fatal, almost all abdominal cases in the Buna campaign which survived shock recovered.



WOUNDED IN LEG, Johnny Hildebrant of Iona, Mich. is treated by company aid men. They are giving him sulfa-

thiazole to swallow, meanwhile dusting wound with sulfanilamide powder. He was wounded at Bottcher's Corner, end of

long corridor driven by Captain Herman Bottcher and his men between the Japs in Buna Village and Buna Mission.



BEHIND A TREE, under the dense jungle growth, Hildebrant is moved for safety as the fighting at Botcher's Corner

grows more intense and bullets whistle around the men's ears. Behind and under trees Hildebrant will lie in compar-

ative safety until he can be removed to rear and to a hospital. Hildebrant has now probably recovered from this wound.

CLOSE-UP



BATTLING BILL JEFFERS

HIS WASHINGTON FOES DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY THEY ARE THAT HE HAS GIVEN UP FIGHTING WITH HIS FISTS

by RAY MACKLAND

It is physiologically impossible for William M. Jeffers to hide his state of mind. When he is feeling happy his big Irish face is the color of good pink ham. But when he is angry it glows an alarming cherry red.

By this unfailing barometer the Jeffers choler rose steadily during the month of January. He was fighting the Battle of Materials and his foes were mighty. For a while the smart boys in Washington were betting that he would not last out the month as Rubber Director. But last week, as the smoke of battle cleared away, Bill Jeffers was still on his feet, breathing hard but running the rubber program.

Jeffers did not exactly win the fight. In fact it looked on the surface as if he lost it. By order of the Director of Economic Stabilization, James F. Byrnes, he got exactly 43.6% of the materials he needed to carry out the Baruch rubber program. But at least he got a clear priority for 43.6% and that was more than the smart boys thought he would get.

The trouble goes back to the Baruch report of last September. In that revered document, the Baruch Committee said: "Of all critical and strategic materials, rubber is the one which presents the greatest threat to the safety of our nation and the success of the Allied cause. Production of steel, copper, aluminum, alloys or aviation gasoline may be inadequate to prosecute the war as effectively as we could wish, but at the worst we still are assured of sufficient supplies to operate our armed forces on a very powerful scale. But if we fail to secure quickly a large new rubber supply, our war effort and our domestic economy both will collapse. Thus the rubber situation gives rise to our most critical problem."

That quotation is blown up, big, in Bill Jeffers' office. It is the most prominent decoration in the room and it serves notice on all comers that the Rubber Director proposes to follow the Baruch Report as he has always followed the Union Pacific Book of Rules—to the letter and the comma. If that statement is not true, then someone made

a serious mistake in showing it to Jeffers, for he took it as gospel.

To produce 1,037,000 tons of synthetic called for in the report, Jeffers had to have factories and to build the factories he had to have all kinds of steel parts. That was where he ran head-on into the Army and Navy. The same parts are needed by the Navy for escort vessels; by the Army for plants to make high-octane aviation gasoline. It so happens that these are two of the most critical needs in the war program. Is rubber more critical? The Army and Navy said no.

By the first of the year Jeffers was facing an array of the toughest administrators in Washington: Harold Ickes, the petroleum coordinator; Ferdinand Eberstadt, the iron hand in the velvet glove of Donald Nelson's WPB; and the two determined undersecretaries, Jim Forrestal of Navy and Bob Patterson of the War Department. By pre-Jeffers standards, they come no tougher in Washington and they were out to get some of the Rubber Director's priorities away from him.

Jeffers saw what was coming and exploded all over the front pages. If it weren't for Army and Navy expeditors (defined as "loafers"), said Jeffers, all programs could proceed on schedule. By busting the fight wide open, Jeffers not only violated Washington protocol for fights but specifically flouted the President's button-your-lip edict to Government administrators. Amid bitter remarks about "brakeman tactics," the fight went to the White House, where Jimmy Byrnes smoothly settled it. Jeffers got barely enough materials to produce rubber for essential needs. Nevertheless the outcome looked fair enough, despite the dressing down later given him by a House subcommittee.

"I don't get mad—just positive"

What surprised Washington about the rubber fight was Jeffers' high standing with the public. As Rubber Director he has had to do all manner of painful and unpopular things. It was he who ordered nationwide gas rationing over the violent opposition of oil-producing States. It was he who

reached out for the second spare tire on the nation's automobiles and who had motorists crawling on their hands and knees trying to read the serial numbers on their remaining tires.

But Jeffers has two qualities which the public finds refreshing in Washington bureaucrats. One is complete honesty with the public. "You can't push the American people around," he says, "but if you tell them the facts they will do what's right." The other quality is a driving, bull-like determination to do the job. "I don't get mad," he explains. "I just get positive and direct. That's what they don't understand about me around here. I'm an ordinary fellow who wants to get a job done and if, in the process of doing so, I get in the way of anything, it's too bad."

People who have gotten in Jeffers's way can sympathize with Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, who tangled with him at a hearing last October. After listening to Jeffers snort defiance at the Senators, Cotton Ed threw up his hands and cried: "Good God, gentlemen, what in heaven's name are we coming to? It looks like he's going to run the program just as he pleases. If this keeps on, Congress and the Senate might as well shut up shop and go home. Where did this man come from?"

Bill Jeffers comes, specifically, from Omaha, Neb., but his real home stretches across 13 States, along the 10,000-odd miles of the Union Pacific Railroad. Fifty-three years ago, at the age of 14, Jeffers started working on that railroad, and he has been president since 1937. Any one of the U. P.'s 56,000 employes and a good many non-employes as well could have told Cotton Ed that he was lucky to get out of the committee hearing that day without a poke in the nose from Jeffers. In his younger days, the rubber boss certainly would have done violence to anyone—Senator or otherwise—who dared to ask such impertinent questions. Even now it would not be safe to trust age and the dignity of high office to restrain Bill Jeffers if he gets angry. He is a big man, 225 lb. and almost six feet, who has been around loco-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



At 5 he displayed the aggressive spirit that took him to the top of the Union Pacific.



His boyhood home in North Platte was used-car mart until 1939, when he presented it to the city

as a museum to house U. P. relics. He paid the expenses of renovating and moving it to a park.



At 22, as a chief dispatcher for U. P., he dressed neatly, stayed out of poolrooms.



The Jeffers family sat for this portrait in 1891. Father and Mother Jeffers had nine children, three of whom are now dead, divided by age into two groups. Bill (rear, left) is the

youngest of the "top five." An age gap of seven years separates him from the eldest of the younger group. They lived in the Dutch-Irish section of North Platte, Neb., known local-

ly as "Brooklyn." Father Jeffers advised his children: "Live every day so you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell." In an accident he lost one of his own eyes.

JEFFERS (continued)

motives so long that he vaguely resembles one. Trained in the tough school of one of the toughest U. S. industries, Jeffers has settled scores of arguments with his fists. "All right, forget my title for a while," he would roar, rolling up his sleeves. "Let's step out of the office and we'll settle this thing now."

Back in 1909, when he had just become superintendent of the U. P.'s Mountain Division, where oldtime railroaders liked to make their own rules, he once asked a conductor in the station at Rawlins, Wyo. where he was going.

"You may not believe it," the conductor answered, with more insolence than Jeffers will take, "but I'm going to leave here on a train."

"That's what you think," the new superintendent said, swinging with his right. The conductor was still out cold on the station floor when Jeffers' train left for Green River.

Years later, when he had become a big executive, Jeffers paid similar attention to a Chicago hotel manager. Mrs. Jeffers had stopped at his establishment and had invited her nephew—a young priest—to visit her. Immediately a house detective came banging on her door to protest the presence of a man in the room. Jeffers severed relations with the hotel, which continued to write letters of apology. One day Jeffers appeared in the lobby and asked to see the manager. An assistant manager, thinking that all had been forgiven, bowed him into the manager's office. Jeffers walked over to him, punched him in the nose, then turned around and walked out.

Such is the man whom President Roosevelt appointed to lick the rubber problem. The Baruch report called for a rubber administrator who was "a thoroughly competent operating and manufacturing executive, preferably with experience in the rubber industry." Jeffers falls down on this last qualification, but he is conspicuously "a man of unusual capacity and power" and he has proved abundantly his ability to "bull through" any job handed him. "Anyone who knows Mr. Jeffers knows that he is an exceedingly competent executive and administrator who can do any kind of a tough job." Donald Nelson said, when Jeffers was appointed. "This job is one of the toughest."

His love is the Union Pacific

Nelson—the only man besides the President who can give Jeffers an order—had good reason for making this statement. Until he resigned the post when he became head of WPB, he was a director of the Union Pacific, just as Averell Harriman, Lend-Lease Coordinator in London is chairman of U. P.'s board. Both men had a ringside view of Jeffers in action during the depression. Though Jeffers did not become president of the U. P. until 1937 he had been running the road since 1932. Railroads were harder hit than almost any other industry, and many went into receivership. But the Union Pacific stayed on a paying basis and maintained its \$6 dividend rate. The reason was Jeffers, who boasts that

with him the railroad always comes first. Because he feels that way he was willing to make the decision to fire, demote and cut temporarily the pay of thousands of U. P. workers. No one, including Jeffers, liked it, but for the success of the railroad it was necessary.

The tawny roadbed of the U. P., stretching from the midland plains to the California coast, is Jeffers' love. He has walked every mile of its main line and many of the branch lines to boot. He knows every depot, water tower, underpass, coal chute and bridge on the system. Once he fired his own brother because he was not doing a good job for the U. P. and the two have been estranged ever since. Jeffers does not regret that action. "The Union Pacific," he says, "is greater than people or anything else."

Today the Union Pacific is one of the few billion-dollar corporations in the U. S. Last year its gross revenue totaled more than \$350,000,000. It has 56,000 employees, 1,506 locomotives, 1,169 passenger cars, 54,228 freight cars, all operating with maximum efficiency and minimum waste. In one three-year period, the U. P. ran 9,000 fruit trains between Ogden, Utah, and Council Bluffs, Iowa, and not one was behind schedule. As far as Jeffers is concerned, this isn't extraordinary—it's the way the U. P. should function all the time. He boasts, with reason, that he can fill any job from tracklayer to president on the railroad, and he has an intolerably sharp eye for detail. While riding past an obscure mountain station, he spotted a freshly painted elevation

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Seasoned veterans suffer from the same trouble, soldier. All service men need the special help that Chap Stick brings to roughened chapped lips.

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Pilots, exposed to wind and sun, know the discomfort of chapped lips.



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Desert wind and blazing sun soon parch unprotected lips.



FLEET'S
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ON DUTY WITH U. S. FORCES FROM ALASKA (40° BELOW) TO AFRICA (140° ABOVE)

JEFFERS (continued)

marker that read "8,014 ft." "Have that sign changed," he told his secretary. "It should be 8,013 ft." Another time, he was traveling on a crack U. P. passenger train when the engineer stopped a little too abruptly. Jeffers looked up, scowling, and dictated an order to have the engineer removed from passenger service and sent back for more training. In due time Jeffers saw to it that the engineer was restored to his job.

He prides himself on quick action. Once he was prowling through a women's car on the U. P.'s popular-priced streamlined *Challenger*, and asked a lady passenger how she liked the service. She said she liked it fine but objected to the cuspidors in the smoking compartment. "We smoke," she explained, "but we don't spit." This was at Cheyenne, Wyo. Jeffers wired ahead to the division superintendent at Ogden, Utah. During the night the cuspidors were replaced by standing ashtrays.

Abraham Lincoln first planned the Union Pacific during the Civil War as an instrument of national defense. In 1868, a year before the celebrated golden spike was pounded into a laurel wood tie at Promontory, Utah, to mark the joining of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific in the first transcontinental railway, an illiterate Irishman, William Jeffers, emigrated direct from County Mayo to North Platte, Neb., and took a tracklayer's job on the railroad. His peak earnings were \$55 a month.

Bill Jeffers was one of nine children. The family had enough to eat but not much more, and his sisters were the first girls to clerk in the stores of North Platte. Bill was a sturdy, freckled youngster who, when the town boys came to court his sisters, would entertain them by standing in the middle of the floor and singing *Billy With His Stunning Pair of Legs*.

"I can't remember when I was a boy"

That period was very brief. "I can't remember when I was a boy," Jeffers sometimes says. "It seems I've always been a man, a working-man." He quit school after a fist fight with his teacher—"it was a draw," he boasts—and at 14 went to work as janitor and callboy on the U. P. As callboy his job was to round up crews whose names were posted for runs. Often that meant going into the saloons and bawdyhouses of North Platte. Older men liked this kid who took all the work they could give him and asked for more. They taught him telegraphy and at 16 he was working as night operator in tiny way stations.

It was a telegrapher's duty to report every train that passed, and a boy of 16 had trouble staying awake all night. As insurance he invented an automatic waker. He suspended a coal scuttle over his head, with a string leading through the station window to the rails. When a train went by, it cut the string and the coal scuttle banged Jeffers on the head. The system worked fine except for one occasion when a locomotive stopped short of the string and the district superintendent found him asleep.

Steadily Jeffers climbed the U. P. ladder—from clerk to time-keeper to spare foreman. By the time he was 19 he was a train dispatcher, and had started courting Lena Schatz, the daughter of a Union Pacific blacksmith and sister-in-law of the sheriff of North Platte. Lena, who had gone to an academy at Salt Lake City, was a rural schoolteacher and dressed unusually well for North Platte. When he wanted to visit Lena he could flag down a train for a ride into North Platte. That was a more casual era of railroading when handcars were commonly used for hunting along the right of way or taking girls on dates to nearby towns. In June 1898 the pair were married at 7:30 a.m., so that they could leave for their honeymoon on the 8:00 a.m. Portland express. This train had a great reputation of always being on time, but on Jeffers' wedding day it was three hours late.

The honeymoon was Jeffers' only time off during his first 40 years on the Union Pacific. He has relaxed a bit since then, and actually took two brief vacations in the last twelve years. The railroad is the sum total of Jeffers' interests, and any other pursuit seems dull by comparison. He can't understand a man who would rather loaf or play golf than work. Jeffers himself used to enjoy golf, but gave up the game when he decided that it was taking time that might be spent working. He likes to say that he has worked more than a hundred years for the Union Pacific. On the basis of an eight-hour day this is literally true, because Jeffers habitually works 12 to 16 hours, Sundays and holidays included. When he became president of the U. P. six years ago, a second elevator was put into service on Sundays in the Omaha office building. No one forces the other

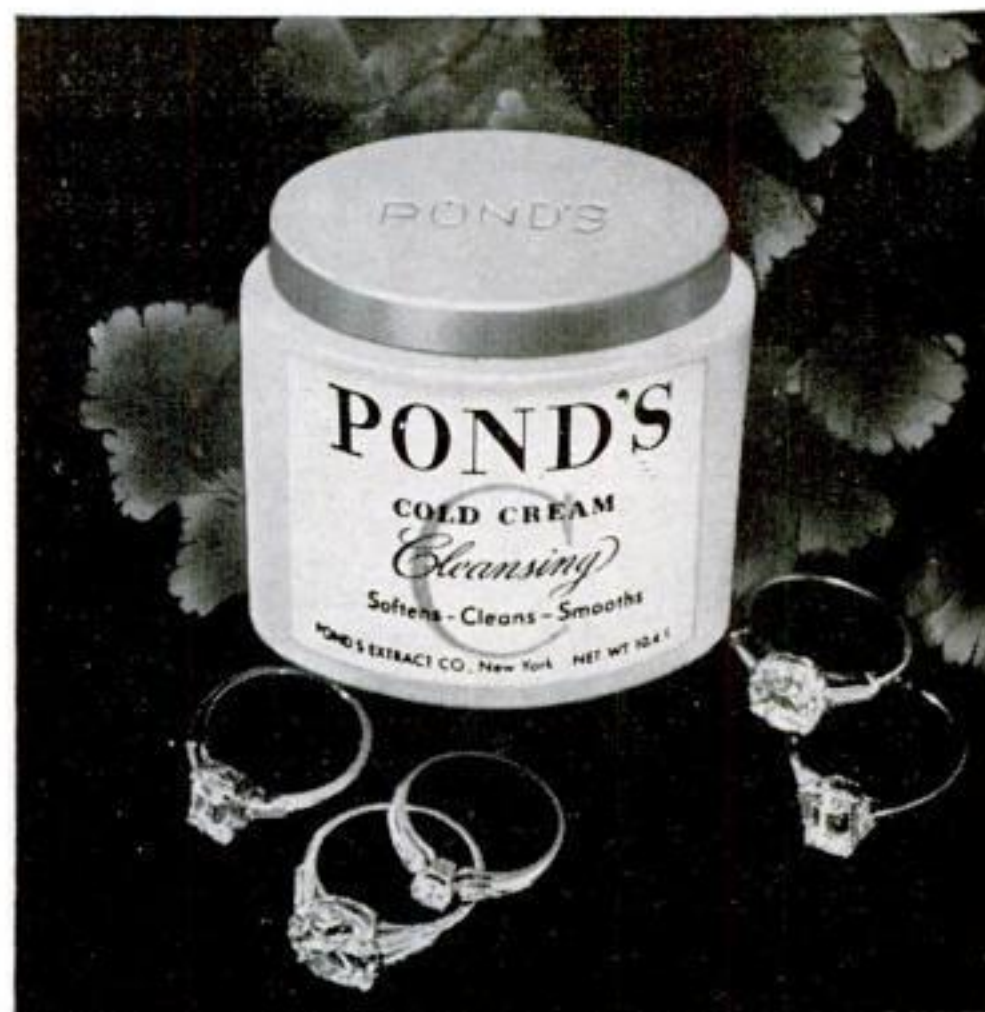
CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart blue eyes, serenely parted hair, and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American Girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!



LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant, where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and blue safety snood especially designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says, "and feel really smart-looking in it." The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.



"MY SKIN needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my favorite cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



BARBARA'S RING—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

BARBARA SHEETS, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war production job to do. There are 4,000 girls at my plant. I've been there a year and I've

recruited most of my friends to sign up for jobs."

Even though these girls work hard for long hours—they find time to keep themselves pretty. As Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. It's lovely how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and

gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This *every* night without fail—and "for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely *soft-smooth* cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

**FOR
ENGAGED
HANDS**



... the lovely new POND'S LOTION (Danya)
Pearl-glowing creaminess blended to:
soften hands in one application
give busy hands a whiter, sweeter look
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**"That new man
certainly
'catches on'
quickly!"**



EMPLOYERS are quick to notice when a new employee "knows his business"—when he is obviously a *trained* man, who understands what makes the wheels go round!

Such men get off to a good start—and are most likely to really "go places." (That's true, too, if they enter the Armed Forces—where trained men get higher rating, higher pay, and more interesting assignments!)

Would YOU like to become a trained man—in a few months time, at the cost of a few dollars a month? Then mail this coupon, and learn how an International Correspondence Schools Course in your line of work, studied at home in your spare time, can be the basis of a successful career!

The worth of I. C. S. training is proved by 51 years of service to nearly five million ambitious men—thousands of whom are today top-flight leaders in business and industry! For complete information, mail this coupon *today!*



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Explain fully about your course marked X:

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JEFFERS (continued)

executives to spend Sundays in the office, but they feel it is better to be there when Jeffers is in town. By and large, they don't object to this regime. Instead, they take pride in trying to keep pace with "the boss." One of them once remarked that he demands 101% of his employees, but gives 125% of himself. Aware that he sometimes is called a slave driver, Jeffers says, "I've never asked any man to do anything I wouldn't do myself."

Jeffers is a familiar figure to the rank and file of the U. P. He knows thousands of his workers by their first names, and he is "Bill" to the oldtimers. But few employees would talk back to him like the stripling callboy whom he bumped into at Green River, Wyo.

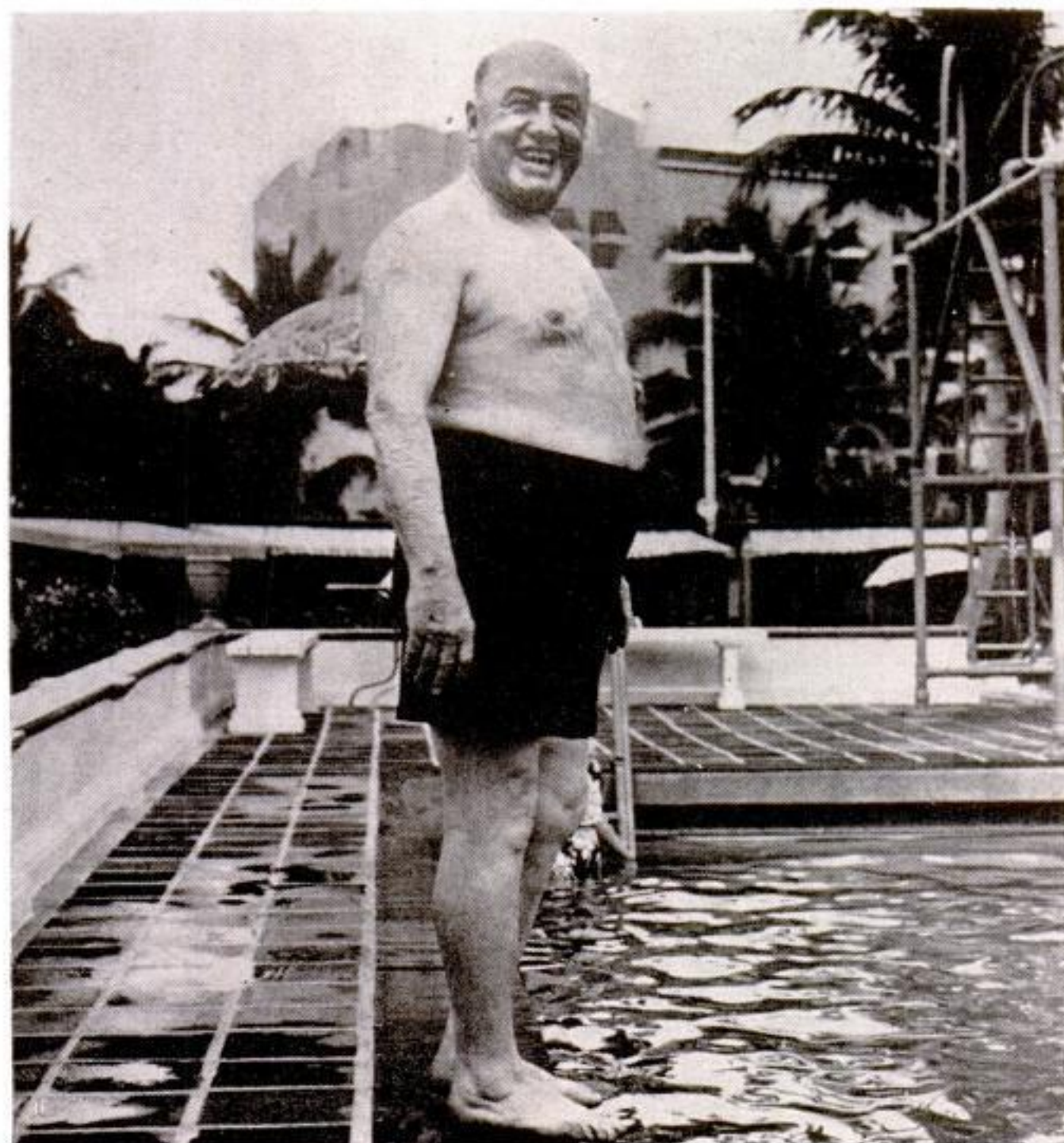
"Why don't you watch where you're going?" the U. P. president growled.

"Why don't you whistle for the curves?" the U. P. callboy retorted.

Fear and respect are blended about equally in the U. P.'s attitude toward "the boss." Train crews say that anyone who "does business" doesn't have to worry. "The boss" will overlook one honest mistake, but not a second. A man on the Union Pacific does his job as Jeffers wants it done, or gets out. On the other hand, Jeffers never has had any labor trouble. Although the company deals with 20 brotherhoods and unions, there has been no strike instigated by Union Pacific employees since 1903, and the company never has appealed a labor dispute to an adjustment board. Jeffers himself still holds a card in the telegraphers' union, and is described by labor men as a hard bargainer, but a good man to do business with.

Jeffers makes no secret of his pride in his own career and his reputation as the world's greatest railroad manager. In their Omaha home his daughter keeps voluminous scrapbooks which tell of his rise in the world. One of these books has the revealing title, *Top Rung*. At a super-dinner held when he became U. P. president, Jeffers expanded as follows: "This culmination of the long road from callboy to presidency appears to me tonight first and foremost as a callboy's dream. That callboy's dream, like dreams of other boys in this country who have risen to high estate, came true fundamentally because the boy who had the dream lived in a land of opportunity. The avenue is still open for the boy who wants to rise and who has the ambition, the determination and the industry to rise."

Though he has honorary law degrees from five colleges, Jeffers is strongly conscious of his humble origins and lack of education. In philosophical mood, it pleases him to remark that a college education isn't necessary, and that some of the most outstanding men in the world have little formal education. His intellectual interests are limited. He reads the newspapers, detective stories, and books about the West, but disdains any literature that he can't easily understand. Once a librarian asked him what books he had read when he



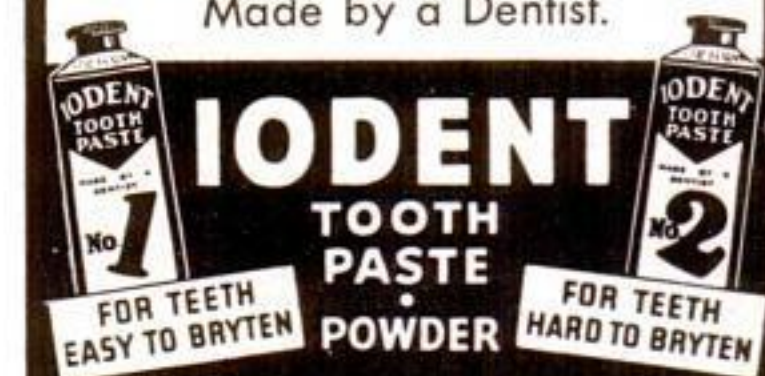
On a Florida vacation in 1939, Jeffers goes for a swim. He does not believe in vacations, however, and during his entire 52 years on the Union Pacific has had only two.



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Tasty... low cost... healthfully balanced... Miller's RATION is the perfect meal-type war time food—rich in dehydrated meat meal, cereals, vitamins. Try it today. Miller's Dog Foods, 233 State St., Battle Creek, Michigan.



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YEARS**
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ASK FOR "Miller's RATION"

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IS

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When your stomach talks back because you've overloaded it...or hastily gulped your food...don't add to its burdens with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

Take soothing Pepto-Bismol! This pleasant-tasting preparation spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls... helps quiet and calm common digestive upsets. At all drug stores. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

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The SPOT REMOVER that cleans clothing, fabrics, home and auto upholstery. 10c and 25c at all 5c and 10c, dept. and drug stores. Or send 25c for large 5-oz. package. Safeway Chemical Co., 6912 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, O.



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MEDICATED FOR

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Got a cold? Every swallow seem to scratch your throat till it's rough and raw? Get a box of Luden's. Let Luden's special ingredients with cooling menthol help bring you quick relief from itchy, touchy, "sandpaper throat!"



was a small boy. "Then and now, the *Union Pacific Book of Rules*," Jeffers replied.

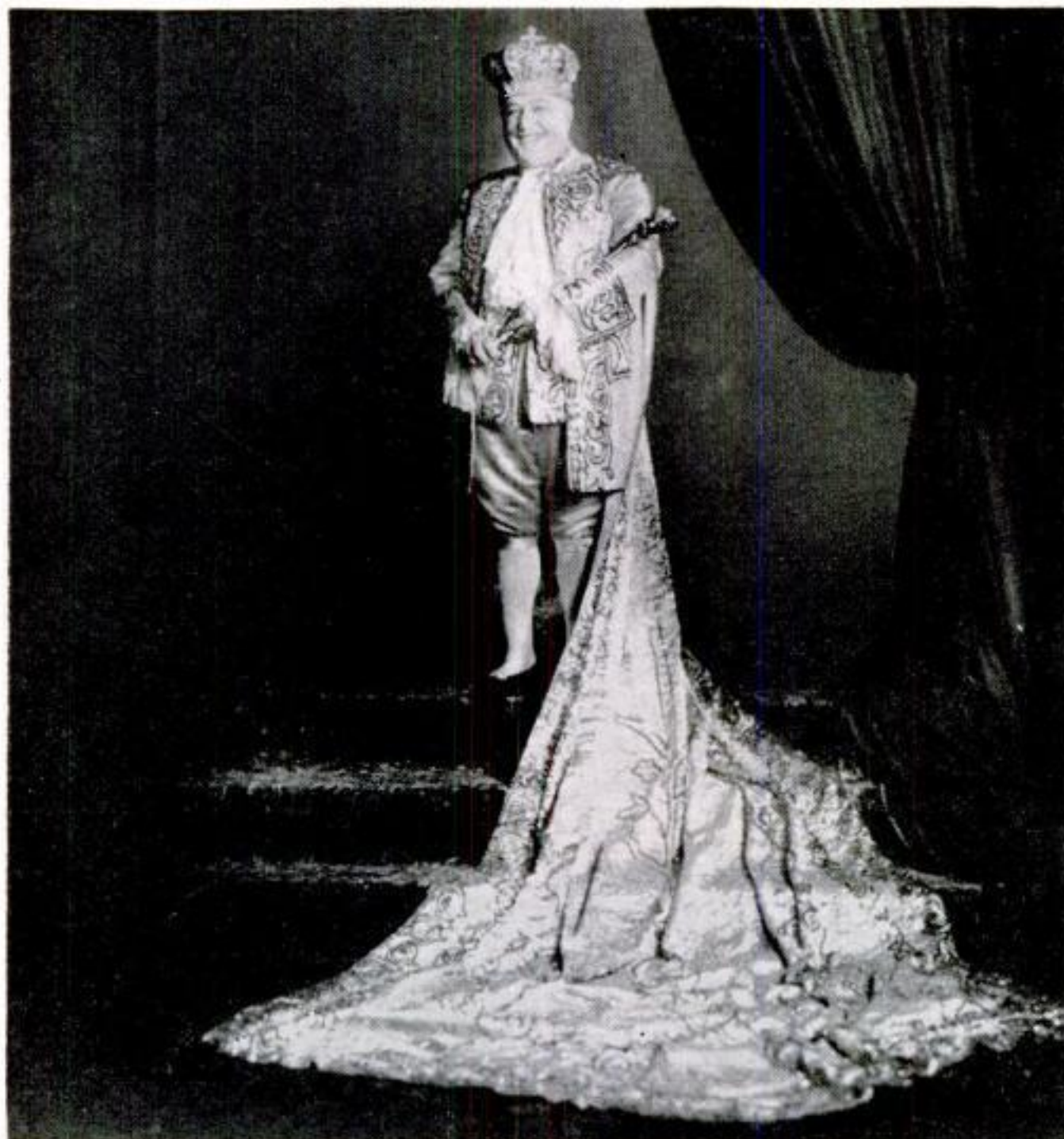
His closest friend—a Chicagoan named Joe Buker who always called him "Mr. Jeffers"—died two years ago, and since then his only intimate has been his assistant, John Gale, known along the U. P. as "Friday" or "Iron Hat," because of a fondness for bowlers.

On the rare occasions when Jeffers takes a hand in social functions, he likes to have them run the way he runs the Union Pacific or the rubber program. The 1937 dinner celebrating his promotion to president was planned to the finest detail. "You can't slip up on something like this," Jeffers explained. "It can be the biggest thing of its kind put on in the country. And not for me, remember. Presidents come and go, but the railroad goes on forever." There were 2,400 dinner guests from all the U. P. states, plus 4,000 non-dining spectators. Seating arrangements were planned by railroad engineers and special tables built for their blueprints. Every cup, plate and piece of silver was lined up with strings. Conductors and brakemen in freshly pressed uniforms served as ushers. Diners at the speakers' table were led out in platoons by blue-uniformed stewardesses from the U. P.'s famous low-price, high-speed, streamlined trains. A bugle blew mess call and 400 waiters, marching in military formation, served everyone in 18 minutes flat.

He gets crowned in silk pants

Even bigger than the dinner was the coronation of Jeffers at the 1940 festival of Ak-Sar-Ben (Nebraska spelled backward). Each year this honor is bestowed on a leading citizen for his services to the city and State (and incidentally his ability to finance the accompanying festivities). In Omaha, a city still young enough to ladle out its social gravy to first-generation tycoons, Jeffers made a memorable king. Dragging a 35-lb. train, wearing black silk panties and looking a bit like Ole King Cole, he was crowned King Ak-Sar-Ben XLVI of the mythical Kingdom of Quivera. The setting was described by the ecstatic Omaha *World-Herald* as "a composition of ivory, aquamarine and lotus pink, with moon and stars, fluted columns and glistening portals, silver curtains and green smilax. He was the first king who ever patted his queen (Gwendolyn Sachs) on the cheek while crowning her, and within ten minutes had his own crown tilted rakishly on the side of his head. Theoretically, the identity of the Omaha royalty is secret, but Jeffers took no chances on that. He brought railroad men by special train from all over the country and invited Steve Hannagan, the master press agent, from New York. A battery of motion-picture cameramen and photographers frantically recorded the great event for posterity. Afterward, Jeffers gave a party. The style and scope of Jeffers' hospitality were so lavish that Ak-Sar-Ben decided to prohibit private parties in the future, lest new kings go bankrupt.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



His social triumph was his coronation in 1940 as King Ak-Sar-Ben in Omaha. Although Ak-Sar-Ben kings were not used to smiling in pictures, Jeffers set a precedent.

HISTORY ... in the making



WHY did Napoleon keep one hand tucked in his vest? Just recently the mystery was solved—in the diary of Napoleon's valet, Pierre.

The Emperor [Pierre writes] showed me a Venus-Velvet Pencil his Josephine had given him. "Ah, Sire," I said, "is it not colossal?" "No—Colloidal," he answered. "Colloidal Lead



stays saber-sharp and writes velvet-smooth. And it won't splinter—it's 'Pressure-Proofed'."

Napoleon constantly worried [Pierre continues] that the pencil might be stolen. So that's why his hand was always inside his vest—the Venus-Velvet was hidden there!

OFFICE MANAGERS, PURCHASING AGENTS: We will be glad to send you a free sample of Venus-Velvet. Write American Pencil Company, Dept. 117, Hoboken, N. J.—on your letterhead, please.



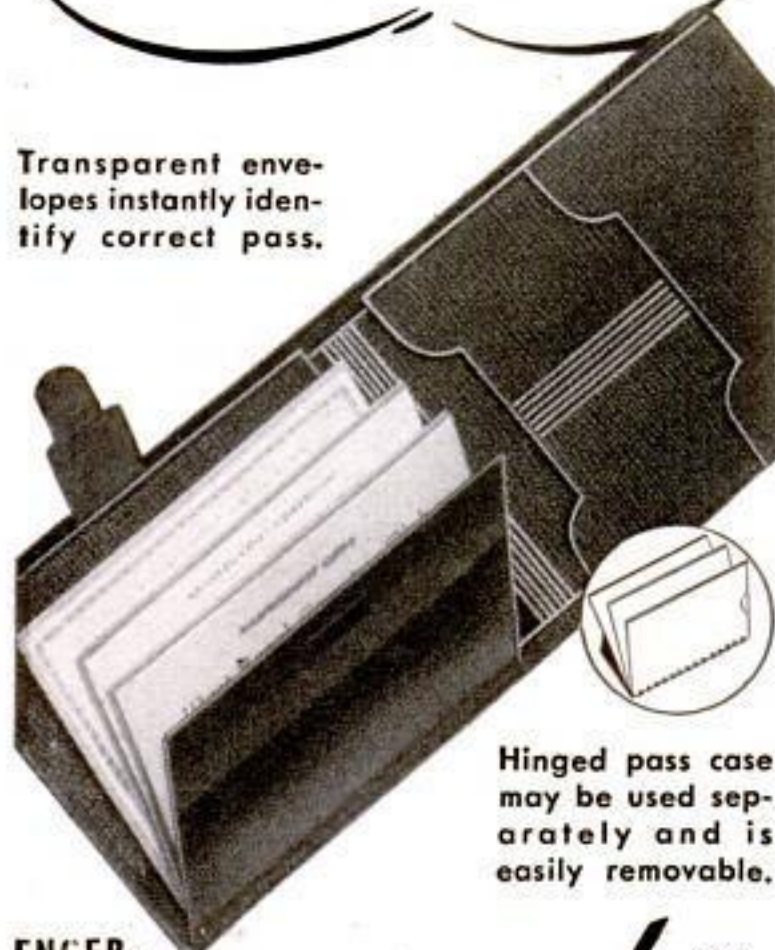
For color, try Venus Coloring Pencils (in 28 shades). They take and hold a point as strong as black graphite.

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In Canada: Venus Pencil Company, Ltd., Toronto



Transparent envelopes instantly identify correct pass.



Hinged pass case may be used separately and is easily removable.

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Pass-finder BILLFOLD

This war-time billfold accommodates 6 cards and passes for ready reference. Black India goat leather illustrated, \$3.50. Other fine leathers, \$2.50 to \$5.



FOR COINS

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Every possible feature is combined in this smart billfold. Accommodates snapshots, passes, coins and bills. Divider in bill compartment. Frontier Saddle leather in chestnut brown, \$4.00.

ASK FOR

Leather Goods by

ENGEL-KRESS CO.

WEST BEND WISCONSIN

JEFFERS (continued)

Like the other great native of North Platte, Buffalo Bill, Jeffers is a superb showman. He is a master of the art of catching the imagination of the man in the street—the man who stands in line to buy a ticket on one of the U. P. streamliners. When the picture *Union Pacific* was scheduled for a world premiere in Omaha, Jeffers dreamed up a concurrent civic celebration called Golden Spike Days. The original golden spike was brought to Omaha, plus cohorts of movie stars, a tribe of Indians, countless bands. Male Omahans let their whiskers grow, erected false fronts on their stores and dressed in the fashion of 1869. After parades and fireworks, Jeffers gave another military-precision dinner even speedier than the first one, and as a climax, the city held a Gingham Ball of mammoth proportions. The men wore \$2 frock coats and stovepipe hats, the women \$1.40 gingham dresses of antique pattern. "Society was in the gallery looking down on the people who were having fun, instead of the reverse," Jeffers announced exultantly.

Jeffers does not know yet what prompted the President to appoint him Rubber Director. He knew the President slightly from attending one White House dinner, but never discussed rubber with him until one day last fall when he got an invitation to the White House.

He worries about his tires

After the President had asked him to become Rubber Director, Jeffers called his wife in Omaha. "Well, you've been wondering what you were going to do about those tires on your car," he told her. "I guess that's going to be my worry from now on." When he flew home for the weekend, he found a big surprise reception waiting for him. More than 2,000 persons were at the airport. All were asked to travel seven in a car, not more than 35 m. p. h. Jeffers' use of a plane was no novelty. For an Omaha breakfast celebrating ground-breaking ceremonies at a new Martin bomber plant, Jeffers arrived by plane because he had promised to be there, while Glenn Martin came by train.

In one respect, Jeffers was a peculiar choice for Rubber Director, for among railroad men he has long been known as the arch enemy of motor transportation, and—though the U. P. operates its own buses—he has done more than any other railroader to meet highway competition effectively. Even the Omaha paper printed a gibing letter from a reader who pointed out that if Jeffers should tighten up the driving restrictions a bit it would mean more business for the Union Pacific.

On the other hand, the President must have dwelled approvingly on Jeffers' all-out endorsement of the Administration's foreign policy. Loudly interventionist since 1939, Jeffers inaugurated a \$100,000,000 improvement, replacement and expansion program to ready the Union Pacific for the war which he felt sure was coming. He was, for a time, an unpopular man in the isolationist Midwest. U. P. territory was flooded with form letters urging that all business be transferred to competitors until "War-mongering by U. P. officials has been publicly disavowed." Jeffers ignored the taunt that "there is nothing, except lack of courage, to prevent him from using his railroad passes for a free trip to Canada, where he may enlist."

Unlike most businessmen of the old school, Jeffers also went along at least part way with the New Deal's domestic program. He voted for Roosevelt in 1932. But in 1939, speaking the same day as the President, he declared that fireside chats weren't what they used to be. He has, from time to time, come out against "brain-truster arm-length thinking," Government interference with business, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



Duck-hunting used to lure him from work. With him is Emil Wolbach, Grand Island merchant, now dead. His sole exercise now is badminton, played on his own court.

WHY FUSS AND FUME

ABOUT THE
DISCOMFORTS
OF A STUFFED-UP
NOSE DUE TO A
HEAD COLD?

USE
**MISTOL
DROPS**
WITH EPHEDRINE
FOR RELIEF



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Apply clean, stainless, invisible Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. First trial convinces!
35c, 60c, \$1.00.

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Needs no mixing. Mends wood, glass, china, toys, etc. Ask for Iron Glue—largest selling 10¢ glue. Sold 'most everywhere. McCormick Sales Co., 408 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.



AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



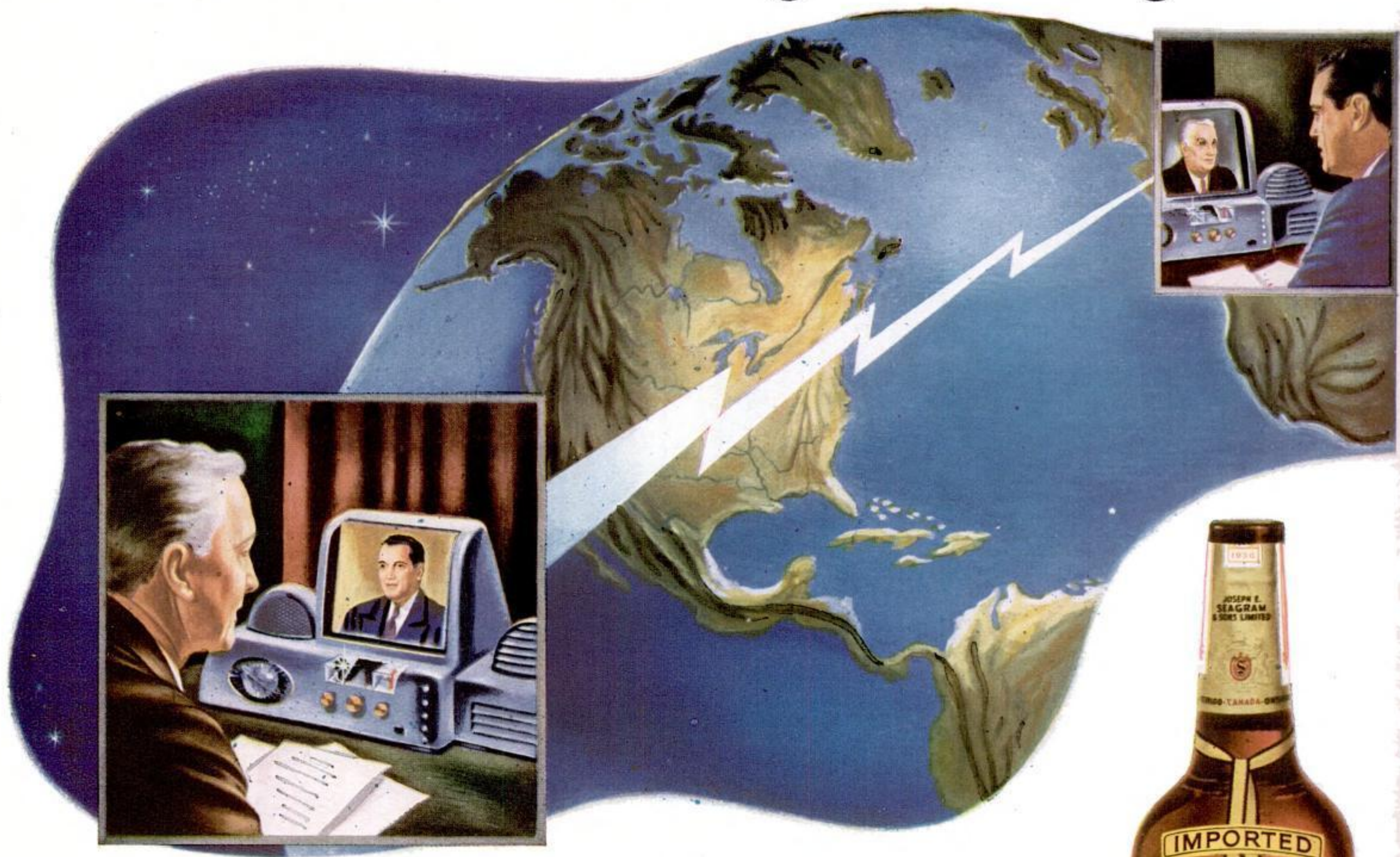
TODAY our armed forces are ordering more and more LIFE SAVERS hard candy for shipment out to **CENSORED**, **CENSORED** and **CENSORED**

So...if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor ... you will know that some soldier, sailor, or marine is enjoying it somewhere, someplace.



Still Only 5¢

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Prefer the World's Lightest Highball!



Perfected Television and radio telephone combined! You can sit in your Chicago office . . . talk by radio phone to your representative in London . . . and *see* him during the conversation. Or you can flash on your screen the face of a friend in China. That's only one of many wonders being developed now by Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow.

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SEAGRAM thought of Tomorrow the year the 9-Power Treaty Conference adjourned . . . the year the Coronation in London thrilled the world...way back when Seabiscuit tied with War Admiral as "the horse of the year." That's when the distinguished whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were expertly blended for exquisite flavor and stored away to mellow. Seagram's always thinks of Tomorrow — so the V.O. you enjoy *today* will always be so gloriously smooth — preferred FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.



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THE WONDER SWEATER

will keep you warm as toast this Winter... even though the temperature in your home, office or factory is less than the 65° standard set by the WPB. Soft, light as a feather and durable...it has that casual \$5.95 air that radiates smartness..

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LIGHTER
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*Ask for the RONSON quantity package as a gift for your boy in service.

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IMPORTANT. As a wartime measure, RONSON (Mrs. of RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter) extends its Factory Repair Service to help keep every RONSON in active use. If your RONSON—for pocket or table—needs attention, send it to the factory for servicing at minimum cost. Address RONSON, Service Dept., Newark, N. J.

THIS, ABOVE ALL—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS!

JEFFERS (continued)

especially Government intervention in management-labor disputes. His credo is that the U. S. was built by practical men and will be great only as long as practical men have their place in the sun.

A practical man was sorely needed in the rubber administration when Jeffers appeared. Despite the known seriousness of the situation, the rubber program had been hopelessly muddled for months. Precious time was lost in technical and political debate over the merits of rubber made from petroleum *versus* rubber from alcohol, with the farm bloc clamoring for the latter. Experimenters turned up rubber sources in all kinds of plants, from Russian dandelions to Everglades peanuts. While this was going on, the public one week would be told that an ample rubber supply was just around the corner, and next would be informed that there wasn't even a chance for a re-cap for the duration. It took the report of the Baruch Committee to straighten out the mess and lay down a program.

Jeffer's job is especially tough because he can't make a move without hurting or inconveniencing someone. He thinks he has the biggest selling job in the U. S., because Americans place possession of their tires on a par with the Bill of Rights. Jeffers has ended the traditional Sunday motor trip and the equally traditional automobile petting party, and has deprived golfers of their golf balls. Rubber conservation also made it necessary to deny an application for a priority to make false busts, despite the plea that "the use of the pad gives an appearance of physical perfection which, while apparently slight, results in mental ease and security, and quite often enables the subject to pursue a normal life and career."

One of Jeffers' first moves in Washington was to get rid of most of the staff that Don Nelson had lined up for him. He now has a hand-picked staff of technicians headed by Colonel Bradley Dewey, a quiet, cultured nephew of Philosopher John Dewey. The relationship between the two men is a tribute to Jeffers' executive ability. When Colonel Dewey became his assistant, Jeffers told him: "I'm no rubber expert. You work out the program and I'll see that you're not interfered with." Today he refers to his own rubber program as "Dewey's program."

As usual, Jeffers sets the working pace. He gets up at 6:45 a. m., breakfasts at 7:15, gets to the office an hour later. He spends the first half hour of the morning on the affairs of the Union Pacific, which pays him \$75,000 a year, and the rest of the day is devoted to the U. S. Government, which pays him \$1. Lunch is eaten at his desk, and while he invariably reads the cafeteria menu, he invariably orders the same—soup, apple pie, coffee. Generally he goes home between 6 and 8 in the evening and passes an hour or two reading or managing the Union Pacific by long-distance telephone.

When Jeffers first began "bulling through" the rubber program, his critics freely predicted: "That guy won't last long in Washington. This isn't like a railroad. You can't hit your enemies if you can't see them." But since his showing in his open fight with the Army and Navy, Jeffers' stock has risen. As a long-run proposition there are only three possibilities: 1) Jeffers gets fired; 2) Jeffers quits; 3) The U. S. gets rubber. But Jeffers says: "I have no intention of standing around with my hat in my hand saying, 'Please.' When I assume responsibility I must have authority. Either I have the authority or there'll be hell to pay. I either run the job or get out."



In Washington Jeffers, his wife and daughter Eileen reside in a suite in the Mayflower Hotel. For many years Mrs. Jeffers prayed daily in church for her husband's success.



Delicious-Inexpensive

Brer Rabbit Milk Shake

RICH IN IRON AND CALCIUM

● Full of good flavor . . . and full of good things children need to be healthy! So inexpensive, too! Milk for calcium . . . and molasses for iron—the same Brer Rabbit Molasses you use for baking.

To make Brer Rabbit Milk Shake, mix one tablespoon of Brer Rabbit Molasses with a glass of milk.

Scientific tests have shown that Brer Rabbit is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron the body can use. Three tablespoons supply about one-third of a child's minimum daily iron requirements.

Start serving Brer Rabbit Molasses today—on cereal and grapefruit, as a spread for bread, in delicious gingerbread and cookies.



BRER RABBIT MOLASSES

comes in two 7 flavors to meet taste preferences: Gold Label, light and mild-flavored; Green Label, dark and full-flavored. In either cans or jugs.

Something
every mother
should know

FREE—MAIL TODAY!

PENICK & FORD, LTD., INC.
New Orleans, La., Dept. LF 222-3

Send me—FREE—Brer Rabbit's pamphlet on children's iron needs—also "Modern Recipes for Modern Living," containing 116 recipes.

Name _____
(Print name and address)

Address _____



LADYBUGS GATHER FOR INITIATION CEREMONY WITH LADY GOLDBUG, MRS. JOHN WALKINGTON (CENTER), PRESIDING. UNIFORM IS RED SKIRT, WHITE BLOUSE, TASSELED CAP

Life Goes to a Ladybug Initiation

In Council Bluffs, V. F. W. clubwomen pursue strange ritual to initiate new members into secrets of their organization

The Military Order of Ladybugs is not, as its name seems to suggest, either militant or biological. It is the fun organization of the women's auxiliary of Veterans of Foreign Wars, patterned on the corresponding male organization, Military Order of the Cootie. Unlike the Cooties, however, Ladybugs do not enjoy official recognition by the Veterans, composed mostly of those who served with the A.E.F. in the last war.

At a meeting last month, Chinch Bug Circle No. 3, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, invited two candidates to "nest" in their circle and confirmed their eligibility with strange rites which held little meaning for the uninitiated but were deadly serious to members of the Order. Neophytes knelt before a pup tent built tepee-fashion over a red felt ladybug insignie, emblem of the organization, and swore to keep the

limits of the circle inviolate and to "lose no time in giving alarm" at the approach of a strange "insect."

Tension of this solemn ceremony was relaxed by rambunctious stunts at the expense of the initiates and by a hearty late supper of meat and potatoes and salad. Only members of the Veterans' auxiliary, which does welfare work for veterans' hospitals in their communities, are admitted to the Order of Ladybugs.

Important ceremony occurs (below) as member places symbolic token (a globe) on pup tent, saying: "To the Marines, lest we forget." Many have sons in a branch of the armed services.



Junior vice commander (Lady Butterfly) adds an anchor as she repeats: "The Navy, our duty." Army was represented by a helmet and pledge: "To the Army, we will work."





Lady Firelly (conductress) Theresa Dohse arranges ladybug emblem on "creepy petticoat," white cloth square which must not be walked upon by the members. Poles will support tent.



Two new candidates "take the obligation" as Lady Goldbug reads ceremony and members from Glow Worm Circle in Omaha stand by. Members are fined for not wearing caps to meetings.



Candidate Grace Rohrer undergoes a paddling by Official Bumblefoots (mistress of ceremony) Hazel Bishop. Rent-free clubroom is in tavern operated by commander's husband.



On cement floor, with stockings rolled in interest of conservation, Initiates Grace Rohrer and Hazel Anderson display ability to push pieces of chalk over a given course with their noses.



Smooth and pretty
after using **HINDS**—
that **HONEY** of a lotion!

Me—I'm helping Uncle Sam win the war on the production front. But, say, grease and grime were tough on my hands—till I started using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before and after work. Hinds skin-softeners act like an invisible glove—help guard my skin against ground-in dirt. After using Hinds, my hands come up smiling—soft and smooth and pretty as can be!



Sweet, you're just a bundle of love — with the softest hands I ever ached for!

HONEY. Beauty Advisor, says:

EXTRA-SOFTENING! Hinds is an extra-creamy emulsion of skin-softening ingredients.

WORKS FAST! Even one application of Hinds gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look...a comfy feel.

EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin-softeners help protect skin through work and soapy-water jobs.

DOES GOOD! Not gummy, not sticky — doesn't just cover up roughness. Actually *benefits* skin.

At toilet goods counters

Copyright, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Bloomfield, N. J.



Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

HINDS for HANDS
and wherever skin needs softening!

Ladybug Initiation (continued)



Trick telescope which leaves victim with blackened eye is part of Grace Rohrer's initiation. She was not allowed to remove soot until she left for home at meeting's end.



Blindfolded Initiate Hazel Anderson is daubed with Mercurochrome by Pearl McClurg, Omaha visitor. Mrs. Anderson was later appointed Lady Spider, or historian.



Rubber hotdog, plastered with mayonnaise, is forced into Grace Rohrer's mouth. By day Mrs. Rohrer works in city's biggest war industrial plant making radio crystals.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



Reprinted by request

Many requests have been received for copies of this dramatic Flying Fortress picture. Reprints, 24 x 22 inches, free from advertising, are now available on a special heavy stock suitable for framing. If you wish one, address Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana, enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing cost.

When the above Flying Fortress picture was first published in Studebaker advertisements last Fall, America's air might was just beginning to be felt in the Pacific and European war theaters. Today the Flying Fortress is spearheading one successful offensive operation after another. And every Studebaker man, who is privileged to help build Wright Cyclone engines for this invincible dreadnaught of the skies, follows the news of Flying

Fortress victories with justifiable personal gratification in a job well done. Besides producing large quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for this devastating Boeing bomber, Studebaker is also turning out much other war matériel, including tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive military trucks.



Studebaker feels highly honored by the extent and the consequence of its assignments in the arming of our Nation and its Allies.

Studebaker BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE *Flying Fortress*



BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



Lady Goldbug (or commander) is Mrs. John Walkington, who carries an equal load of responsibility as head of Moose lodge auxiliary. She has 20 bug pins on her cap.



Grandma Goldbug Hazel Bishop enjoys prestige as a past commander and Official Bumblefoots, or mistress of ceremony. She is drill team leader for the Ladybugs.



Lady Katydid is Mrs. John Humes (senior vice commander). Note bug earrings and capel pin. One son is an Army captain; her husband works for Union Pacific Railroad.

SMOKING LESS_or SMOKING MORE*?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating
for the nose and throat

WHAT will happen when *you* change to PHILIP MORRIS?

Here's a clue. Reported by eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . their findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

That *proves* PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to the nose and throat. By *tests on actual smokers—not laboratory "analysis"*!

And your own taste will tell you—here's a finer cigarette—better-tasting—more enjoyable. Try it!

NOTE:

We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence clearly proves they're far less irritating . . . safer . . . for your nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

DOUBLE DANGER TO FALSE TEETH IN BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



1 BREAKING

The more you handle your dental plate while cleaning it, the greater the danger of dropping and breaking it. Brushing involves too much handling and too rough handling also. Millions of experienced denture wearers have changed from dangerous, old-fashioned brushing methods to the modern short-cut way of soaking the plate in Polident. Try it. You will find this method not only means the least possible handling but also cleans your plate thoroughly—beautifully.



2 WEARING DOWN

Toothpastes, toothpowders, soap and household cleaners are only "makeshifts" when it comes to cleaning dental plates—which are much softer than natural teeth. Brushing with "makeshifts" may scratch and wear down dental plates. See above pictures. *Fitting ridges worn down by brushing.* In addition, the scratches brushed into the plate cause stains to collect faster, cling tighter. To avoid this serious damage, soak your plate in Polident daily.



**PLAY SAFE... SOAK THEM
CLEAN IN POLIDENT**

DO THIS EVERY DAY!

Put one level teaspoonful of POLIDENT in 1/2 glass of luke-warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in solution for 15 min. or longer—overnight if convenient. Rinse well—and use.

No Brushing—No Scouring.



PREVENTS "DENTURE BREATH"

The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know you have it—but others will! Yet POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident is not only a safer method—it's a much better way—cleans them thoroughly, beautifully. The Polident solution works into hard-to-reach corners and crevices and dissolves daily accumulations of food particles and stains.

Daily use of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of your denture. Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of denture materials.

LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢, Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug, department, variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures. Today—get Polident.

POLIDENT

The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

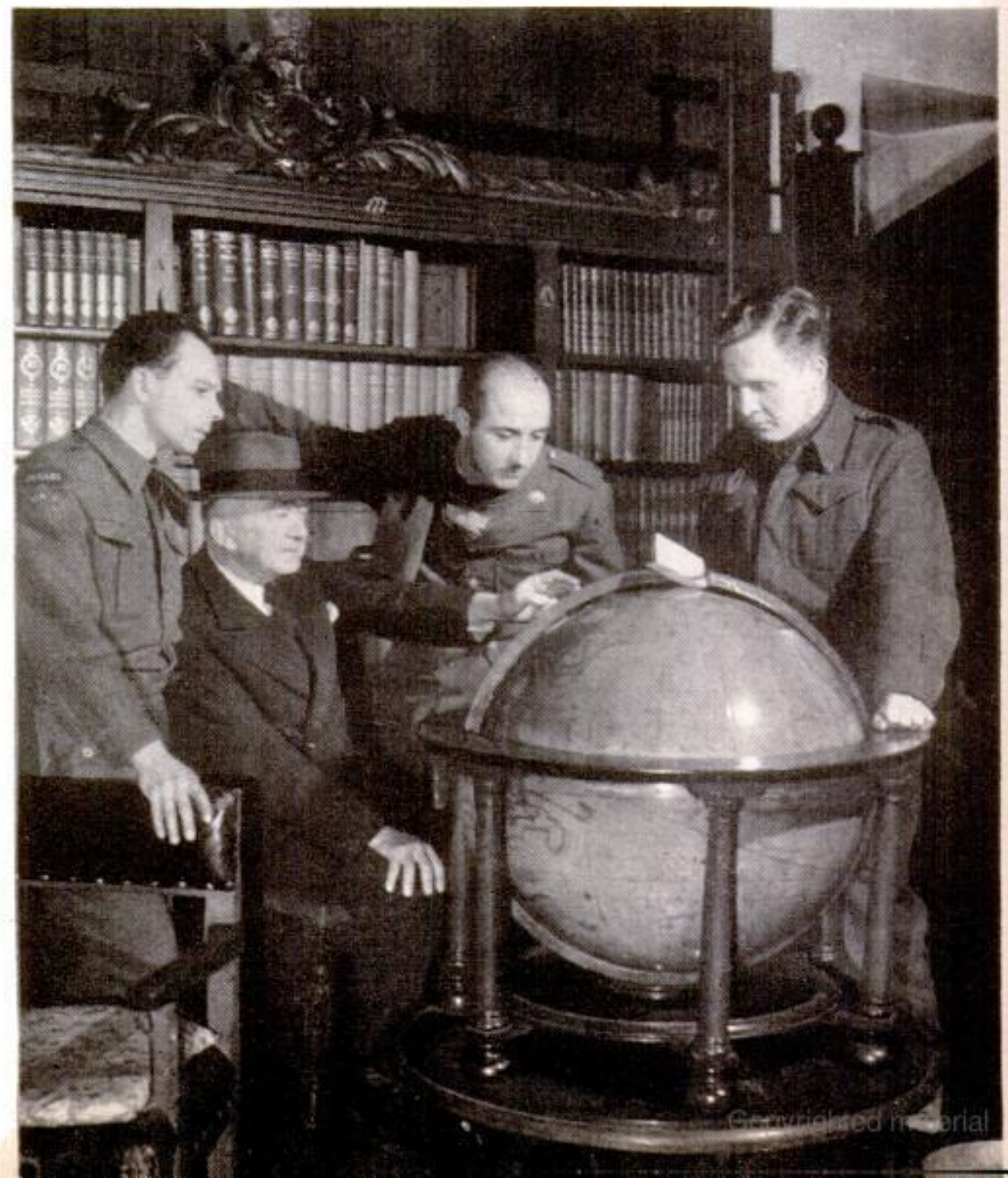


UNDERGRADUATES IN SHORT GOWNS & MORTARBOARDS ESCORT U. S. SOLDIERS

YANKS AT OXFORD

The friendly English have opened to the U. S. Army in Britain the sacred halls of Oxford, where the 700-year-old stones throw back each night the 101 strokes of the Great Tom bell. Each week as many Yanks as can qualify use a week of leave to take six lectures at Oxford. The Americans shown on these pages lived in Magdalen College (pronounced Maudlen) and took their lectures at Jesus College, where the chapel services are still given in Welsh twice a week. At least three of them made good use of the lectures on English law. They were Major George English, of the Judge Advocate General's office; Corporal George Jeanotte, who had been drafted three

An ancient globe, which omits America west of the Alleghenies, is shown to Canadians and an American by Merton College Librarian Professor Heathcote W. Garrod.



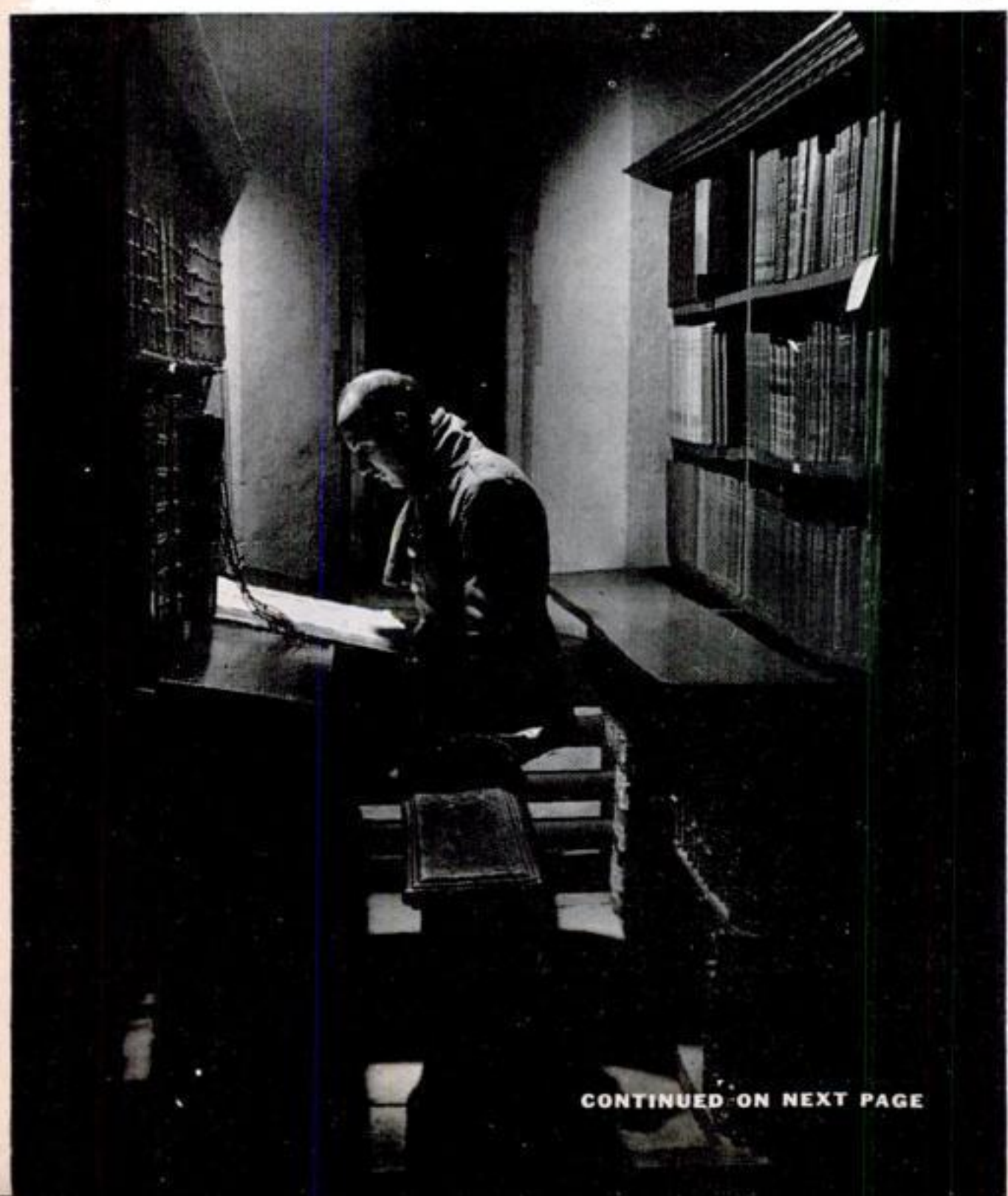


JEANOTTE AND TERRY UNDER THE MAGDALEN COLLEGE COAT OF ARMS (LEFT)

U. S. SOLDIERS ON LEAVE TAKE SHORT COURSE FROM OXFORD DONS IN ENGLISH LAW AND LIFE

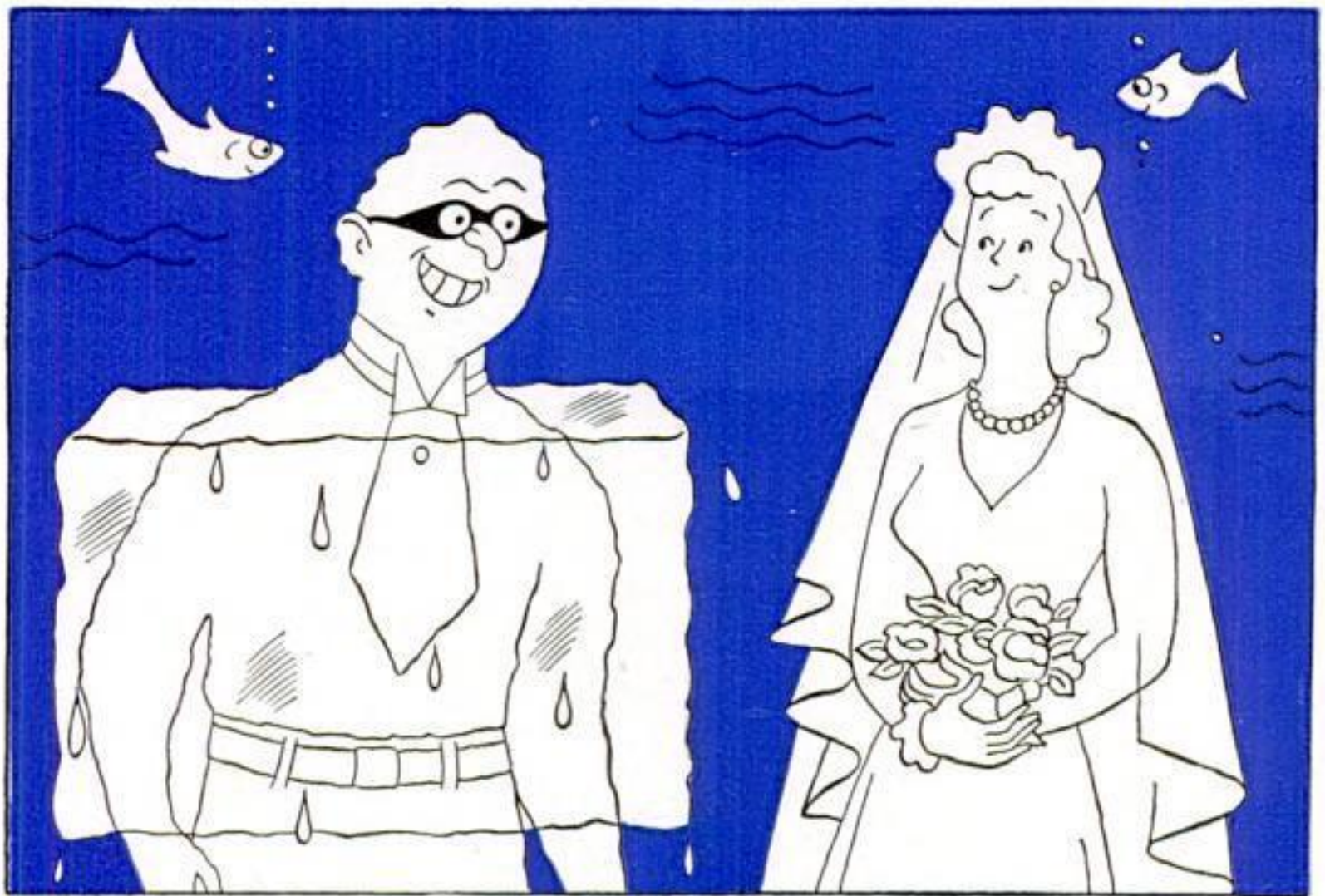
months short of his law degree; and Private Ben Terry, a political-science student. American judges and college professors in the U. S. Army frequently show up. This liaison with British law practice is important now because American soldiers in England are tried by courts-martial, not by England's civil courts. Living costs for the week at Oxford can be kept under \$15. The lectures are free. When LIFE Photographer David Scherman took these pictures, the university was empty except for a few unlucky undergraduates who had been kept behind to maintain the fire-watch. They were glad to have the company of the handful of Americans.

In Merton library, aged about 600 years, Private Harry Easton, ex-Detroit policeman inspects a chained book. Most Merton Library books were chained 200 years ago.

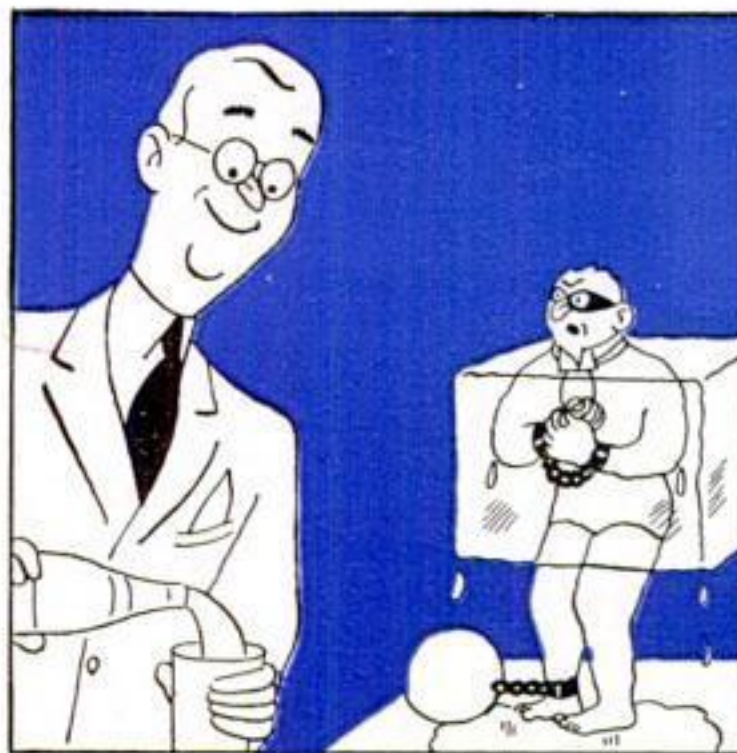


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Why marrying under water costs money



A droll marriage takes place when Melting Ice and ordinary club soda meet. His air bubbles ooze slyly out and take your drink's bubbles honeymooning out of your highball. Ice water drowns what's left. Drinks aren't finished. Neither's your soda. That's wasteful.



Foil this bubble-snatcher. Use Canada Dry Water, as smart thousands do—and sip finer-flavored drinks with last-drop liveliness! Its "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"—millions of tinier bubbles—holds that sparkle!



Some sparkler! You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water, recapped and put in your refrigerator, keeps its sparkle.* You can buy the big bottle—save money—conserve caps!



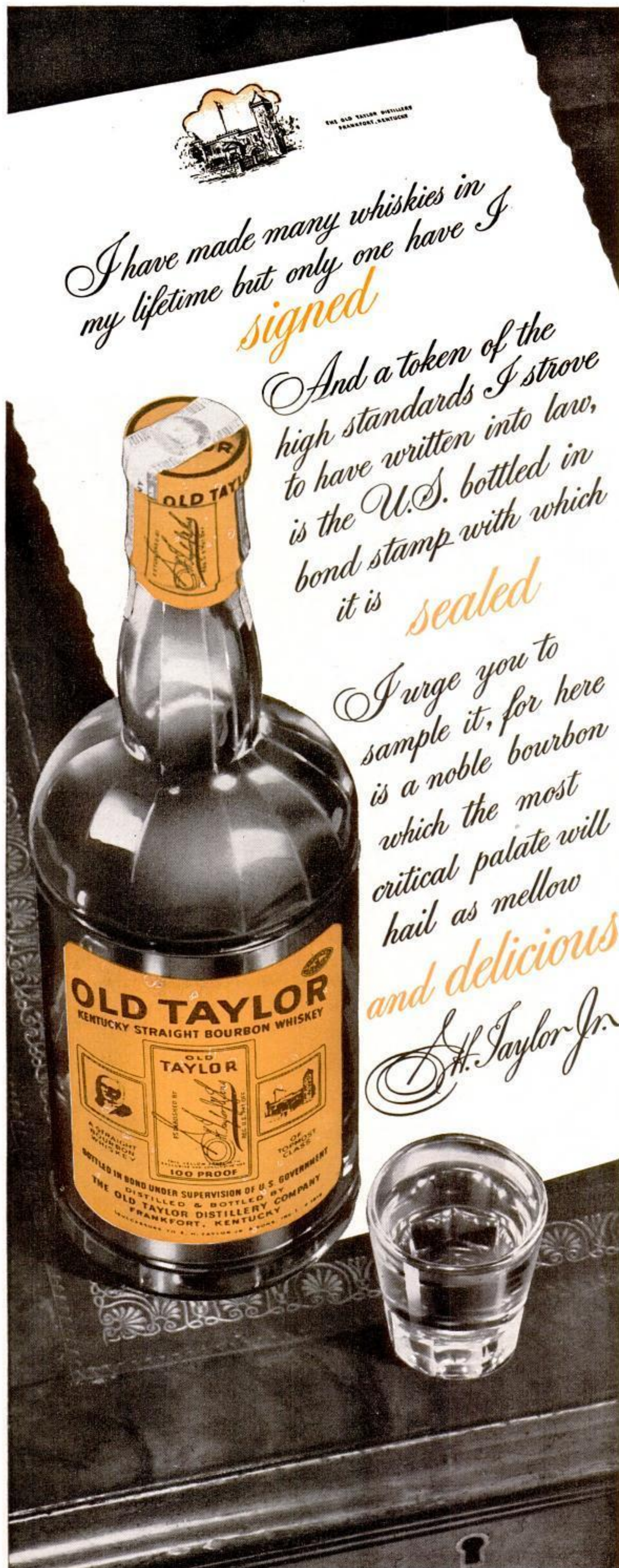
P. S. When you're out, speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink. For better ginger ale highballs, always get "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer and Lime Rickey.

CANADA DRY WATER

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**

the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!





I have made many whiskies in my lifetime but only one have I signed

And a token of the high standards I strove to have written into law, is the U.S. bottled in bond stamp with which it is sealed

I urge you to sample it, for here is a noble bourbon which the most critical palate will hail as mellow and delicious

A. H. Taylor Jr.

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR, AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT • National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

Yanks at Oxford (continued)



Class of Americans and Canadians is held by Lecturer Howden and Dr. Harold G. Hanbury (right), founder of the "short course" plan. The subject is psychology.



At meals in Magdalen Hall, Americans get choice of water, cider and English beer, sit with undergraduates. In foreground are Majors Thomas Brown and George English.



Indispensable tea is given Americans by undergraduates, with marmalade, toast, cake and raisin bread. The manners of Oxford boys are among the best in the world.

NO OTHER MATTRESS IS LIKE IT NO OTHER MATTRESS CAN BE LIKE IT!

A FIVE FOOT BATT OF SELECTED VIRGIN COTTON
COMPRESSED INTO A "GIANT PILLOW FOR YOUR BODY"



SEALY HOLDS THE MAGIC OF TRANSFORMATION from a giant five foot batt of live, pure staple cotton into a buoyant Sealy "Air-Woven" Tuftless mattress. All the fleecy resilience of virgin cotton is retained in the Sealy Tuftless—making it luxuriously soft to conform to the body, yet firm enough to give proper support. "Air-Woven" comfort filling is found *only* in the Sealy Tuftless—which others have tried to imitate without success—for Sealy alone has perfected through more than 60 years of experience the way to make "The Giant Pillow for Your Body".



COTTON EXPERTS ARE NEEDED TO SELECT JUST THE RIGHT TYPE OF PURE STAPLE COTTON FOR THE SEALY TUFTLESS
Only in certain districts of Texas is it possible to produce the springy, pure staple cotton necessary for the Sealy Tuftless. The cotton used in most other mattresses does not have the special resilience and strength demanded for the exclusive Sealy "Air-Woven" process. This careful selection of cotton by Sealy experts is a highly important factor in bringing to you the revitalizing and long-lasting comfort of the Sealy Tuftless mattress.

3 Generations of Testimony



MANY AN OWNER HAS SLEPT ON THE SAME SEALY TUFTLESS FOR OVER 30 YEARS—as proved by letters we have on file from all over the United States. Buying the Sealy Tuftless has become a family tradition. The experiences of the countless thousands who have purchased this truly fine mattress justify the world-wide prestige of Sealy. All these experiences of satisfied owners assure that you are getting the outstanding comfort value when you buy this same Sealy Tuftless mattress today for only..... **\$39.50**

Matching Box Spring is available
(Price slightly higher in Pacific Northwest)

Since 1881—Sleeping on a Sealy is like sleeping on a cloud

The Original

Sealy
"AIR-WOVEN"
TUFTLESS MATTRESS



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SEALY REST • SEALY INC. 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE • CHICAGO

Most beautifying LIPSTICK EVER CREATED...

BY THE HOUSE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE



Read How To "Magnetize" Your Lips With Radiant Youthful Allure

How is your lip-appeal? Bewitchingly smooth, soft, velvety? Sparkling with colorful, youthful allure? Does your lipstick stay put evenly for hours? If not—by all means try ANGELUS "Patriot Red."

ANGELUS Lipstick is famous for its special creamy base. That is why it STAYS PUT for hours without caking or drying. Yet it never appears greasy.

And you'll find "Patriot Red" by far one of the most exciting, flattering lip-reds ever created. It imbues even dull, uninteresting lips with a radiant beauty and devastating charm that draws admiring glances like a magnet. For complete matched make-up use the corresponding shades of Louis Philippe Angelus Rouge and Face Poudre.

NEW! ANGELUS BEAUTY CREAMS



ANGELUS All Purpose Cold Creme: Immaculately cleanses, smooths, softens, helps nature refine pores and acts as a superb powder base—all in one simple easy operation.

ANGELUS Dry Skin Creme (for excessively dry skin with tendency to wrinkle): A special homogenized emollient—not heavy or greasy—which is unexcelled to lubricate dry, roughened skin and help improve the texture.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POWDER—CREMES

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

20 YEARS AFTER

Sirs:

When my brother was 8 years old, my parents took him to Hot Springs National Park, where the first picture was made. The second one shows them in the same

cart at the same place and was taken by the same photographer. This time my brother was on his final leave before going overseas.

JUDITH BLUMENTHAL BERMAN
Savannah, Ga.



PANSY FACES

Sirs:

I've always thought pussy and pansy faces were a lot alike, so I set out to prove it. Tucked into the vase, surrounded by

the flowers, my kitten does, I think, look like a giant pansy.

BEATRICE GRAY COOK
Seattle, Wash.



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ANNOUNCER: Before we go on the air, Mac, I just want to say—you're doing a swell job!

NEWS COMMENTATOR: Thanks! I certainly couldn't have done it awhile back, though—fagged out as I was from ordinary constipation. But NUJOL sure has proved a wonderful relief. I take a tablespoonful night and morning!

ANNOUNCER: Just what is NUJOL—a mineral oil?

NEWS COMMENTATOR: Yes—it's gentle, too, and absolutely pure. You don't mind taking it, because it has no taste. And furthermore, I know NUJOL's viscosity is scientifically controlled for best results. You just try it!



BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

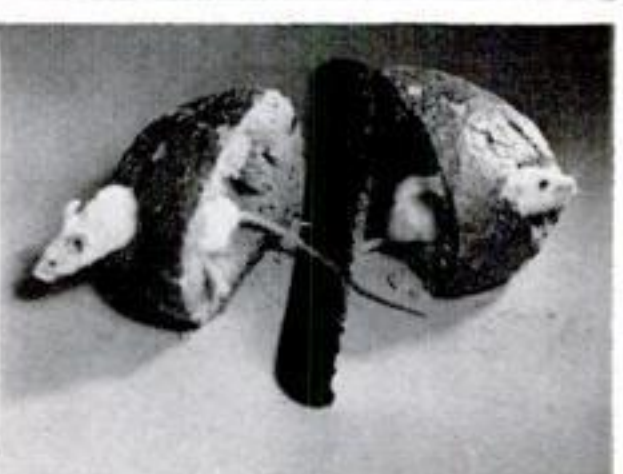
MOUSE MAGIC

Sirs:

These pictures show how to cut one mouse in two and get two mice. They may be considered either magic or biology. As magic, they are not intended to deceive. As biology, they are rather unorthodox. I hope it doesn't matter.

RENE W. P. LEONHARDT

New York, N. Y.



Yes, Mr. Civilian... you're also on this submarine!*

No question about it, it's *you* all right, helping the crew man one of Uncle Sam's "steel fish." You won your place aboard the sub...

...by the *thoughtful buying* of the things you need.

Is thoughtful buying so important? Well, here's what it means: You buy only the longer-lasting things, and you buy them only when you must. When you buy this way, you use up on yourself less of the country's material, less of its factory facilities, less of its labor; *and* you release more of all these production elements for the purposes of war.

And when the war is over, the money you *haven't* spent and have invested in War Bonds will be available to buy the improved, modernized, newly perfected products that Industry is even now planning for your pleasure and convenience.

*For many years Exide has been the chief source of storage batteries for the U. S. Navy's submarines.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



For 54 years the name "Exide" has symbolized dependability, long life.

Exide

WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE YOU START



**CARRY IT AS A
COMBINATION
BILLFOLD AND PASS
CASE OR CARRY
EITHER PART
SEPARATELY!**

AMITY

REMOVABLE PASS CASE

Billfold features a secret currency-carrying pocket for keeping "big money" out of sight. Pass Case keeps Selective Service cards, passes, credit and identification cards always *there* in a flash!



Pass Case detaches instantly!

Carry Pass Case or Billfold separately if you wish!

Any Way You Look At It...

an Amity Removable Pass Case looks good—and is!



INVEST
AT LEAST 10%
OF YOUR
INCOME IN
WAR SAVINGS
STAMPS AND
BONDS

In Brown
Buffalo Calf.....\$3.50
In Black
English Morocco ..\$5.00

AMITY

**AMITY
LEATHER
PRODUCTS
COMPANY**
WEST BEND, WIS.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

SOUVENIR DE BASEBALL

Sirs:

Fans who are faced with the prospect of a baseball-less duration may find a certain nostalgic charm in these tough characters. The three scenes show the same figures in different combinations and at

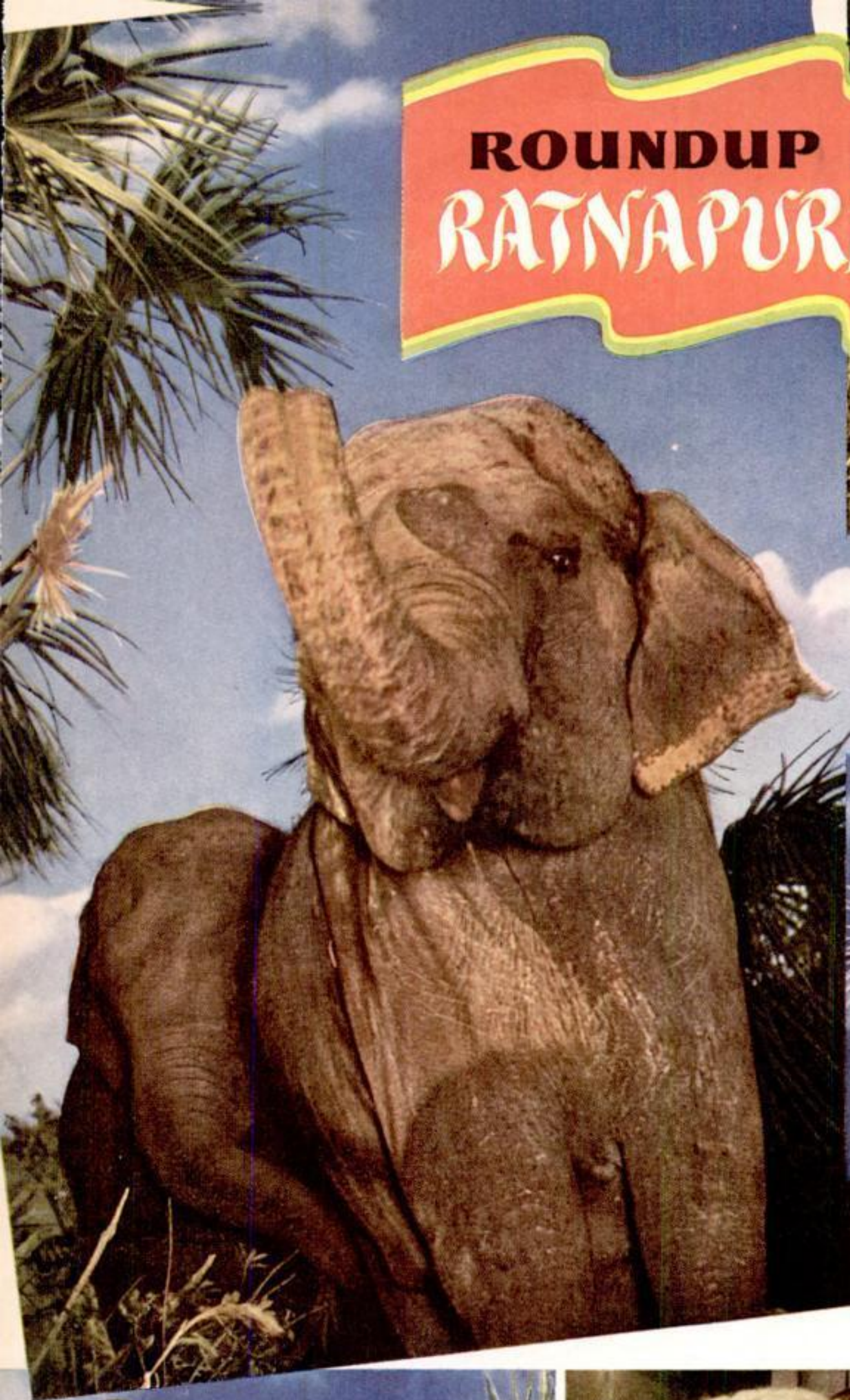
different angles. In the first, the umpire is the villain; in the second, the two players are getting ready to swat each other; and in the last they seem to be giving the stands a Bronx cheer,

W. J. PEAK

Geneva, Ill.



ROUNDUP IN RATNAPURA?



Not at all—this is at Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

1. "I've hunted India for crack animal shots," writes a cameraman, "from Ceylon's Ratnapura to Tibet... often where the going was so rough we had to leave even the Canadian Club behind. And then came

home to find the best shots of all here in the U. S. A. ... at Ft. Lauderdale's amazing Jungle Zoo, winter training quarters for Clyde Beatty's Circus. These elephants, for instance, housed in a compound that's a dead-ringer for their natural habitat...



2. "Not in all Bengal did I get within telephoto distance of a tiger to match this baby for handsomeness and fierceness. Man, but those bars between us were a comfort!



3. "Double trouble. Don't let the gravity of these lion cubs fool you. They're just wearing that having-our-picture-taken look. Actually they're more mischievous than a basket of Siamese kittens.



4. "Low comedy. These are African chimps, said to be the smartest of the whole monkey world... and most like humans. But so camera-shy I missed the funniest of their clowning.



5. "Speaking of clowning—I never saw anyone more serious than this Clyde Beatty Circus slapstick artist putting on his complicated makeup. Just a few moments after I snapped this, my subject had his audience in stitches.



6. "Watching the lion act, I drifted into conversation with a newspaper reporter covering the show. 'Mind if I quote you,' he asked later, over a drink...



7. "How's this for a headline—*Expert Finds All India's Thrills Here, Plus the World's Most Distinctive Whisky*," the latter an obvious reference to the bottle between us. 'Easy there!' I said. 'Even the Indian rajahs I met offered me Canadian Club!'

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor.

No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club.

Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

Canadian Club

Distilled and Bottled at Walkerville, Canada
Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof





TROUBLE FOR TOJO! It's the new Curtiss "Hell-diver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load, at higher speed, for greater distances than any naval dive-bomber in existence. And at the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy...smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

"There's just one cigarette for me—**CAMEL**—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T' "

says
"RED" HULSE

VETERAN NAVY FIGHTER PILOT AND CHIEF TEST PILOT
OF THE NAVY'S
NEW CURTISS
DIVE-BOMBER

THEY can look terrific on paper. They can meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air...when you fly it.

It's the same with cigarettes. The final test of any brand is in the smoking.

Test pilot "Red" Hulse (right) and countless other smokers could tell you mighty convincing things about Camels and their remarkable freedom from irritating qualities, but your own throat and your own taste...your own "T-Zone"...can tell you even more convincingly why Camels are such a favorite on the front line—and on the home front.



Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



THE T ZONE



—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

Prove it for yourself!